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THE

Moral Miſcellany:

OR, A

COLLECTION

OF

SELECT PIECES,

In PROSE and VERSE,

FOR THE

INSTRUCTION and ENTERTAINMENT

of YOUTH.

KÖNIGL. KREISBIBLIOTHEK IN AUGSBURG

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ADDRESS

FROM THE

COMMITTEE

OF

CORRESPONDENCE:

TO THE

PEOPLE

OF

GREAT BRITAIN.

ON

THE

CONDUCT

OF

THE COLONY:

Advertiſement.

THE Editor's principal deſign in this MISCELLANY, was to collect from ſome of the beſt modern writers ſuch parts of their works, as to him, ſeem'd beſt adapted to form the minds of youth to juſt and proper ſentiments on the moſt intereſting ſubjects. Such a collection, he imagined, would be very uſeful in ſchools, and not only ſo, but peculiarly ſuited to ſuch perſons as cannot afford to purchaſe thoſe works from which the collection is made.

To render it as entertaining as poſſible, and to convey inſtruction in the moſt agreeable manner, he has taken care to inſert ſeveral Stories, Viſions, and Allegories, which impreſs the imaginations, and fix the giddy roving minds of youth more than any other ſpecies of compoſition. With the ſame view he has likewiſe inſerted ſeveral

pieces

pieces of Poetry, which he hopes will be acceptable to every clafs of readers.

In a word, he can't help thinking that this collection may be of confiderable fervice to form the minds of youth to knowlege and virtue, and likewife to give them fome notion of the beauty, ftrength, and elegance of our own language, which, tho' an important branch of education, is, in general, too much neglected.

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THE

THE
MORAL MISCELLANY.

On the Omniſcience and Omnipreſence of the Deity, together with the immenſity of his Works.

[Spect. N° 565.]

I WAS yeſterday about ſun-ſet walking in the open fields, 'till the night inſenſibly fell upon me. I at firſt amuſed myſelf with all the richneſs and variety of colours, which appeared in the weſtern parts of heaven: in proportion as they faded away and went out, ſeveral ſtars and planets appeared one after another, 'till the whole firmament was in a glow. The blueneſs of the æther was exceedingly heightened and enlivened by the ſeaſon of the year, and by the rays of all thoſe luminaries that paſſed through it. The *Galaxy* appeared in its moſt beautiful white. To complete the ſcene, the full moon roſe at length in that clouded majeſty, which *Milton* takes notice of, and opened to the eye a new picture of nature, which was more finely ſhaded, and diſpoſed among ſofter lights, than that which the ſun had before diſcovered to us.

As I was ſurveying the moon walking in her brightneſs and taking her progreſs among the conſtellations, a thought roſe in me which I believe very often perplexes and diſturbs men of ſerious and contemplative natures. *David* himſelf fell into it in that reflection, *When I conſider the heavens the work of thy fingers, the moon and the ſtars which thou haſt ordained; what is man that thou art mindful of him, and the ſon of man that thou regardeſt him!* In the ſame manner when I conſidered that infinite hoſt of ſtars, or, to ſpeak more philoſophically, of ſuns, which were then ſhining upon me, with thoſe innumerable ſets of planets or worlds, which were moving round their reſpective ſuns; when I ſtill enlarged the

idea, and ſuppoſed another heaven of ſuns and worlds riſing ſtill above this which we diſcovered, and theſe ſtill enlightened by a ſuperior firmament of luminaries, which are planted at ſo great a diſtance, that they may appear to the inhabitants of the former as the ſtars do to us; in ſhort, while I purſued this thought, I could not but reflect on that little inſignificant figure which I myſelf bore amidſt the immenſity of God's works.

WERE the ſun, which enlightens this part of the creation, with all the hoſt of planetary worlds that move about him, utterly extinguiſhed and annihilated, they would not be miſſed, more than a grain of ſand upon the ſea ſhore. The ſpace they poſſeſs is ſo exceedingly little in compariſon of the whole, that it would ſcarce make a blank in the creation. The chaſm would be imperceptible to an eye, that could take in the whole compaſs of nature, and paſs from one end of the creation to the other; as it is poſſible there may be ſuch a ſenſe in ourſelves hereafter, or in creatures which are at preſent more exalted than ourſelves. We ſee many ſtars by the help of glaſſes, which we do not diſcover with our naked eyes; and the finer our teleſcopes are, the more ſtill are our diſcoveries. *Huygenius* carries this thought ſo far, that he does not think it impoſſible there may be ſtars whoſe light is not yet travelled down to us, ſince their firſt creation. There is no queſtion but the univerſe has certain bounds ſet to it; but when we conſider that it is the work of infinite power, prompted by infinite goodneſs, with an infinite ſpace to exert itſelf in, how can our imagination ſet any bounds to it?

TO return, therefore, to my firſt thought, I could not but look upon myſelf with ſecret horror, as a being that was not worth the ſmalleſt regard of one who had ſo great a work under his care and ſuperintendency. I was afraid of being overlooked amidſt the immenſity of nature, and loſt among that infinite variety of creatures, which in all probability ſwarm through all theſe immeaſurable regions of matter.

IN order to recover myſelf from this mortifying thought, I conſidered that it took its riſe from thoſe narrow conceptions, which we are apt to entertain of the

divine

divine nature. We ourſelves cannot attend to many different objects at the ſame time. If we are careful to inſpect ſome things, we muſt of courſe neglect others. This imperfection which we obſerve in ourſelves is an imperfection that cleaves in ſome degree to creatures of the higheſt capacities, as they are creatures, that is, beings of finite and limited natures. The preſence of every created being is confined to a certain meaſure of ſpace, and conſequently his obſervation is ſtinted to a certain number of objects. The ſphere in which we move, and act, and underſtand, is of a wider circumference to one creature than another, according as we riſe one above another in the ſcale of exiſtence. But the wideſt of theſe our ſpheres has its circumference. When therefore we reflect on the divine nature, we are ſo uſed and accuſtomed to this imperfection in ourſelves, that we cannot forbear in ſome meaſure aſcribing it to him in whom there is no ſhadow of imperfection. Our reaſon indeed aſſures us that his attributes are infinite, but the poorneſs of our conceptions is ſuch that it cannot forbear ſetting bounds to every thing it contemplates, till our reaſon comes again to our ſuccour, and throws down all thoſe little prejudices which riſe in us unawares, and are natural to the mind of man.

We ſhall therefore utterly extinguiſh this melancholy thought, of our being overlooked by our Maker in the multiplicity of his works, and the infinity of thoſe objects among which he ſeems to be inceſſantly employed, if we conſider, in the firſt place, that he is omnipreſent; and, in the ſecond, that he is omniſcient.

If we conſider him in his omnipreſence: his being paſſes through, actuates, and ſupports the whole frame of nature. His creation, and every part of it, is full of him. There is nothing he has made, that is either ſo diſtant, ſo little, or ſo inconſiderable, which he does not eſſentially inhabit. His ſubſtance is within the ſubſtance of every being, whether material, or immaterial, and as intimately preſent to it, as that being is to itſelf. It would be an imperfection in him, were he able to remove out of one place into another, or to withdraw himſelf from any thing he has created, or from any

part of that ſpace which is diffuſed and ſpread abroad to infinity. In ſhort, to ſpeak of him in the language of the old philoſopher, he is a being whoſe centre is every-where, and his circumference no-where.

In the ſecond place, he is omniſcient as well as omnipreſent. His omniſcience indeed neceſſarily and naturally flows from his omnipreſence. He cannot but be conſcious of every motion that ariſes in the whole material world, which he thus eſſentially pervades: and of every thought that is ſtiring in the intellectual world, to every part of which he is thus intimately united. Several moraliſts have conſidered the creation as the temple of God, which he has built with his own hands, and which is filled with his preſence. Others have conſidered infinite ſpace as the receptacle, or rather the habitation of the Almighty: but the nobleſt and moſt exalted way of conſidering this infinite ſpace is that of Sir *Iſaac Newton*, who calls it the *ſenſorium* of the Godhead. Brutes and men have their *ſenſoriola*, or little *ſenſoriums*, by which they apprehend the preſence and perceive the actions of a few objects, that lye contiguous to them. Their knowledge and obſervation turn within a very narrow circle. But as God Almighty cannot but perceive and know every thing in which he reſides, infinite ſpace gives room to infinite knowledge, and is, as it were, an organ to omniſcience.

Were the ſoul ſeparate from the body, and with one glance of thought ſhould ſtart beyond the bounds of the creation, ſhould it for millions of years continue its progreſs through infinite ſpace with the ſame activity, it would ſtill find itſelf within the embrace of its Creator, and encompaſſed round with the immenſity of the Godhead. While we are in the body he is not leſs preſent with us, becauſe he is concealed from us. *O that I knew where I might find him!* ſays Job. *Behold I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him: on the left hand, where he does work, but I cannot behold him: he hideth himſelf on the right hand that I cannot ſee him.* In ſhort, reaſon as well as revelation aſſure us, that he cannot be abſent from us, notwithſtanding he is undiſcovered by us.

In

In this consideration of God Almighty's omnipresence and omniscience every uncomfortable thought vanishes. He cannot but regard every thing that has being, especially such of his creatures who fear they are not regarded by him. He is privy to all their thoughts, and to that anxiety of heart in particular, which is apt to trouble them on this occasion: for, as it is impossible he should overlook any of his creatures, so we may be confident that he regards, with an eye of mercy, those who endeavour to recommend themselves to his notice, and in unfeigned humility of heart think themselves unworthy that he should be mindful of them.

Motives to piety and virtue, drawn from the Omniscience and Omnipresence of the Deity.

[Spect. N° 571]

In your paper of *Friday* the 9th instant, you had occasion to consider the ubiquity of the God-head, and at the same time, to shew, that as he is present to every thing, he cannot but be attentive to every thing, and privy to all the modes and parts of its existence: or, in other words, that his omniscience and omnipresence are coexistent, and run together through the whole infinitude of space. This consideration might furnish us with many incentives to devotion, and motives to morality; but as this subject has been handled by several excellent writers, I shall consider it in a light wherein I have not seen it placed by others.

First, How disconsolate is the condition of an intellectual being who is thus present with his Maker, but at the same time receives no extraordinary benefit or advantage from this his presence!

Secondly, How deplorable is the condition of an intellectual being, who feels no other effects from this his presence, but such as proceed from divine wrath and indignation!

Thirdly, How happy is the condition of that intellectual being, who is sensible of his Maker's presence from the secret effects of his mercy and loving-kindness!

First, How diſconſolate is the condition of an intellectual being, who is thus preſent with his Maker, but at the ſame time receives no extraordinary benefit or advantage from this his preſence! Every particle of matter is actuated by this Almighty being which paſſes through it. The heavens and the earth, the ſtars and planets, move and gravitate by virtue of this great principle within them. All the dead parts of nature are invigorated by the preſence of their Creator, and made capable of exerting their reſpective qualities. The ſeveral inſtincts, in the brute creation, do likewiſe operate and work towards the ſeveral ends which are agreable to them, by this divine energy. Man only, who does not co-operate with his holy ſpirit, and is unattentive to his preſence, receives none of theſe advantages from it, which are perfective of his nature, and neceſſary to his well-being. The divinity is with him, and in him, and every-where about him, but of no advantage to him. It is the ſame thing to a man without religion, as if there were no God in the world. It is indeed impoſſible for an infinite Being to remove himſelf from any of his creatures; but though he cannot withdraw his eſſence from us, which would argue an imperfection in him, he can withdraw from us all the joys and conſolations of it. His preſence may perhaps be neceſſary to ſupport us in our exiſtence; but he may leave this our exiſtence to itſelf, with regard to its happineſs or miſery. For, in this ſenſe, he may caſt us away from his preſence, and take his holy ſpirit from us. This ſingle conſideration one would think ſufficient to make us open our hearts to all thoſe infuſions of joy and gladneſs which are ſo near at hand, and ready to be poured in upon us; eſpecially when we conſider, *ſecondly*, the deplorable condition of an intellectual being who feels no other effects from his Maker's preſence, but ſuch as proceed from divine wrath and indignation!

We may aſſure ourſelves, that the great author of nature will not always be as one, who is indifferent to any of his creatures. Thoſe who will not feel him in his love will be ſure at length to feel him in his diſpleaſure

ſure. And how dreadful is the condition of that creature, who is only ſenſible of the being of his Creator by what he ſuffers from him! He is as eſſentially preſent in hell as in heaven; but the inhabitants of thoſe accurſed places behold him only in his wrath, and ſhrink within the flames to conceal themſelves from him. It is not in the power of imagination to conceive the fearful effects of Omnipotence incenſed.

BUT I ſhall only conſider the wretchedneſs of an intellectual being, who, in this life, lyes under the diſpleaſure of him, that at all times, and in all places is intimately united with him. He is able to diſquiet the ſoul, and vex it in all its faculties. He can hinder any of the greateſt comforts of life from refreſhing us, and give an edge to every one of its ſlighteſt calamities. Who then can bear the thought of being an out-caſt from his preſence, that is, from the comforts of it, or of feeling it only in its terrors? How pathetic is that expoſtulation of *Job*, when, for the real trial of his patience, he was made to look upon himſelf in this deplorable condition! *Why haſt thou ſet me as a mark againſt thee, ſo that I am become a burden to myſelf?* But *thirdly*, how happy is the condition of that intellectual being, who is ſenſible of his Maker's preſence from the ſecret effects of his mercy and loving kindneſs!

THE bleſſed in heaven behold him face to face, that is, are as ſenſible of his preſence as we are of the preſence of any perſon whom we look upon with our eyes. There is doubtleſs a faculty in ſpirits, by which they apprehend one another, as our ſenſes do material objects; and there is no queſtion but our ſouls, when they are diſembodied, or placed in glorified bodies, will by this faculty, in whatever part of ſpace they reſide, be always ſenſible of the divine preſence. We, who have this veil of fleſh ſtanding between us and the world of ſpirits, muſt be content to know the ſpirit of God is preſent with us, by the effects which he produceth in us. Our outward ſenſes are too groſs to apprehend him; we may however taſte and ſee how gracious he is, by his influence upon our minds, by thoſe virtuous thoughts which he awakens in us, by thoſe ſecret comforts and

refreſhments which he conveys into our ſouls, and by thoſe raviſhing joys and inward ſatisfactions which are perpetually ſpringing up, and diffuſing themſelves among all the thoughts of good men. He is lodged in our very eſſence, and is as a ſoul within the ſoul to irradiate its underſtanding, rectify its will, purify its paſſions, and enliven all the powers of man. How happy therefore is an intellectual being, who by prayer and meditation, by virtue and good works, opens this communication between God and his own ſoul! Though the whole creation frowns upon him, and all nature looks black about him, he has his light and ſupport within him, that are able to chear his mind, and bear him up in the midſt of all thoſe horrors which encompaſs him. He knows that his helper is at hand, and is always nearer to him than any thing elſe can be, which is capable of annoying or terrifying him. In the midſt of calumny or contempt, he attends to that Being who whiſpers better things within his ſoul, and whom he looks upon as his defender, his glory, and the lifter-up of his head. In his deepeſt ſolitude and retirement, he knows that he is in company with the greateſt of beings; and perceives within himſelf ſuch real ſenſations of his preſence, as are more delightful than any thing that can be met with in the converſation of his creatures. Even in the hour of death, he conſiders the pains of his diſſolution to be nothing elſe but the breaking down of that partition, which ſtands betwixt his ſoul, and the ſight of that being, who is always preſent with him, and is about to manifeſt itſelf to him in fullneſs of joy.

If we would be thus happy, and thus ſenſible of our Maker's preſence, from the ſecret effects of his mercy and goodneſs, we muſt keep ſuch a watch over all our thoughts, that in the language of the ſcripture, his ſoul may have pleaſure in us. We muſt take care not to grieve his holy ſpirit, and endeavour to make the meditations of our hearts always acceptable in his ſight, that he may delight thus to reſide and dwell in us. The light of nature could direct *Seneca* to his doctrine, in a very remarkable paſſage among his epiſtles;

epiſtles; *Sacer ineſt in nobis ſpiritus, bonorum malorumque cuſtos et obſervator; et quemadmodum nos illum tractamus, ita et ille nos.* 'There is a holy ſpirit reſiding in us, who watches and obſerves both good and evil men, and will treat us after the ſame manner that we treat him.' But I ſhall conclude this diſcourſe with thoſe more emphatical words in divine revelation. *If a man love me, he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him.*

Reflections on the Third Heaven. [Spect. N° 580]

'I CONSIDERED in my two laſt lettres that awful and tremenduous ſubject, the ubiquity or omnipreſence of the divine Being. I have ſhewn that he is equally preſent in all places throughout the whole extent of infinite ſpace. This doctrine is ſo agreeable to reaſon, that we meet with it in the writings of the enlightened heathens, as I might ſhew at large, were it not already done by other hands. But tho' the Deity be thus eſſentially preſent through all the immenſity of ſpace, there is one part of it in which he diſcovers himſelf in a moſt tranſcendent and viſible glory. This is that place which is marked out in ſcripture under the different appellations of *Paradiſe, the third heaven, the throne of God, and the habitation of his glory.* It is here where the glorified body of our Saviour reſides, and where all the celeſtial hierarchies, and the innumerable hoſts of angels, are repreſented as perpetually ſurrounding the ſeat of God with hallelujahs and hymns of praiſe. This is that preſence of God which ſome of the divines call his glorious, and others his majeſtic preſence. He is indeed as eſſentially preſent in all other places as in this; but it is here where he reſides in a ſenſible magnificence, and in the midſt of all thoſe ſplendors which can affect the imagination of created beings.

'IT is very remarkable that this opinion of God Almighty's preſence in heaven, whether diſcovered

'by the light of nature, or by a general tradition from
'our first parents, prevails among all the nations of
'the world, whatsoever different notions they entertain
'of the God-head. If you look into *Homer*, that is,
'the most antient of the *Greek* writers, you see the su-
'preme power seated in the heavens, and encompassed
'with inferior deities, among whom the muses are re-
'presented as singing incessantly about his throne.
'Who does not here see the main strokes and out-
'lines of this great truth we are speaking of? The
'same doctrine is shadowed out in many other hea-
'then authors, tho' at the same time, like several other
'revealed truths, dashed and adulterated with a mix-
'ture of fables and human inventions. But to pass
'over the notions of the *Greeks* and *Romans*, those more
'enlightened parts of the pagan world, we find there
'is scarce a people among the late discovered nations
'who are not trained up in an opinion that heaven is
'the habitation of the divinity whom they worship.

'As in *Salomon's* temple there was the *Sanctum*
'*Sanctorum*, in which a visible glory appeared among
'the figures of the cherubims, and into which none but
'the high-priest himself was permitted to enter, after
'having made an atonement for the sins of the people;
'so if we consider this whole creation as one great
'temple, there is in it the Holy of Holies, into which
'the high-priest of our salvation entered, and took his
'place among angels and archangels, after having made
'a propitiation for the sins of mankind.

'With how much skill must the throne of God be
'erected? With what glorious designs is that habitation
'beautified, which is contrived and built by him who
'inspired *Hiram* with wisdom? How great must be the
'majesty of that place, where the whole art of creation
'has been employed, and where God has chosen to
'shew himself in the most magnificent manner? What
'must be the architecture of infinite power under the di-
'rection of infinite wisdom? A spirit cannot but be
'transported after an ineffable manner with the sight
'of those objects, which were made to affect him by
'that Being who knows the inward frame of a soul, and

'how

'how to pleaſe and raviſh it in all its moſt ſecret pow-
'ers and faculties. It is to this majeſtic preſence of God,
'we may apply thoſe beautiful expreſſions in holy
'writ: *Behold even to the moon, and it ſhineth not; yea*
'*the ſtars are not pure in his ſight.* The light of the ſun,
'and all the glories of the world in which we live, are
'but as weak and ſickly glimmerings, or rather dark-
'neſs itſelf, in compariſon of thoſe ſplendors which
'encompaſs the throne of God.

'As the glory of this place is tranſcendent beyond
'imagination, ſo probably is the extent of it. There
'is light behind light, and glory within glory. How
'far that ſpace may reach, in which God thus appears
'in perfect majeſty, we cannot poſſibly conceive. Tho'
'it is not infinite, it may be indefinite; and tho' not
'immeaſurable in itſelf, it may be ſo with regard to any
'created eye, or imagination. If he has made theſe
'lower regions of matter ſo inconceivably wide and
'magnificent for the habitation of mortal and periſh-
'able beings, how great may we ſuppoſe the courts of his
'houſe to be, where he makes his reſidence in a more
'eſpecial manner, and diſplays himſelf in the fulneſs
'of his glory, among an innumerable company of an-
'gels, and ſpirits of juſt men made perfect!

'THIS is certain, that our imaginations cannot
'be raiſed too high, when we think on an place where
'omnipotence and omniſcience have ſo ſignally exer-
'ted themſelves, becauſe that they are able to produce
'a ſcene infinitely more great and glorious than what
'we are able to imagine. It is not impoſſible but at
'the conſummation of all things, theſe outward apart-
'ments of nature, which are now ſuited to thoſe beings
'who inhabit them, may be taken in and added to that
'glorious place of which I am here ſpeaking; and by
'that means made a proper habitation for beings who
'are exempt from mortality, and cleared of their im-
'perfections: for ſo the ſcripture ſeems to intimate
'when it ſpeaks of new heavens and of a new earth,
'wherein dwelleth righteouſneſs.

'I HAVE only conſidered this glorious place with
'regard to the ſight and imagination, though it is

'highly

'highly probable that our other ſenſes may here likewiſe enjoy their higheſt gratifications. There is nothing which more raviſhes and tranſports the ſoul, than harmony; and we have great reaſon to believe, from the deſcriptions of this place in holy Scripture, that this is one of the entertainments of it. And if the ſoul of man can be ſo wonderfully affected with thoſe ſtrains of muſic, which human art is capable of producing, how much more will it be raiſed and elevated by thoſe, in which is exerted the whole power of harmony! The ſenſes are faculties of the human ſoul, though they cannot be employed, during this our vital union, without proper inſtruments in the body. Why therefore ſhould we exclude the ſatisfaction of theſe faculties, which we find by experience are inlets of great pleaſure to the ſoul, from among thoſe entertainments which are to make up our happineſs hereafter? Why ſhould we ſuppoſe that our hearing and ſeeing will not be gratified with thoſe objects which are moſt agreeable to them, and which they cannot meet with in theſe lower regions of nature; objects, *which neither eye hath ſeen, nor ear heard, nor can it enter into the heart of man to conceive? I knew a man in Chriſt* (ſays St. Paul. ſpeaking of himſelf) *above fourteen years ago (whether in the body, I cannot tell, or whether out of the body, I cannot tell: God knoweth) ſuch a one caught up to the third heaven. And I knew ſuch a man, (whether in the body or out of the body, I cannot tell: God knoweth) how that he was caught up into paradiſe, and heard unſpeakable words, which it is not poſſible for a man to utter.* By this is meant that what he heard was ſo infinitely different from any thing which he had heard in this world, that it was impoſſible to expreſs it in ſuch words as might convey a notion of it to his hearers.

'IT is very natural for us to take delight in inquiries concerning any foreigns country, where we are ſome time or other to make our abode; and as we all hope to be admitted into this glorious place, it is both a laudable and uſeful curioſity, to get what informations we can of it, while we make uſe of re-

'velation

'velation for our guide. When theſe everlaſting
'doors ſhall be opened to us, we may be ſure that
'the pleaſures and beauties of this place will infinitely
'tranſcend our preſent hopes and expectations, and
'that the glorious appearance of the throne of God
'will riſe infinitely beyond whatever we are able to
'conceive of it. We might here entertain ourſelves
'with many other ſpeculations on this ſubject, from
'thoſe ſeveral hints which we find of it in the holy
'ſcriptures; as whether there may not be different
'manſions and apartments of glory, to beings of dif-
'ferent natures; whether as they excel one another
'in perfection, they are not admitted nearer to the
'throne of the Almighty, and enjoy greater mani-
'feſtations of his preſence; whether there are not
'ſolemn times and occaſions, when all the multi-
'tude of heaven celebrate the preſence of their Ma-
'ker, in more extraordinary forms of praiſe and ado-
'ration; as *Adam*, tho' he had continued in a ſtate
'of innocence, would, in the opinion of our divines,
'have kept holy the *Sabbath-day*, in a more parti-
'cular manner than any other of the ſeven. Theſe,
'and the like ſpeculations, we may very innocently
'indulge, ſo long as we make uſe of them to inſpire
'us with a deſire of becoming inhabitants of this
'delightful place.

'I HAVE in this, and in two foregoing letters, treat-
'ed on the moſt ſerious ſubject that can employ the
'mind of man, the omnipreſence of the Deity; a
'ſubject which, if poſſible, ſhould never depart from
'our meditations. We have conſidered the divine
'Being, as he inhabits infinitude, as he dwells a-
'mong his works, as he is preſent to the mind of
'man, and as he diſcovers himſelf in a more glo-
'rious manner among the regions of the bleſt. Such
'a conſideration ſhould be kept awake in us at all
'times, and in all places, and poſſeſs our minds with
'a perpetual awe and reverence. It ſhould be in-
'terwowen with all our thoughts and perceptions, and
'become one with the conſciouſneſs of our own being.
'It is not to be reflected on in the coldneſs of philo-
'ſophy,

'ſophy, but ought to ſink us into the loweſt pro-
'ſtration before him, who is ſo aſtoniſhingly great,
'wonderful, and holy.'

The preſent life to be conſidered only as it may conduce to the happineſs of a future one.

[Spect. N° 575.]

A LEWD young fellow ſeeing an aged hermit go by him barefoot, *Father*, ſays he, *you are in a very miſerable condition if there is not another world. True, ſon*, ſaid the hermit; *but what is thy condition if there is?* Man is a creature deſigned for two different ſtates of being, or rather, for two different lives. His firſt life is ſhort and tranſient: his ſecond permanent and laſting. The queſtion we are all concerned in is this, in which of theſe two lives is our chief intereſt to make ourſelves happy? or, in other words, whether we ſhould endeavour to ſecure to ourſelves the pleaſures and gratifications of a life which is uncertain and precarious, and at its utmoſt length of a very inconſiderable duration; or to ſecure to ourſelves the pleaſures of a life that is fixed and ſettled, and will never end? Every man, upon the firſt hearing of this queſtion, knows very well which ſide of it he ought to cloſe with. But however right we are in theory, it is plain that in practice we adhere to the wrong ſide of the queſtion. We make proviſions for this life as though it were never to have an end, and for the other life as though it were never to have a beginning.

SHOULD a ſpirit of ſuperior rank, who is a ſtranger to human nature, accidentally alight upon the earth, and take a ſurvey of its inhabitants; what would his notions of us be? Would not he think that we are a ſpecies of beings made for quite different ends and purpoſes than what we really are? Muſt not he imagine that we were placed in this world to get riches and honours? Would not he think that it was our duty to toil after wealth, and ſtation, and title? Nay, would not he believe we were forbidden poverty by threats of eternal puniſh-

ment,

ment, and enjoined to purſue our pleaſures under pain of damnation? He would certainly imagine that we were influenced by a ſcheme of duties quite oppoſite to thoſe which are indeed preſcribed to us. And truly, according to ſuch an imagination, he muſt conclude that we are a ſpecies of the moſt obedient creatures in the univerſe; that we are conſtant to our duty; and that we keep a ſteady eye on the end for which we were ſent hither.

But how great would be his aſtoniſhment, when he learnt that we were beings not deſigned to exiſt in this world above threeſcore and ten years; and that the greateſt part of this buſy ſpecies fall ſhort even of that age? How would he be loſt in horror and admiration, when he ſhould know that this ſet of creatures, who lay out all their endeavours for this life which ſcarce deſerves the name of exiſtence, when, I ſay, he ſhould know that this ſet of creatures are to exiſt to all eternity in another life, for which they make no preparations? Nothing can be a greater diſgrace to reaſon than that men, who are perſuaded of theſe two different ſtates of being, ſhould be perpetually employed in providing for a life of threeſcore and ten years, and neglecting to make proviſion for that, which after many myriads of years will be ſtill new, and ſtill beginning; eſpecially when we conſider that our endeavours for making ourſelves great, or rich, or honourable, or whatever elſe we place our happineſs in, may after all prove unſucceſsfull; whereas if we conſtantly and ſincerely endeavour to make ourſelves happy in the other life, we are ſure that our endeavours will ſucceed, and that we ſhall not be diſappointed of our hope.

The following queſtion is ſtarted by one of the ſchoolmen. Suppoſing the whole body of the earth were a great ball or maſs of the fineſt ſand, and that a ſingly grain or particle of this ſand ſhould be annihilated every thouſand years. Suppoſing then that you had it in your choice to be happy all the while this prodigious maſs of ſand was conſuming by this ſlow method till there was not a grain of it left, on condition you were to be miſerable for ever after; or ſuppoſing

posing that you might be happy for ever after, on condition you would be miserable till the whole mass of sand were thus annihilated at the rate of one sand in a thousand years: which of these two cases would you make your choice?

It must be confessed in this case, so many thousands of years are to the imagination as a kind of eternity, tho' in reality they do not bear so great a proportion to that duration which is to follow them, as an unite does to the greatest number which you can put together in figures, or as one of those sands to the supposed heap. Reason therefore tells us, without any manner of hesitation, which would be the better part in this choice. However, as I have before intimated, our reason might in such a case be so overset by the imagination, as to dispose some persons to sink under the consideration of the great length of the first part of this duration, and of the great distance of that second duration, which is to succeed it. The mind, I say, might give itself up to that happiness which is at hand, considering that it is so very near, and that it would last so very long. But when the choice we actually have before us is this, whether we will chuse to be happy for the space of only threescore and ten, nay perhaps of only twenty or ten years, I might say of only a day or an hour, and miserable to all eternity; or on the contrary, miserable for this short term of years, and happy for a whole eternity; what words are sufficient to express that folly and want of consideration which in such a case makes a wrong choice?

I HERE put the case even at the worst, by supposing (what seldom happens) that a course of virtue makes us miserable in this life: but if we suppose (as it generally happens) that virtue will make us more happy even in this life than a contrary course of vice; how can we sufficiently admire the stupidity or madness of those persons who are capable of making so absurd a choice?

EVERY wise man therefore will consider this life only as it may conduce to the happiness of the other, and chearfully sacrifice the pleasures of a few years to those of an eternity.

On the Immortality of the Soul. [Spect. N° 111.]

I WAS yesterday walking alone in one of my friend's woods, and lost myself in it very agreeably, as I was running over in my mind the several arguments that establish this great point, which is the basis of morality, and the source of all the pleasing hopes and secret joys that can arise in the heart of a reasonable creature. I considered those several proofs drawn.

FIRST, from the nature of the soul itself, and particularly its immateriality; which though not absolutely necessary to the eternity of its duration, has, I think, been evinced to almost a demonstration.

SECONDLY, from its passions and sentiments, as particularly from its love of existence, its horror of annihilation, and its hopes of immortality, with that secret satisfaction which it finds in the practice of virtue, and that uneasiness which follows in it upon the commission of vice.

THIRDLY, from the nature of the Supreme Being, whose justice, goodness, wisdom and veracity are all concerned in this point.

BUT among these and other excellent arguments for the immortality of the soul, there is one drawn from the perpetual progress of the soul to its perfection, without a possibility of ever arriving at it; which is a hint that I do not remember to have seen opened and improved by others who have written on this subject, though it seems to me to carry a very great weight with it. How can it enter into the thoughts of man, that the soul, which is capable of such immense perfections, and of receiving new improvements to all eternity, shall fall away into nothing almost as soon as it is created? Are such abilities made for no purpose? A brute arrives at a point of perfection that he can never pass: in a few years he has all the endowments he is capable of; and were he to live ten thousand more, would be the same thing he is at present. Were a human soul thus at a stand in her accomplishments,

were her faculties to be full blown, and incapable of farther enlargements, I could imagine it might fall away inſenſibly, and drop at once into a ſtate of annihilation. But can we believe a thinking being that is in a perpetual progreſs of improvements, and travelling on from perfection to perfection, after having juſt looked abroad into the works of its Creator, and made a few diſcoveries of his infinite goodneſs, wiſdom, and power, muſt periſh at her firſt ſetting out, and in the very beginning of her inquiries?

A MAN, conſidered in his preſent ſtate, ſeems only ſent into the world to propagate his kind. He provides himſelf with a ſucceſſor, and immediately quits his poſt to make room for him.

——————————————*Hæres*
Hæredem alterius, velut unda ſupervenit undam.
HOR. Ep. 2. l. 2. v. 175.

——Heir crowds heir, as in a rolling flood
Wave urges wave. CREECH.

He does not ſeem born to enjoy life, but to deliver it down to others. This is not ſurpriſing to conſider in animals, which are formed for our uſe, and can finiſh their buſineſs in a ſhort life. The ſilk-worm, after having ſpun her taſk, lays her eggs and dies. But a man can never have taken in his full meaſure of knowledge, has not time to ſubdue his paſſions, eſtabliſh his ſoul in virtue, and come up to the perfection of his nature, before he is hurried of the ſtage. Would an infinitely wiſe Being make ſuch glorious creatures for ſo mean a purpoſe? Can he delight in the production of ſuch abortive intelligences, ſuch ſhort-lived reaſonable beings? Would he give us talents that are not to be exerted? capacities that are never to be gratified? How can we find that wiſdom which ſhines through all his works, in the formation of man, without looking on this world as only a nurſery for the next, and believing that the ſeveral generations of rational creatures, which riſe up and diſappear in ſuch quick ſucceſſions, are only to receive their firſt rudiments of exiſtence here,

and

and afterwards to be tranſplanted into a more friendly climate, where they may ſpread and flouriſh to all eternity.

THERE is not, in my opinion, a more pleaſing and triumphant conſideration in religion than this of the perpetual progreſs which the ſoul makes towards the perfection of its nature, without ever arriving at a period in it. To look upon the ſoul as going on from ſtrength to ſtrength, to conſider that ſhe is to ſhine for ever with new acceſſions of glory, and brighten to all eternity; that ſhe will be ſtill adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge; carries in it ſomething wonderfully agreeable to that ambition which is natural to the mind of man. Nay it muſt be a proſpect pleaſing to God himſelf, to ſee his creation for ever beautifying in his eyes, and drawing nearer to him, by greater degrees of reſemblance.

METHINKS this ſingle conſideration, of the progreſs of a finite ſpirit to perfection, will be ſufficient to extinguiſh all envy in inferior natures, and all contempt in ſuperior. That cherubim, which now appears as a God to a human ſoul, knows very well that the period will come about in eternity, when the human ſoul ſhall be as perfect as he himſelf now is: nay, when ſhe ſhall look down upon that degree of perfection as much as ſhe now falls ſhort of it. It is true, the higher nature ſtill advances, and by that means preſerves his diſtance and ſuperiority in the ſcale of being; but he knows that, how high ſoever the ſtation is of which he ſtands poſſeſſed at preſent, the inferior nature will at length mount up to it, and ſhine forth in the ſame degree of glory.

WITH what aſtoniſhment and veneration may we look into our own ſouls, where there are ſuch hidden ſtores of virtue and knowledge, ſuch inexhauſted ſources of perfection? We know not yet what we ſhall be, nor will it ever enter into the heart of man to conceive the glory that will be always in reſerve for him. The ſoul, conſidered with its Creator, is like one of thoſe mathematical lines that may draw nearer to another for all eternity without a poſſibility of touch-

ing it: and can there be a thought ſo tranſporting, as to conſider ourſelves in theſe perpetual approaches to him, who is not only the ſtandard of perfection, but of happineſs!

On the Animal World, and the Scale of Beings.

[Spect. N° 519.]

THOUGH there is a great deal of pleaſure in contemplating the material world, by which I mean that ſyſtem of bodies, into which nature has ſo curiouſly wrought the maſs of dead matter, with the ſeveral relations which thoſe bodies bear to one another; there is ſtill, methinks, ſomething more wonderful and ſurpriſing in contemplations on the world of life, by which I mean all thoſe animals with which every part of the univerſe is furniſhed. The material world is only the ſhell of the univerſe: the world of life are its inhabitants.

IF we conſider thoſe parts of the material world which lye the neareſt to us, and are therefore ſubject to our obſervations and inquiries, it is amazing to conſider the infinity of animals with which it is ſtocked. Every part of matter is peopled: every green leaf ſwarms with inhabitants. There is ſcarce a ſingle humour in the body of a man, or of any other animal, in which our glaſſes do not diſcover myriads of living creatures. The ſurface of animals is alſo covered with other animals, which are in the ſame manner the baſis of other animals that live upon it; nay, we find in the moſt ſolid bodies, as in marble itſelf, innumerable cells and cavities that are crowded with ſuch imperceptible inhabitants, as are too little for the naked eye to diſcover. On the other hand, if we look into the more bulky parts of nature, we ſee the ſeas, lakes and rivers, teeming with numberleſs kinds of living creatures: we find every mountain and marſh, wilderneſs and wood, plentifully ſtocked with birds and beaſts, and every part of matter affording proper neceſſaries and conveniencies

veniencies for the livelihood of multitudes which inhabit it.

THE author of the *Plurality of worlds* draws a very good argument from this conſideration, for the *peopling* of every planet; as indeed it ſeems very probable from the analogy of reaſon, that if no part of matter, which we are acquainted with, lyes waſte and uſeleſs, thoſe great bodies, which are at ſuch a diſtance from us, ſhould not be deſart and unpeopled, but rather that they ſhould be furniſhed with beings adapted to their reſpective ſituation.

EXISTENCE is a bleſſing to thoſe beings only which are endowed with perception, and is in a manner thrown away upon dead matter, any farther than as it is ſubſervient to beings which are conſcious of their exiſtence. Accordingly we find, from the bodies which lye under our obſervation, that matter is only made as the baſis and ſupport of animals, and that there is no more of the one, than what is neceſſary for the exiſtence of the other.

INFINITE goodneſs is of ſo communicative a nature, that it ſeems to delight in the conferring of exiſtence upon every degree of perceptive being. As this is a ſpeculation, which I have often purſued with great pleaſure to myſelf, I ſhall enlarge farther upon it, by conſidering that part of the ſcale of beings which comes within our knowledge.

THERE are ſome living creatures which are raiſed bud juſt above dead matter. To mention only that ſpecies of ſhell-fiſh, which are form'd in the faſhion of a cone, that grow to the ſurface of ſeveral rocks, and immediately die upon their being ſever'd from the place where they grow. There are many other creatures but one remove from theſe, which have no other ſenſe beſides that of feeling and taſte. Others have ſtill an additional one of hearing; others of ſmell, and others of ſight. It is wonderful to obſerve, by what a gradual progreſs the world of life advances through a prodigious variety of ſpecies, before a creature is form'd that is complete in all its ſenſes; and even among theſe there is ſuch a different degree of perfection in the ſenſe

which one animal enjoys beyond what appears in another, though the ſenſe in different animals be diſtinguiſhed by the ſame common denomination, it ſeems almoſt of a different nature. If after this we look into the ſeveral inward perfections of cunning and ſagacity, or what we generally call inſtinct, we find them riſing after the ſame manner imperceptibly one above another, and receiving additional improvements, according to the ſpecies in which they are implanted. This progreſs in nature is ſo very gradual, that the moſt perfect of an inferior ſpecies comes very near to the moſt imperfect of that which is immediately above it.

THE exuberant and overflowing goodneſs of the Supreme Being, whoſe mercy extends to all his works, is plainly ſeen, as I have before hinted, from his having made ſo very little matter, at leaſt what falls within our knowledge, that does not ſwarm with life: nor is his goodneſs leſs ſeen in the diverſity, than in the multitude of living creatures. Had he only made one ſpecies of animals, none of the reſt would have enjoyed the happineſs of exiſtence; he has, therefore, *ſpecified* in his creation every degree of life, every capacity of being. The whole chaſm of nature, from a plant to a man, is filled up with divers kinds of creatures, riſing one over another, by ſuch a gentle and eaſy aſcent, that the little tranſitions and deviations from one ſpecies to another are almoſt inſenſible. This intermediate ſpace is ſo well huſbanded and managed, that there is ſcarce a degree of perception which does not appear in ſome one part of the world of life. Is the goodneſs, or wiſdom of the Divine Being, more manifeſted in this his proceeding.

THERE is a conſequence, beſides thoſe I have already mentioned, which ſeems very naturally deducible from the foregoing conſiderations. If the ſcale of beings riſes by ſuch a regular progreſs, ſo high as man, we may by a parity of reaſon ſuppoſe that it ſtill proceeds gradually through thoſe beings which are of a ſuperior nature to him; ſince there is an infinitely greater ſpace and room for different degrees of perfection, be-

tween the Supreme Being and man, than between man and the moſt deſpicable inſect. The conſequence of ſo great a variety of beings which are ſuperior to us, from that variety which is inferior to us, is made by Mr. *Locke*, in a paſſage which I ſhall here ſet down, after having premiſed, that notwithſtanding there is ſuch infinite room between man and his Maker for the creative power to exert itſelf in, it is impoſſible that it ſhould ever be filled up, ſince there will be ſtill an infinite gap or diſtance between the higheſt created being, and the power which produced him.

THAT there ſhould be more ſpecies *of intelligent creatures above us, than there are of ſenſible and material below us, is probable to me from hence; that in all the viſible corporeal world, we ſee no chaſms, or no gaps. All quite down from us, the deſcent is by eaſy ſteps, and a continued ſeries of things, that in each remove differ very little one from the other. There are fiſhes that have wings, and are not ſtrangers to the airy region: and there are ſome birds, that are inhabitants of the water; whoſe blood is cold as fiſhes, and their fleſh ſo like in taſte, that the ſcrupulous are allowed them on fiſh days. There are animals ſo near of kin both to birds and beaſts, that they are in the middle between both: amphibious animals link the terreſtrial and aquatic together: ſeals live at land and at ſea, and porpoiſes have the warm blood and entrails of a hog; not to mention what is confidently reported of mermaids or ſea-men. There are ſome brutes, that ſeem to have as much knowledge and reaſon, as ſome that are called men; and the animal and vegetable kingdoms are ſo nearly join'd, that if you will take the loweſt of one, and the higheſt of the other, there will ſcarce be perceived any great difference between them: and ſo on 'till we come to the loweſt and the moſt inorganical parts of matter, we ſhall find every where that the ſeveral* ſpecies *are linked together, and differ but in almoſt inſenſible degrees. And when we conſider the infinite power and wiſdom of the Maker, we have reaſon to think that it is ſuitable to the magnificent harmony of the univerſe, and the great deſign and infinite goodneſs of the Architect, that the* ſpecies *of creatures ſhould alſo, by gentle degrees, aſcend upward from us toward his*

infinite perfection, as we see they gradually descend from us downward: which if it be probable, we have reason then to be persuaded, that there are far more species *of creatures above us, than there are beneath; we being in degrees of perfection much more remote from the infinite Being of God, than we are from the lowest state of being, and that which approaches nearest to nothing. And yet of all those distinct* species, *we have no clear distinct* ideas.

In this system of being, there is no creature so wonderful in its nature, and which so much deserves our particular attention, as man, who fills up the middle space between the animal and intellectual nature, the visible and invisible world, and is that link in the chain of beings which has been often termed the *Nexus utriusque mundi.* So that he who in one respect is associated with angels and arch-angels, may look upon a Being of infinite perfection as his father, and the highest order of spirits as his brethren; may in another respect say to *corruption, thou art my father, and to the worm, thou art my mother and my sister.*

Providence proved from Animal instinct.

[Spect. N° 120.]

I Must confess I am infinitely delighted with those speculations of nature which are to be made in a country-life; and as my reading has very much lain among books of natural history, I cannot forbear recollecting, upon this occasion, the several remarks which I have met with in authors, and comparing them with what falls under my own observation; the arguments for providence drawn from the natural history of animals being, in my opinion, demonstrative.

The make of every kind of animal is different from that of every other kind; ant yet there is not the least turn in the muscles or twist in the fibres of any one, which does not render them more proper for that particular animal's

nimal's way of life than any other caſt or texture of them would have been.

THE moſt violent appetites in all creatures are *luſt* and *hunger:* the firſt is a perpetual call upon them to propagate their kind; the latter to preſerve themſelves.

IT is aſtoniſhing to conſider the different degrees of care that deſcend from the parent to the young, ſo far as is abſolutely neceſſary for the leaving a poſterity. Some creatures caſt their eggs as chance directs them, and think of them no farther, as inſects and ſeveral kinds of fiſh; others, of a nicer frame, find out proper beds to depoſite them in, and there leave them; as the ſerpent, the crocodile, and oſtrich: others hatch their eggs and tend the birth, 'till it is able to ſhift for itſelf.

WHAT can we call the principle which directs every different kind of bird to obſerve a particular plan in the ſtructure of its neſt, and direct all of the ſame ſpecies to work after the ſame model? It cannot be *imitation;* for though you hatch a crow under a hen, and never let it ſee any of the works of its own kind, the neſt it makes ſhall be the ſame, to the laying of a ſtick, with all the other neſts of the ſame ſpecies. It cannot be *reaſon;* for were animals indued with it to as great a degree as man, their buildings would be as different as ours, according to the different conveniencies that they would propoſe to themſelves.

IS it not remarkable, that the ſame temper of weather, which raiſes this general warmth in animals, ſhould cover the trees with leaves, and the fields with graſs, for their ſecurity and concealment, and produce ſuch infinite ſwarms of inſects for the ſupport and ſuſtenance of their reſpective broods?

IS it not wonderful, that the love of the parent ſhould be ſo violent while it laſts, and that it ſhould laſt no longer than is neceſſary for the preſervation of the young?

THE violence of this natural love is exemplified by a very barbarous experiment; which I ſhall quote at length, as I find it in an excellent author, and hope my readers will pardon the mentioning ſuch an inſtance of cruelty, becauſe there is nothing can ſo effectually ſhew

the ſtrength of that principle in animals of which I am here ſpeaking. "A perſon who was well ſkilled in "diſſections opened a bitch, and as ſhe lay in the moſt "exquiſite tortures, offered her one of her young pup-"pies, which ſhe immediately fell a licking; and for "the time ſeemed inſenſible of her own pain: on the "removal, ſhe kept her eye fixed on it, and began a "wailing ſort of a cry, which ſeemed rather to pro-"ceed from the loſs of her young one, than the ſenſe "of her own torments.

BUT notwithſtanding this natural love in brutes is much more violent and intenſe than in rational creatures, providence has taken care that it ſhould be no longer troubleſome to the parent than it is uſeful to the young; for ſo ſoon as the wants of the latter ceaſe, the mother withdraws her fondneſs, and leaves them to provide for themſelves: and what is a very remarkable circumſtance in this part of inſtinct, we find that the love of the parent may be lengthened out beyond its uſual time, if the preſervation of the ſpecies requires it; as we may ſee in birds that drive away their young, as ſoon as they are able to get their livelihood, but continue to feed them if they are tied to the neſt, or confined within a cage, or by any other means appear to be out of a condition of ſupplying their own neceſſities.

THIS natural love is not obſerved in animals to aſcend from the young to the parent, which is not at all neceſſary for the continuance of the ſpecies: nor indeed in reaſonable creatures does it riſe in any proportion, as it ſpreads itſelf downwards; for in all family affection, we find protection granted and favours beſtowed, are greater motives to love and tenderneſs, than ſafety, benefits, or life received.

ONE would wonder to hear ſceptical men diſputing for the reaſon of animals, and telling us it is only our pride and prejudices that will not allow them the uſe of that faculty.

REASON ſhews itſelf in all occurrences of life: whereas the brute makes no diſcovery of ſuch a talent, but in what immediately regards his own preſervation, or the continuance of his ſpecies. Animals in their generation

are wiſer than the ſons of men; but their wiſdom is confined to a few particulars, and lyes in a very narrow compaſs. Take a brute out of his inſtinct, and you find him wholly deprived of underſtanding. To uſe an inſtance that comes often under obſervation.

WITH what caution does the hen provide herſelf a neſt in places unfrequented, and free from noiſe and diſturbance? When ſhe has laid her eggs in ſuch a manner that ſhe can cover them, what care does ſhe take in turning them frequently, that all parts may partake of the vital warmth? When ſhe leaves them, to provide for her neceſſary ſuſtenance, how punctually does ſhe return before they have time to cool, and become incapable of producing an animal? In the ſummer you ſee her giving herſelf greater freedoms, and quitting her care for above two hours together; but in winter, when the rigour of the ſeaſon would chill the principles of life, and deſtroy the young one, ſhe grows more aſſiduous in her attendance, and ſtays away but half the time. When the birth approaches, with how much nicety and attention does ſhe help the chick to break its priſon? Not to take notice of her covering it from the injuries of the weather, providing it proper nouriſhment, and teaching it to help itſelf; not to mention her forſaking the neſt, if after the uſual time of reckoning the young one does not make its appearance. A chymical operation could not be followed with greater art or diligence, than is ſeen in the hatching of a chick; though there are many other birds that ſhew an infinitely greater ſagacity in all the forementioned particulars.

BUT at the ſame time the hen, that has all this ſeeming ingenuity, (which is indeed abſolutely neceſſary for the propagation of the ſpecies) conſidered in other reſpects, is without the leaſt glimmerings of thought or common ſenſe. She miſtakes a piece of chalk for an egg, and ſits upon it in the ſame manner: ſhe is inſenſible of any increaſe or diminution in the number of thoſe ſhe lays: ſhe does not diſtinguiſh between her own and thoſe of another ſpecies; and when the birth appears of never ſo different a bird, will cheriſh it for her own. In all theſe circumſtances, which do not

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carry an immediate regard to the ſubſiſtence of herſelf or her ſpecies, ſhe is a very idiot.

THERE is not, in my opinion, any thing more myſterious in nature than this inſtinct in animals, which thus riſes above reaſon, and falls infinitely ſhort of it. It cannot be accounted for by any properties in matter, and at the ſame time works after ſo odd a manner, that one cannot think it the faculty of an intellectual being. For my own part, I look upon it as upon the principle of gravitation in bodies, which is not to be explained by any knowm qualities inherent in the bodies themſelves, nor from any laws of mechaniſm, but, according to the beſt notions of the greateſt philoſophers, is an immediate impreſſion from the firſt mover, and the divine energy acting in the creatures.

The Atheiſt inexcuſable in endeavouring to make Converts [Spect. N° 186]

'A BELIEVER may be excuſed by the moſt hardened 'atheiſt for endeavouring to make him a con'vert, becauſe he does it with an eye to both their in'tereſts. The atheiſt is inexcuſable who tries to gain 'over a believer, becauſe he does not propoſe the do'ing himſelf or the believer any good by ſuch a con'verſion.

'THE proſpect of a future ſtate is the ſecret comfort 'and refreſhment of my ſoul; it is that which makes 'nature look gay about me; it doubles all my pleaſures, 'and ſupports me under all my afflictions. I can 'look at diſapointments and misfortunes, pain and 'ſickneſs, death itſelf, and what is worſe than death, 'the loſs of thoſe who are deareſt to me, with indiffe'rence, ſo long as I keep in view the pleaſures of eter'nity, and the ſtate of being in which there will be 'no fears nor apprehenſions, pains nor ſorrows, ſickneſs 'nor ſeparation. Why will any man be ſo impertinent'ly officious as to tell me all this is only fancy and de'luſion?

'lusion? Is there any merit in being the messenger of
'ill news? if it is a dream, let me enjoy it, since it
'makes me both the happier and better man.

'I MUST confess I do not know how to trust a man
'who believes neither heaven nor hell, or, in other
'words, a future state of rewards and punishments. Not
'only natural self-love, but reason directs us to promote
'our own interest above all things. It can never be
'for the interest of a believer to do me a mischief, be-
'cause he is sure, upon the balance of accounts, to find
'himself a loser by it. On the contrary, if he con-
'siders his own welfare in his behaviour towards me,
'it will lead him to do me all the good he can, and
'at the same time restrain him from doing me any
'injury. An unbeliever does not act like a reasonable
'creature, if he favours me contrary to his present in-
'terest, or does not distress me when it turns to his
'present advantage. Honour and good-nature may
'indeed tie up his hands; but as these would be very
'much strengthned by reason and principle, so without
'them they are only instincts, or wavering unsettled
'notions, which rest on no foundation.

'INFIDELITY has been attacked with so good suc-
'cess of late years, that it is driven out of all its out-
'works. The atheist has not found his post tenable,
'and is therefore retired into deism, and a disbelief
'of revealed religion only. But the truth of it is, the
'greatest number of this set of men, are those who,
'for want of a virtuous education, or examining the
'grounds of religion, know so very little of the mat-
'ter in question, that their infidelity is but another term
'for their ignorance.

'As folly and inconsiderateness are the foundations
'of infidelity, the great pillars and supports of it are
'either a vanity of appearing wiser than the rest of
'mankind, or an ostentation of courage in despising
'the terrors of another world, which have so great an
'influence on what they call weaker minds; or an aver-
'sion to a belief that must cut them of from many
'of those pleasures they propose to themselves, and fill

'them

'them with remorse for many of those they have al-
'ready tasted.

'THE great received articles of the Christian reli-
'gion have been so clearly proved, from the authority
'of that divine revelation in which they are delivered,
'that it is impossible for those who have ears to hear,
'and eyes to see, not to be convinced of them. But
'were it possible for any thing in the Christian faith to
'be erroneous, I can find no ill consequences in adh er-
'ing to it. The great points of the incarnation and
'sufferings of our Saviour, produce naturally such habits
'of virtue in the mind of man, that, I say, supposing
'it were possible for us to be mistaken in them, the
'infidel himself must at least allow that no other system
'of religion could so effectually contribute to the height-
'ning of morality. They give us great ideas of the
'dignity of human nature, and of the love which the
'supreme Being bears to his creatures, and consequent-
'ly engage us in the highest acts of duty towards our
'Creator, our neighbour, and ourselves. How many
'noble arguments has Saint *Paul* raised from the chief
'articles of our religion, for the advancing of morality
'in its three great branches? To give a single example
'in each kind: what can be a stronger motive to a
'firm trust and reliance on the mercies of our Maker,
'than the giving us his Son to suffer for us? What can
'make us love and esteem even the most inconsiderable
'of mankind, more than the thought that Christ died
'for him? Or what dispose us to set a stricter guard
'upon the purity of our own hearts, than our being
'membres of Christ, and a part of the society of which
'that immaculate person is the head? But these are
'only a specimen of those admirable enforcements of
'morality, which the apostle has drawn from the histo-
'ry of our blessed Saviour.

'IF our modern infidels considered these matters
'with that candour and seriousness which they deserve,
'we should not see them act with such a spirit of bit-
'terness, arrogance, and malice; they would not be rai-
'sing such insignificant cavils, doubts, and scruples, as
'may be started against every thing that is not capable

'of

'of mathematical demonſtration; in order to unſettle
'the minds of the ignorant, diſturb the public peace,
'ſubvert morality, and throw all things into confuſion
'and diſorder. If none of theſe reflexions can have
'any influence on them, there is one that perhaps may,
'becauſe it is adapted to their vanity, by which they
'ſeem to be guided much more than by their reaſon.
'I would therefore have them conſider, that the wiſeſt
'and beſt of men, in all ages of the world, have been
'thoſe who lived up to the religion of their country,
'when they ſaw nothing in it oppoſite to morality, and
'to the beſt lights they had of the divine nature. *Py-*
'*thagoras'* s firſt rule directs us to worſhip the gods *as*
'*it is ordained by law*, for that is the moſt natural in-
'terpretation of the precept. *Socrates*, who was the
'moſt renowned among the heathens both for wiſdom
'and virtue, in his laſt moments deſires his friends to
'offer a cock to *Æſculapius;* doubtleſs out of a ſub-
'miſſive deference to the eſtabliſhed worſhip of his coun-
'try. *Xenophon* tells us, that his prince (whom he
'ſets forth as a pattern of perfection) when he found
'his death approaching, offered ſacrifices on the moun-
'tains to the *Perſian Jupiter*, and the Sun, *accord-*
'*ing to the cuſtom of the Perſians;* for theſe are the
'words of the hiſtorian. Nay, the *Epicureans* and
'atomical philoſophers ſhewed a very remarkable mo-
'deſty in this particular; for though the being of a
'God was entirely repugnant to their ſchemes of na-
'tural philoſophy, they contented themſelves with the
'denial of a Providence, aſſerting at the ſame time the
'exiſtence of gods in general; becauſe they would not
'ſhock the common belief of mankind, and the religion
'of their country.

On CHEARFULNESS. [Spect. N° 381.]

I HAVE always preferred chearfulneſs to mirth. The latter, I conſider as an act, the former as a habit of the mind. Mirth is ſhort and tranſient, chearfulneſs

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fixed and permanent. Thoſe are often raiſed into the greateſt tranſports of mirth, who are ſubject to the greateſt depreſſions of melancholy: on the contrary, chearfulneſs, though it does not give the mind ſuch an exquiſite gladneſs, prevents us from falling into any depths of ſorrow. Mirth is like a flaſh of lithning that breaks through a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment; chearfulneſs keeps up a kind of day-light in the mind, and fills it with a ſteady and perpetual ſerenity.

MEN of auſtere principles look upon mirth as too wanton and diſſolute for a ſtate of probation, and as filled with a certain triumph and inſolence of heart that is inconſiſtent with a life which is every moment obnoxious to the greateſt dangers. Writers of this complexion have obſerved, that the ſacred perſon who was the great pattern of perfection, was never ſeen to laugh.

CHEARFULNESS of mind is not liable to any of theſe exceptions; it is of a ſerious and compoſed nature; it does not throw the mind into a condition improper for the preſent ſtate of humanity, and is very conſpicuous in the characters of thoſe who are looked upon as the greateſt philoſophers among the heathens, as well as among thoſe who have been deſervedly eſteemed as ſaints and holy men among Chriſtians.

IF we conſider chearfulneſs in three lights, with regard to ourſelves, to thoſe we converſe with, and to the great Author of our being, it will not a little recommend itſelf on each of theſe accounts. The man who is poſſeſſed of this excellent frame of mind, is not only eaſy in his thoughts, but a perfect maſter of all the powers and faculties of the ſoul: his imagination is always clear, and his judgment undiſturbed: his temper is even and unruffled, whether in action or in ſolitude. He comes with a reliſh to all thoſe goods which nature has provided for him, taſtes all the pleaſures of the creation which are poured about him, and does not feel the full weight of thoſe accidental evils which may befal him.

IF we conſider him in relation to the perſons whom he converſes with, it naturally produces love and good will towards

towards him. A chearful mind is not only disposed to be affable and obliging, but raises the same good humour in those who come within its influence. A man finds himself pleased, he does not know why, with the chearfulness of his companion: it is like a sudden sun-shine that awakens a secret delight in the mind, without her attending to it. The heart rejoices of its own accord, and naturally flows out into friendship and benevolence towards the person who has so kindly an effect upon it.

When I consider this chearful state of mind in its third relation, I cannot but look upon it as a constant habitual gratitude to the great Author of nature. An inward chearfulness is an implicit praise and thanksgiving to Providence under all its dispensations. It is a kind of acquiescence in the state wherein we are placed, and a secret approbation of the divine will in his conduct towards man.

There are but two things, which, in my opinion, can reasonably deprive us of this chearfulness of heart. The first of these is the sense of guilt. A man who lives in a state of vice and impenitence, can have no title to that evenness and tranquillity of mind which is the health of the soul, and the natural effect of virtue and innocence. Chearfulness in an ill man deserves a harder name than language can furnish us with, and is many degrees beyond what we commonly call folly or madness.

Atheism, by which I mean a disbelief of a Supreme Being, and consequently of a future state, under whatsoever titles it shelters itself, may likewise very reasonably deprive a man of this chearfulness of temper. There is something so particularly gloomy and offensive to human nature in the prospect of non-existence, that I cannot but wonder, with many excellent writers, how it is possible for a man to outlive the expectation of it. For my own part, I think the being of a God is so little to be doubted, that it is almost the only truth we are sure of, and such a truth as we meet with in every object, in every occurrence, and in every thought. If we look into the characters of this tribe of infidels, we generally find they are made up of pride, spleen, and cavil: it is

indeed no wonder, that men, who are uneaſy to themſelves, ſhould be ſo to the reſt of the world; and how is it poſſible for a man to be otherwiſe than uneaſy in himſelf, who is in danger every moment of loſing his intire exiſtence, and dropping into nothing?

THE vicious man and Atheiſt have therefore no pretence to chearfulneſs, and would act very unreaſonably, ſhould they endeavour after it. It is impoſſible for any one to live in good humour, and enjoy his preſent exiſtence, who is apprehenſive either of torment or of annihilation; of being miſerable, or of not being at all.

AFTER having mentioned theſe two great principles, which are deſtructive of chearfulneſs in their own nature, as well as in right reaſon, I cannot think of any other that ought to baniſh this happy temper from a virtuous mind. Pain and ſickneſs, ſhame and reproach, poverty and old age, nay death itſelf, conſidering the ſhortneſs of their duration, and the advantage we may reap from them, do not deſerve the name of evils. A good mind may bear up under them with fortitude, with indolence, and with chearfulneſs of heart. The toſſing of a tempeſt does not diſcompoſe him, which he is ſure will bring him to a joyful harbour.

A MAN, who uſes his beſt endeavours to live according to the dictates of virtue and right reaſon, has two perpetual ſources of chearfulneſs, in the conſideration of his own nature, and of that being on whom he has a dependence. If he looks into himſelf, he cannot but rejoice in that exiſtence, which is ſo lately beſtowed upon him, and which, after millions of ages, will be ſtill new, and ſtill in its beginning. How many ſelf-congratulations naturally ariſe in the mind, when it reflects on this its entrance into eternity, when it takes a view of thoſe improveable faculties, which in a few years, and even at its firſt ſetting out, have made ſo conſiderable a progreſs, and which will be ſtill receiving an increaſe of perfection, and conſequently an increaſe of happineſs? The conſciouſneſs of ſuch a being ſpreads a perpetual diffuſion of joy through the ſoul of a virtuous man, and makes him look upon himſelf every moment as more happy than he knows how to conceive.

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THE ſecond ſource of chearfulneſs to a good mind, is, its conſideration of that being on whom we have our dependence, and in whom, though we behold him as yet but in the firſt faint diſcoveries of his perfections, we ſee every thing that we can imagine as great, glorious, or amiable. We find ourſelves every where upheld by his goodneſs, and ſurrounded with an immenſity of love and mercy. In ſhort, we depend upon a being, whoſe power qualifies him to make us happy by an infinity of means, whoſe goodneſs and truth engage him to make thoſe happy who deſire it of him, and whoſe unchangeableneſs will ſecure us in this happineſs to all eternity.

SUCH conſiderations, which every one ſhould perpetually cheriſh in his thoughts, will baniſh from us all that ſecret heavineſs of heart which unthinking men are ſubject to when they lie under no real affliction, all that anguiſh which we may feel from any evil that actually oppreſſes us, to which I may likewiſe add thoſe little cracklings of mirth and folly, that are apter to betray virtue than ſupport it; and eſtabliſh in us ſuch an even and chearful temper, as makes us pleaſing to ourſelves, to thoſe with whom we converſe, and to him whom we were made to pleaſe.

On the Advantages of a chearful Temper.

[Spect. N° 387.]

CHEARFULNESS is, in the firſt place, the beſt promoter of health. Repinings and ſecret murmurs of heart give ſo imperceptible ſtrokes to thoſe delicate fibres of which the vital parts are compoſed, and wear out the machine inſenſibly; not to mention thoſe violent ferments which they ſtir up in the blood, and thoſe irregular diſturbed motions, which they raiſe in the animal ſpirits. I ſcarce remember, in my own obſervation, to have met with many old men, or with ſuch, who (to uſe our *Engliſh* phraſe) *wearwell*, that

had not at leaſt a certain indolence in their humour; if not a more than ordinary gaiety and chearfulneſs of heart. The truth of it is, health and chearfulneſs mutually beget each other; with this difference, that we ſeldom meet with a great degree of health which is not attended with a certain chearfulneſs, but very often ſee chearfulneſs where there is no great degree of health.

CHEARFULNESS bears the ſame friendly regard to the mind as to the body: it baniſhes all anxious care and diſcontent, ſooths and compoſes the paſſions, and keeps the ſoul in a perpetual calm. But, having already touched on this laſt conſideration, I ſhall here take notice, that the world, in which we are placed, is filled with innumerable objects that are proper to raiſe and keep alive this happy temper of mind.

IF we conſider the world in its ſubſerviency to man, one would think it was made for our uſe; but if we conſider it in its natural beauty and harmony, one would be apt to conclude it was made for our pleaſure. The ſun, which is as the great ſoul of the univerſe, and produces all the neceſſaries of life, has a particular influence in chearing the mind of man, and making the heart glad.

THOSE ſeveral living creatures which are made for our ſervice or ſuſtenance, at the ſame time either fill the woods with their muſic, furniſh us with game, or raiſe pleaſing ideas in us by the delightfulneſs of their appearance. Fountains, lakes, and rivers, are as refreſhing to the imagination, as to the ſoil through which they paſs.

THERE are writers of great diſtinction, who have made it an argument for Providence, that the whole earth is covered with green, rather than with any other colour, as being ſuch a right mixture of light and ſhade, that it comforts and ſtrengthens the eye inſtead of weakning or grieving it. For this reaſon, ſeveral painters have a green cloth hanging near them, to eaſe the eye upon, after too great an application to their colouring. A famous modern philoſopher accounts for it in the following manner: all colours that are more luminous,

overpower

overpower and diſſipate the animal ſpirits which are employed in ſight: on the contrary, thoſe that are more obſcure do not give the animal ſpirits a ſufficient exerciſe; whereas, the rays that produce in us the idea of green, fall upon the eye in ſuch a due proportion, that they give the animal ſpirits their proper play, and, by keeping up the ſtrugle in a juſt balance, excite a very pleaſing and agreeable ſenſation. Let the cauſe be what it will, the effect is certain; for which reaſon, the poets aſcribe to this particular colour the epithet of *chearful*.

To conſider further this double end in the works of nature, and how they are, at the ſame time, both uſeful and entertaining, we find that the moſt important parts in the vegetable world are thoſe which are the moſt beautiful. Theſe are the ſeeds by which the ſeveral races of plants are propagated and continued, and which are always lodged in flowers or bloſſoms. Nature ſeems to hide her principal deſign, and to be induſtrious in making the earth gay and delightful, while ſhe is carrying on her great work, and intent upon her own preſervation. The huſbandman, after the ſame manner, is employed in laying out the whole country into a kind of garden or landſkip, and making every thing ſmile about him, whilſt, in reality, he thinks of nothing but of the harveſt, and increaſe which is to ariſe from it.

We may further obſerve how Providence has taken care to keep up this chearfulneſs in the mind of man, by having formed it after ſuch a manner, as to make it capable of conceiving delight from ſeveral objects which ſeem to have very little uſe in them; as from the wildneſs of rocks and deſerts, and the like groteſque parts of nature. Thoſe who are verſed in philoſophy may ſtill carry this conſideration higher by obſerving, that, if matter had appeared to us endowed only with thoſe real qualities which it actually poſſeſſes, it would have made but a very joyleſs and uncomfortable figure; and why has Providence given it a power of producing in us ſuch imaginary qualities, as taſtes and colours, ſounds and ſmells, heat and cold, but that man, while he is converſant in the lower ſtations of nature, might have his mind cheared and delighted with agreeable ſenſations?

In ſhort, the whole univerſe is a kind of theatre filled with objects that either raiſe in us pleaſure, amuſement, or admiration.

THE reader's own thoughts will ſuggeſt to him the viciſſitude of day and night, the change of ſeaſons, with all that variety of ſcenes which diverſify the face of nature, and fill the mind with a perpetual ſucceſſion of beautiful and pleaſing images.

I ſhall not here mention the ſeveral entertainments of art, with the pleaſures of friendſhip, books, converſation, and other accidental diverſions of life, becauſe I would only take notice of ſuch incitements to a chearful temper, as offer themſelves to perſons of all ranks and conditions, and which may ſufficiently ſhew us, that Providence did not deſign this world ſhould be filled with murmurs and repinings, or that the heart of man ſhould be involved in gloom and melancholy.

I the more inculcate this chearfulneſs of temper, as it is a virtue in which our countrymen are obſerved to be more deficient than any other nation. Melancholy is a kind of demon that haunts our iſland, and often conveys herſelf to us in an eaſterly wind. A celebrated *French* noveliſt, in oppoſition to thoſe who begin their romances with the flowery ſeaſon of the year, enters on his ſtory thus: *In the gloomy month of* November, *when the people of* England *hang and drown themſelves, a diſconſolate lover walked out into the fields*, &c.

EVERY one ought to fence againſt the temper of his climate or conſtitution, and frequently to indulge in himſelf thoſe conſiderations which may give him a ſerenity of mind, and enable him to bear up chearfully againſt thoſe little evils and misfortunes which are common to human nature, and which, by a right improvement of them, will produce a ſatiety of joy, and an uninterrupted happineſs.

AT the ſame time that I would engage my reader to conſider the world in its moſt agreeable lights, I muſt own there are many evils which naturally ſpring up amidſt the entertainments that are provided for us; but theſe, if rightly conſidered, ſhould be far from overcaſting the mind with ſorrow, or deſtroying that chearfulneſs of

temper

temper which I have been recommending. This interſperſion of evil with good, and pain with pleaſure, in the works of nature, is very truly aſcribed by Mr. *Locke* in his Eſſay on human underſtanding, to a moral reaſon, in the following words:

BEYOND all this, we may find another reaſon why *God hath ſcattered up and down* ſeveral degrees of pleaſure and pain, in all the things that environ and affect us, *and blended them together, in almoſt all that our thoughts and ſenſes have to do with; that we finding imperfection, diſſatisfaction, and want of compleat happineſs in all the enjoyments which the creatures can afford us, might be led to ſeek it in the enjoyment of him,* with whom there is fulneſs of joy, and at whoſe right hand are pleaſures for evermore.

On Cruelty to Brutes, with an Elegy on a Black-bird. [Advent. N° 37.]

THOUGH it be generally allowed, that to communicate happineſs is the characteriſtic of virtue, yet this happineſs is ſeldom conſidered as extending beyond our own ſpecies; and no man is thought to become vicious, by ſacrificing the life of an animal to the pleaſure of hitting a mark. It is, however, certain, that by this act more happineſs is deſtroyed than produced; except it be ſuppoſed, that happineſs ſhould be eſtimated, not in proportion to its degree only, but to the rank of the being by whom it is enjoyed: but this is a ſuppoſition, which perhaps cannot eaſily be ſupported. REASON, from which alone man derives his ſuperiority, ſhould, in the preſent queſtion, be conſidered only as SENSIBILITY: a blow produces more pain to a man, than to a brute; becauſe to a man it is aggravated by a ſenſe of indignity, and is felt as often as it is remembered; in the brute it produces only corporal pain, which in a ſhort time ceaſes for ever. But it may be juſtly aſſerted, that the ſame de-

gree of pain in both ſubjects, is in the ſame degree an evil; and that it cannot be wantonly inflicted, without equal violation of right. Neither does it follow from the contrary poſitions, that man ſhould abſtain from animal food; for by him that kills merely to eat, life is ſacrificed only to life; and if man had lived upon fruits and herbs, the greater part of thoſe animals which die to furniſh his table, would never have lived; inſtead of increaſing the breed as a pledge of plenty, he would have been compelled to deſtroy them to prevent a famine.

THERE is great difference between killing for food, and for ſport. To take pleaſure in that by which pain is inflicted, if it is not vicious, is dangerous; and every practice which, if not criminal in itſelf, yet wears out the ſympathizing ſenſibility of a tender mind, muſt render human nature proportionably leſs fit for ſociety. In my purſuit of this train of thought, I conſidered the inequality with which happineſs appears to be diſtributed among the brute creation, as different animals are in a different degree expoſed to the capricious cruelty of mankind; and in the fervour of my imagination, I began to think it poſſible that they might participate in a future retribution; eſpecially, as mere matter and motion approach no nearer to ſenſibility, than to thought: and he, who will not venture to deny that brutes have ſenſibility, ſhould not haſtily pronounce, that they have only a material exiſtence. While my mind was thus buſied, the evening ſtole imperceptibly away; and at length morning ſucceeded to midnight: my attention was remitted by degrees, and I fell aſleep in my chair.

THOUGH the labours of memory and judgment were now at an end, yet fancy was ſtill buſy: by this roving wanton I was conducted through a dark avenue, which, after many windings, terminated in a place which ſhe told me was the elyſium of birds and beaſts. Here I beheld a great variety of animals, whom I perceived to be endowed with reaſon and ſpeech: this prodigy, however, dit not raiſe aſtoniſhment, but curioſity. I was impatient to learn, what were the topics

of diſcourſe in ſuch an aſſembly; and hoped to gain a valuable addition to my remarks upon human life. For this purpoſe I approached a HORSE and an ASS, who ſeemed to be engaged in ſerious converſation; but I approached with great caution and humility: for I now conſidered them as in a ſtate ſuperior to mortality; and I feared to incur the contempt and indignation, which naturally riſe at the ſight of a tyrant who is diveſted of his power. My caution was, however, unneceſſary, for they ſeemed wholly to diſregard me, and by degrees I came near enough to overhear them.

"IF I had periſhed," ſaid the ASS, "when I was "diſmiſſed from the earth, I think I ſhould have been "a loſer by my exiſtence; for during my whole life, "there was ſcarce an interval of an hour, in which I "did not ſuffer the accumulated miſery of blows, hun- "ger, and fatigue. When I was a colt, I was ſtolen by "a Gypſie, who placed two children upon my back in "a pair of paniers, before I had perfectly acquired the "habit of carrying my own weight with ſteadineſs and "dexterity. By hard fare and ill treatment, I quick- "ly became blind; and when the family, to which I "belonged, went into their winter quarters in Nor- "wood, I was ſtaked as a bet againſt a couple of geeſe, "which had been found by a fellow who came by; "driving before him two of my brethren whom he had "overloaded with bags of ſand: a halfpenny was thrown "up; and to the inexpreſſible increaſe of my calamity, "the dealer in ſand was the winner.

"WHEN I came to town I was harneſſed with my "two wretched aſſociates to a cart, in which my new "maſter had piled up his commodity till it would hold "no more. The load was ſo diſproportionate to our "ſtrength, that it was with the utmoſt difficulty and "labour dragged very ſlowly over the rugged pavement "of the ſtreets, in which every ſtone was an almoſt "inſuperable obſtacle to our progreſs. One morning very "early, as we were toiling up Snowhill with repeated "efforts of ſtrength, that was ſtimulated, even to ago- "ny, by the inceſſant ſtrokes of a whip, which had "already laid our loins bare even to the bone; it hap-

" pened, that being placed in the ſhafts, and the weight
" preſſing hard upon me, I fell down. Our driver re-
" garded my misfortune, not with pity but rage; and
" the moment he turned about he threw a ſtick with
" ſuch violence at my head, thad it forced out my eye,
" and paſſing through the ſocket into the brain, I was
" inſtantly diſmiſſed from that miſery, the compariſon
" of which with my preſent ſtate conſtitutes great part
" of its felicity. But you, ſurely, if I may judge by
" your ſtature, and the elegance of your make, was
" among the favorites of mankind; you was placed in a
" higher and a happier ſtation; you was not the ſlave
" of indigence, but the pride of greatneſs; your labour
" was ſport, and your reward was triumph, eaſe, plenty
" and attendance."

" It is true," replied the STEED, "I was a favo-
" rite: but what avails it to be the favorite of caprice,
" avarice and barbarity? My tyrant was a wretch who
" had gained a conſiderable fortune by play, particu-
" larly by racing. I had won him many large ſums;
" but being at length excepted out of every match, as
" having no equal, he regarded even my excellence
" with malignity, when it was no longer ſubſervient to
" his intereſt. Yet I ſtill lived in eaſe and plenty; and
" as he was able to ſell even my pleaſures, though my
" labour was become uſeleſs, I had a ſeraglio in which
" there was a perpetual ſucceſſion of new beauties.
" At laſt, however, another competitor appeared:
" I enjoyed a new triumph by anticipation; I ruſhed
" into the field, panting for the conqueſt; and the firſt
" heat I put my maſter in poſſeſſion of the ſtakes, which
" amounted to ten thouſand pounds. The proprietor
" of the mare that I had diſtanced, notwithſtanding
" this diſgrace, declared with great zeal, that ſhe
" ſhould run the next day againſt any gelding in the
" world for double the ſum: my maſter immediately
" accepted the challenge, and told him, that he would
" the next day produce a gelding that ſhould beat her:
" but what was my aſtoniſhment and indignation, when
" I diſcovered that he moſt cruelly and fraudulently
" intended to qualify me for this match upon the
" ſpot;

" ſpot; and to ſacrifice my life at the very moment, " in which every nerve ſhould be ſtrained in his " ſervice.

" As I knew it would be in vain to reſiſt, I ſuffered " myſelf to be bound: the operation was performed, " and I was inſtantly mounted and ſpurred on to the " goal. Injured as I was, the love of glory was ſtill " ſuperior to the deſire of revenge: I determined to " die as I had lived, without an equal; and having " again won the race, I ſunk down at the poſt in an " agony, which ſoon after put an end to my life."

" When I had heard this narrative, which indeed I remembered to be true, I turned about in honeſt confuſion, and bluſhed that I was a man. But my reflections were interrupted by the notes of a Blackbird, who was ſinging the ſtory of his own fate with a melody that irreſiſtibly compelled my attention. By this gentle and harmonious being, I was not treated with equal contempt; he perceived that I liſtened with curioſity, and interrupting his ſong, "Stranger," ſays he, "though I am, as thou ſeeſt, in the fields of Ely- " ſium, yet my happineſs is not complete; my mate " is ſtill expoſed to the miſeries of mortality, and I " am ſtill vulnerable in her. O! ſtranger, to bribe " thy friendſhip, if per-adventure it may reach my " love, I will gratify the curioſity with which thy " looks enquire after me. I fell by the unprovoked " enmity of man, in that ſeaſon when the dictates of " nature are love. But let not my cenſure be univer- " ſal; for as the elegy which I ſing, was written by a " human being, every human being is not deſtitute of " compaſſion, nor deaf to the language in which our " joys and fears are expreſſed." He then, after a ſweet though ſhort prelude, made the grove again eccho with his ſong.

The ſun had chac'd the winter's ſnow,
And kindly loos'd the froſt-bound ſoil;
The melting ſtreams began to flow,
And plow-men urg'd their annual toil.

'Twas

'Twas then amidſt the vernal throng,
Whom nature wakes to mirth and love,
A BLACKBIRD rais'd his amorous ſong,
And thus it eccho'd through the grove:
" O! faireſt of the feather'd train,
" For whom I ſing, for whom I burn;
" Attend with pity to my ſtrain,
" And grant my love a kind return.
" See, ſee, the winter's ſtorms are flown,
" And Zephyrs gently fan the air!
" Let us the genial influence own,
" Let us the vernal paſtime ſhare.
" The Raven plumes his jetty wing,
" To pleaſe his croaking paramour;
" The Larks reſponſive love-tales ſing,
" And tell their paſſion as they ſoar.
" But truſt me, love, the Raven's wing
" Is not to be compar'd with mine;
" Nor can the Lark ſo ſweetly ſing,
" As I, who ſtrength with ſweetneſs join.
" With thee I'll prove the ſweets of love,
" With thee divide the cares of life;
" No fonder huſband in the grove,
" Nor none than thee a happier wife.
" I'll lead thee to the cleared rill,
" Whoſe ſtreams among the pebbles ſtray;
" There will we ſit and ſip our fill,
" Or on the flow'ry border play.
" I'll guide thee to the thickeſt brake,
" Impervious to the ſchool-boy's eye:
" For thee the plaiſter'd neſt I'll make,
" And on thy downy pinions lie.
" To get thee food I'll range the fields,
" And cull the beſt of ev'ry kind;
" Whatever nature's bounty yields,
" Or love's aſſiduous care can find.
" And when my lovely mate would ſtray
" To taſte the ſummer's ſweet at large,
" At home I'll wait the live-long day,
" And tend at home our infant charge.

" When

" When promted by a mother's care
" Thy warmth ſhall from th' impriſon'd young,
" With thee the taſk I'll fondly ſhare,
" Or chear thy labours with my ſong."
He ceas'd his ſong. The melting dame
With tender pity heard his ſtrain;
She felt, ſhe own'd a mutual flame,
And haſten'd to relieve his pain.
He led her to the nuptial bow'r,
And neſtled cloſely to her ſide,
The happieſt bridegroom in that hour,
And ſhe the moſt enamour'd bride.
Next morn he 'wak'd her with a ſong—
" Ariſe! behold the new-born day!
" The Lark his mattin peal has rung;
" Ariſe my love and come away!"
Together through the fields they ſtray'd,
And to the verdant riv'let's ſide,
Renew'd their vows, and hopp'd and play'd,
With honeſt joy and decent pride,
But O! my muſe with pain relates
The mournful ſequel of my tale;
Sent by an order of the Fates,
A gunner met them in the vale.
Alarm'd, the lover cry'd, "My dear,
" Haſte, haſte away; from danger fly!
" Here, gunner, turn thy vengeance, here!
" O! ſpare my love, and let me die."
At him the gunner took his aim;
The aim he took was much too true;
O! had he choſe ſome other game,
Or ſhot as he had us'd to do!*
Divided pair! forgive the wrong,
While I with tears your fate rehearſe:
I'll join the widow's plaintive ſong,
And ſave the lover in my verſe.

The emotions which this ſong produced in my boſom, awaked me; and I immediately recollected, that, while I ſlept, my imagination had repeated "an elegy occaſioned

* Never having killed any thing before or ſince.

casioned by shooting a BLACKBIRD on Valentine's day," which had a few days before been communicated to me by a gentleman, who is not only eminent for taste, literature and virtue, but for his zeal in defence of that religion, which most strongly inculcates compassion to inferior natures, by the example of its DIVINE AUTHOR, who gave the most stupendous proof of his compassion for ours.

* *

A parallel between ALEXANDER *and a Highway-man.* [Advent. N° 47.]

MAN, though as a rational being he has thought fit to stile himself the lord of the creation, is yet frequently the voluntary slave of prejudice and custom; the most general opinions are often absurd, and the prevailing principles of action ridiculous.

IT may, however, be allowed, that if in these instances reason always appeared to be overborne by the importunity of appetite; if the future was sacrificed to the present, and hope renounced only for possession; there would not be much cause for wonder: but that man should draw absurd conclusions, contrary to his immediate interest; that he should even at the risque of life, gratify those vices in some, which in others he punishes with a gibbet or a wheel, is in the highest degree astonishing; and is such an instance of the weakness of our reason, and the fallibility of our judgment, as should incline us to accept with gratitude of that guidance which is from ABOVE.

BUT if it is strange, that one man has been immortalized as a God, and another put to death as a felon, for actions which have the same motive and the same tendency, merely because they were circumstantially different; it is yet more strange, that this difference has always been such as increases the absurdity; and that the action which exposes a man to infamy and death, wants only greater aggravation of guilt, and

more

more extenſive and pernicious effects, to render him the object of veneration and applauſe.

BAGSHOT, the robber, having loſt the booty of a week among his aſſociates at hazard, loaded his piſtols, mounted his horſe, and took the Kentiſh road, with a reſolution not to return till he had recruited his purſe. Within a few miles of London, juſt as he heard a village clock ſtrike nine, he met two gentlemen in a poſt-chaiſe which he ſtopped. One of the gentlemen immediately preſented a piſtol, and at the ſame time a ſervant rode up armed with a blunderbuſs. The robber, perceiving that he ſhould be vigorouſly oppoſed, turned off from the chaiſe and diſcharged a piſtol at the ſervant, who inſtantly fell dead from his horſe. The gentlemen had now leaped from the chaiſe: but the foremoſt receiving a blow on his head with the ſtock of the piſtol that had been juſt fired, reeled back a few paces: the other having fired at the murderer without ſucces, attempted to diſmount him and ſucceeded; but while they were grappling with each other, the villain drew a knife, and ſtabbed his antagoniſt to the heart. He then, with the calm intrepidity of a hero who is familiar which danger, proceeded to rifle the pockets of the dead; and the ſurvivor having recovered from the blow, and being imperiouſly commanded to deliver, was now obliged to comply. When the victor had thus obtained the pecuniary reward of his proweſs, he determined to loſe no part of the glory which as conqueror was now in his power: turning, therefore, to the unhappy gentleman, whom he had plundered, he condeſcended to inſult him with the applauſe of conſcious ſuperiority; he told him, that he had never robbed any perſons who behaved better; and as a tribute due to the merit of the dead, and a token of his eſteem for the living, he generouſly threw him back a ſhilling to prevent his being ſtopped at the turnpike.

HE now remounted his horſe, and ſet off towards London: but at the turnpike, a coach that was paying the toll obſtructed his way; and by the light of the flambeau that was behind it, he diſcovered that his

coat

coat was much ſtained with blood: this diſcovery threw him into ſuch confuſion, that he attempted to ruſh by; he was however prevented; and his appearance giving great reaſon to ſuſpect his motive, he was ſeized and detained,

In the coach were two ladies, and a little boy about five years old. The ladies were greatly alarmed, when they heard that a perſon was taken who was ſuppoſed to have juſt committed a robbery and a murder: they aſked many queſtions with great eagerneſs, but their enquiries were little regarded, till a gentleman rode up, who ſeeing their diſtreſs, offered his aſſiſtance. The elder of the two ladies acquainted him, that her huſband Sir Harry Freeman was upon the road in his return from Graveſend, where he had been to receive an only ſon upon his arrival from India, after an abſence of near ſix years; that herſelf and her daughter-inlaw were come out to meet them, but were terrified with the apprehenſion that they might have been ſtopped by the man who had juſt been taken into cuſtody. Their attention was now ſuddenly called to the other ſide of the coach by the child, who cried out in a tranſport of joy, "There is my grand papa." This was indeed the ſurvivor of the three who had been attacked by Bagshot: he was mounted on his ſervant's horſe, and rode ſlowly by the ſide of the chaſe in which he had juſt placed the body of his ſon, whoſe countenance was disfigured with blood, and whoſe features were ſtill impreſſed with the agonies of death. Who can expreſs the grief, horror, and diſpair, with which a father exhibited this ſpectacle to a mother and a wife, who expected a ſon and a huſband, with all the tenderneſs and ardour of conjugal and parental affection; who had long regretted his abſence, who had anticipated the joy of his return, and were impatient to put into his arms a pledge of his love which he had never ſeen.

I will not attempt to deſcribe that diſtreſs, which tears would not have ſuffered me to behold: let it ſuffice, that ſuch was its effect upon thoſe who were preſent, that the murderer was not without difficulty

conducted

conducted alive to the prison; and I am confident, that few who read this story, would have heard with regret that he was torn to pieces by the way.

But before they congratulate themselves upon a sense, which always distinguishes right and wrong by spontaneous approbation and censure; let them tell me, with what sentiments they read of a youthful monarch, who at the head of an army in which every man became a hero by his example, passed over mountains and deserts, in search of new territories to invade, and new potentates to conquer; who routed armies which could scarce be numbered, and took cities which were deemed impregnable. Do they not follow him in the path of slaughter with horrid complacency? and when they see him deluge the peaceful fields of industrious simplicity with blood, and leave them desolate to the widow and the orphan of the possessor, do they not grow frantic in his praise, and concur to deify the mortal who could conquer only for glory, and return the kingdoms that he won?

To these questions, I am confident the greater part of mankind must answer in the affirmative; and yet nothing can be more absurd than their different apprehensions of the HERO and the THIEF.

THE conduct of BAGSHOT and ALEXANDER had in general the same motives, and the same tendency; they both sought a private gratification at the expence of others; and every circumstance in which they differ, is greatly in favour of BAGSHOT.

BAGSHOT, when he had lost his last shilling, had lost the power of gratifying every appetite whether criminal or innocent; and the recovery of this power, was the object of his expedition.

ALEXANDER, when he set out to conquer the world, possessed all that BAGSHOT hoped to acquire, and more; all his appetites and passions were gratified, as far as the gratification of them was possible; and as the force of temptation is always supposed proportionably to extenuate guilt, ALEXANDER'S guilt was evidently greater than BAGSHOT'S, because it cannot be pretended that his temptation was equal.

BUT though ALEXANDER could not equally increaſe the means of his own happineſs, yet he produced much more dreadful and extenſive evil to ſociety in the attempt. BAGSHOT killed two men; and I have related the murder and its conſequences, with ſuch particulars as uſually rouze that ſenſibility, which often lies torpid during narratives of general calamity. ALEXANDER, perhaps, deſtroyed a million: and whoever reflects, that each individual of this number had ſome tender attachments which were broken by his death; ſome parent or wife, with whom he mingled tears in the parting embrace, and who longed with fond ſollicitude for his return; or, perhaps, ſome infant whom his labour was to feed, and his vigilance protect; will ſee, that ALEXANDER was more the peſt of ſociety than BAGSHOT, and more deſerved a gibbet in the proportion of a million to one.

IT may, perhaps, be thought abſurd, to enquire into the virtues of BAGSHOT'S character; and yet virtue has never been thought incompatible with that of ALEXANDER. ALEXANDER, we are told, gave proof of his greatneſs of mind, by his contempt of danger; but as BAGSHOT'S danger was equally voluntary and imminent, there ought to be no doubt but that his mind was equally great. ALEXANDER, indeed, gave back the kingdoms that he won; but after the conqueſt of a kingdom, what remained for ALEXANDER to give? To a prince, whoſe country he had invaded with unprovoked hoſtility, and from whom he had violently wreſted the bleſſings of peace, he gave a dominion over the widows and orphans of thoſe he had ſlain, the tinſel of dependent greatneſs, and the badge of royal ſubjection. And does not BAGSHOT deſerve equal honour, for throwing back a ſhilling to the man, whoſe perſon he had inſulted, and whoſe ſon he had ſtabbed to the heart? ALEXANDER did not raviſh or maſſacre the women whom he found in the tent of Darius; neither did honeſt BAGSHOT kill the gentleman whom he had plundered, when he was no longer able to reſiſt.

If Bagshot, then, is juſtly dragged to priſon, amidſt the tumult of rage, menaces, and execrations; let Alexander, whom the lords of reaſon have extolled for ages, be no longer thought worthy of a triumph.

As the acquiſition of honour is frequently a motive to the riſque of life, it is of great importance to confer it only upon virtue; and as honour is conferred by the public voice, it is of equal moment to ſtrip thoſe vices of their diſguiſe which have been miſtaken for virtue. The wretches who compoſe the army of a tyrant, are aſſociated by folly in the ſervice of rapine and murder; and that man ſhould imagine they were deſerving honour by the maſſacre of each other, merely to flatter ambition with a new title, is, perhaps, as inſcrutable a myſtery as any that has perplexed reaſon, and as groſs an abſurdity as any that has diſgraced it. It is not, indeed, ſo much to puniſh vice, as to prevent miſery, that I wiſh to ſee it always branded with infamy: for even the ſucceſſes of vice terminate in the anguiſh of diſapppointment. To Alexander, the fruit of all his conqueſts was tears; and whoever goes about to gratify intemperate wiſhes, will labour to as little purpoſe, as he who ſhould attempt to fill a ſieve with water.

I was accidentally led to purſue my ſubject in this train, by the ſight of an hiſtorical chart, in which the riſe, the progreſs, the declenſion, and duration of empire, are repreſented by the arrangement of different colours; and in which, not only extent, but duration is rendered a ſenſible object. The Grecian empire, which is diſtinguiſhed by a deep red, is a long but narrow line; becauſe, though Alexander marked the world with his colour from Macedonia to Egypt, yet the colours peculiar to the hereditary potentates whom he diſpoſſeſſed, again took place upon his death: and indeed, the queſtion, whoſe name ſhall be connected with a particular country as its king, is, to thoſe who hazard life in the deciſion, as trifling, as whether a ſmall ſpot in a chart ſhall be ſtained with red or yellow. That man ſhould be permitted to decide ſuch queſtions by means ſo dreadful, is a reflection under

which he only can rejoice, who believes that GOD ONLY REIGNS; and can appropriate the promise, that ALL THINGS SHALL WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD.

On CHASTITY. [Guardian, N° 45.]

I DON'T know that I have been more intimately moved with pity in my whole life, than when I was reading a letter from a young woman, not yet nineteen, in which there are these lamentable words, "Alas, "whither shall I fly? he has deceived, ruined, and "left me." The circumstances of her story are only those ordinary ones, that her lover was a man of greater fortune than she could expect would address to her upon honourable terms; but she said to herself, "She "had wit and beauty, and such charms as often capti-"vate so far as to make men forget those meaner con-"siderations, and innocent freedoms were not to be "denied: A gentleman of condition is not to be shun-"ned purely for being such; and they who took notice "of it, did it only out of malice, because they were "not used by him with the same distinction." But I would have young women, who are orphans, or unguarded with powerful alliances, consider with horror the insolence of wealth: Fortune does in a great measure denominate what is vice and virtue; or if it does not go so far, innocence is helpless, and oppression unpunished without its assistance; for this reason it is, that I would strictly recommend to my young females not to dally with men whose circumstances can support them against their falshood, and have the fashion of a base self-interested world on their side, which instead of avenging the cause of an abused woman, will proclaim her dishonour; while the person injured is shunned like a pestilence, he who did the wrong sees no difference in the reception he meets with, nor is he the less welcome to the rest of the sex, who are still within the pale of honour and innocence.

WHAT

WHAT makes this circumſtance the more lamentable, is, that it frequently falls upon thoſe who have greateſt merit and underſtanding. Gentleneſs of diſpoſition and taſte of polite converſation, I have often known ſnares toward vice in ſome, whilſt ſullenneſs and diſreliſh of any thing that was agreeable have been the only defences of virtue in others. I have my unhappy correſpondent's letter before me; and ſhe ſays ſhe is ſure he is ſo much a gentleman, ond he has that natural ſoftneſs, that if he reads any thing moving on this ſubject in my paper, it will certainly make him think. Poor girl! "Cæſar aſhamed! Has not ſeen Pharſalia?" Does the poor creature imagine that a ſcrip of paper, a collection of ſentences, and an old man's talk of pleaſures which he is paſt, will have an effect upon him who could go on in a ſeries of falſehood; let drop ambiguous ſentences in her abſence, to give her falſe hope from the repetition of them by ſome friend that heard them; that could paſs as much time in the purſuit of her, as would have attained ſome uſeful art or ſcience; and that only to attain a ſhort revel of his ſenſes under a ſtupor of faith, honour and conſcience? No; the deſtruction of a well-educated young moman is not accompliſhed by the criminal, who is guilty of it, in a ſudden ſtart of deſire; he is not ſurpriſed into it by frailty; but arrives at it by care, ſkill and meditation. It is no ſmall aggravation of the guilt, that it is a thouſand times conquered and reſiſted, even while it is proſecuted. He that waits for fairer occaſions, for riper wiſhes, for the removal of a particular objection, or the conqueſt of any certain ſcruple, has it in his power to obey his conſcience, which often calls him, during the intrigue, a villain and a deſtroyer. There can be nothing ſaid for ſuch an evil; but that the reſtraints of ſhame and ignominy are broken down by the prevalence of cuſtom. I don't, indeed, expect that my precautions will have any great weight with men of mode; but I know not but they may be ſome way efficacious on thoſe who have not yet taken their party as to vice and virtue for life; but I know not how it is, but our ſex has uſurped a certain authority to exclude chaſtity out of the catalogue

of maſculine virtues, by which means females adventure all againſt thoſe who have nothing to loſe; and they have nothing but empty ſighs, tears and reproaches againſt thoſe who reduced them to real ſorrow and infamy. But as I am now talking to the world yet untainted, I will venture to recommend chaſtity as the nobleſt male qualification.

It is methinks very unreaſonable that the difficulty of attaining all other good habits is what makes them honourable, but in this caſe the very attempt is become ridiculous. But in ſpite of all the raillery of the world, truth is ſtill truth, and will have beauties inſeparable from it. I ſhould upon this occaſion bring examples of heroic chaſtity, were I not afraid of having my paper thrown away by the modiſh part of the town, who go no farther, at beſt, than the mere abſence of ill, and are contented to be rather irreproachable than praiſeworthy: In this particular, a gentleman, in the court of Cyrus, reported to his majeſty the charms and beauty of Panthea, and ended his panegyrick by telling him, that ſince he was at leiſure he would carry him to viſit her, but that prince, who is a very great man to this day, anſwered the pimp, becauſe he was a man of quality, without roughneſs, and ſaid with a ſmile, "If "I ſhould viſit her upon your introduction now I have "leiſure, I don't know but I might go again upon her "own invitation, when I ought to be better employed." But when I caſt about all the inſtances which I have met with in all my reading, I find not one ſo generous, ſo honeſt, and ſo noble as that of Joſeph in holy writ: When his maſter had truſted him ſo unreſervedly, (to ſpeak it in the emphatical manner of the ſcripture) "He "knew not ought he had ſave the bread which he did "eat," he was ſo unhappy as to appear irreſiſtibly beautiful to his miſtreſs; but when this ſhameleſs woman proceeds to ſolicit him, how gallant is his anſwer? "Be-"hold my maſter wotteth not what is with me in the "houſe, and hath committed all that he hath to my "hand, there is none greater in the houſe than I, "neither hath he kept back any thing from me but "thee, becauſe thou art his wife." The ſame argument,

which

which a baſe mind would have made to its ſelf for committing the evil, was to this brave man the greateſt motive for forbearing it, that he could do it with impunity; the malice and falſhood of the diſappointed woman naturally aroſe on that occaſion, and there is but a ſhort ſtep from the practice of virtue to the hatred of it. It would therefore be worth ſerious conſideration in both ſexes, and the matter is of importance enough to them, to aſk themſelves whether they would change lightneſs of heart, indolence of mind, chearful meals, untroubled ſlumbers, and gentle diſpoſitions, for a conſtant pruriency which ſhuts out all things that are great or indifferent, clouds the imagination with inſenſibility and prejudice to all manner of delight, but that which is common to all creatures that extend their ſpecies.

A LOOSE behaviour, and an inattention to every thing that is ſerious, flowing from ſome degree of this petulancy, is obſervable in the generality of the youth of both ſexes in this age. It is the one common face of moſt publick meetings, and breaks in upon the ſobriety, I won't ſay ſeverity, that we ought to exerciſe in churches. The pert boys and flippant girls are but faint followers of thoſe in the ſame inclinations at more advanced years. I know not who can oblige them to mend their manners; all that I pretend to, is to enter my proteſt that they are neither fine gentlemen nor fine ladies for this behaviour. As for the portraitures which I would propoſe, as the images of agreeable men and women, if they are not imitated or regarded, I can only anſwer, as I remember Mr. Dryden did on the like occaſion, when a young fellow, juſt come from the play of Cleomenes, told him in raillery againſt the continency of his principal character, If I had been alone with a lady I ſhould not have paſſed my time like your Spartan; "That may be," anſwered the bard with a very grave face; "but give me leave to tell you, Sir, you "are no hero."

On natural and fantaſtical Pleaſures.

[Guardian, N° 49.]

IT is of great uſe to conſider the pleaſures which conſtitute human happineſs, as they are diſtinguiſhed into natural and fantaſtical. Natural pleaſures I call thoſe, which not depending on the faſhion and caprice of any particular age or nation, are ſuited to human nature in general, and were intended by providence as rewards for the uſing our faculties agreeably to the ends for which they were given us. Fantaſtical pleaſures are thoſe which having no natural fitneſs to delight our minds, preſuppoſe ſome particular whim or taſte accidentally prevailing in a ſet of people to which it is owing that they pleaſe.

Now I take it, that the tranquillity and chearfulneſs with which I have paſſed my life, are the effect of having, ever ſince I came to years of diſcretion, continued my inclinations to the former ſort of pleaſures. But as my experience can be a rule only to my own actions, it may probably be a ſtronger motive to induce others to the ſame ſcheme of life, if they would conſider that we are prompted to natural pleaſures by an inſtinct impreſſed on our minds by the author of our nature, who beſt underſtands our frames, and conſequently beſt knows what thoſe pleaſures are, which will give us the leaſt uneaſineſs in the purſuit, and the greateſt ſatisfaction in the enjoyment of them. Hence it follows, that the objects of our natural deſires are cheap or eaſy to be obtained; it being a maxim that holds throughout the whole ſyſtem of created beings, "that "nothing is made in vain," much leſs the inſtincts and appetites of animals, which the benevolence as well as wiſdom of the Deity, is concerned to provide for. Nor is the fruition of thoſe objects leſs pleaſing, than the acquiſition is eaſy; and the pleaſure is heightened by the ſenſe of having anſwered ſome natural end, and the conſciouſneſs of acting in concert with the ſupreme governor of the univerſe.

UNDER natural pleaſures I comprehend thoſe which are univerſally ſuited, as well to the rational as the ſenſual part of our nature. And of the pleaſures which affect our ſenſes, thoſe only are to be eſteemed natural that are contained within the rules of reaſon, which is allowed to be as neceſſary an ingredient of human nature as ſenſe. And, indeed, exceſſes of any kind are hardly to be eſteemed pleaſures, much leſs natural pleaſures.

IT is evident, that a deſire terminated in money is fantaſtical; ſo is the deſire of outward diſtinctions, which bring no delight of ſenſe, nor recommend us as uſeful to mankind; and the deſire of things merely becauſe they are new or foreign. Men, who are indiſpoſed to a due exertion of their higher parts, are driven to ſuch purſuits as theſe from the reſtleſſneſs of the mind, and the ſenſitive appetites being eaſily ſatisfied. It is, in ſome ſort, owing to the bounty of Providence, that diſdaining a cheap and vulgar happineſs, they frame to themſelves imaginary goods in which there is nothing can raiſe deſire, but the difficulty of obtaining them. Thus men become the contrivers of their own miſery, as a puniſhment on themſelves for departing from the meaſures of nature. Having by an habitual reflection on theſe truths made them familiar, the effect is, that I, among a number of perſons who have debauched their natural taſte, ſee things in a peculiar light, which I have arrived at, not by any uncommon force of genius or acquired knowledge, but only by unlearning the falſe notions inſtilled by cuſtom and education.

THE various objects that compoſe the world were by nature formed to delight our ſenſes; and as it is this alone that makes them deſirable to an uncorrupted taſte, a man may be ſaid naturally to poſſeſs them, when he poſſeſſeth thoſe enjoyments which they are fitted by nature to yield. Hence it is uſual with me to conſider myſelf as having a natural property in every object that adminiſters pleaſure to me. When I am in the country, all the fine ſeats near the place of my reſidence, and to which I have acceſs, I regard as mine. The ſame I think of the groves and fields where I

walk, and muſe on the folly of the civil landlord in London, who has the fantaſtical pleaſure of draining dry rent into his coffers, but is a ſtranger to freſh air and rural enjoyments. By theſe principles I am poſſeſſed of half a dozen of the fineſt ſeats in England, which in the eye of the law belong to certain of my acquaintance, who being men of buſineſs chooſe to live near te court.

In ſome great families, where I chooſe to paſs my time, a ſtranger would be apt to rank me with the other domeſticks; but in my own thoughts, and natural judgment, I am maſter of the houſe, and he who goes by that name is my ſteward, who eaſes me of the care of providing for myſelf the conveniencies and pleaſures of life.

When I walk the ſtreets, I uſe the foregoing natural maxim, (viz. That he is the true poſſeſſor of a thing who enjoys it, and not he that owns in without the enjoyment of it) to convince myſelf that I have a property in the gay part of all the gilt chariots that I meet, which I regard as amuſements deſigned to delight my eyes, and the imagination of thoſe kind people who ſit in them gaily attired only to pleaſe me. I have a real, and they only an imaginary pleaſure from their exterior embelliſhments. Upon the ſame principle, I have diſcovered that I am the natural proprietor of all the diamond necklaces, the croſſes, ſtars, brocades, and embroidered clothes, which I ſee at a play or birth-night, as giving more natural delight to the ſpectator than to thoſe that wear them. And I look on the beaus and ladies as ſo many paraquets in an aviary, or tulips in a garden, deſigned purely for my diverſion. A gallery of pictures, a cabinet or library that I have free acceſs to, I think my own. In a world, all that I deſire is the uſe of things, let who will have the keeping of them. By which maxim I am grown one of richeſt men in Great Britain; with this difference, that I am not a prey to my own cares, or the envy of others.

The ſame principles I find of great uſe in my private œconomy. As I cannot go to the price of hiſtory-

painting, I have purchaſed at eaſy rates ſeveral beautifully deſigned pieces of landſkip and perſpective which are much more pleaſing to a natural taſte than unknown faces or Dutch gambols, tho' done by the beſt maſters: my couches, beds, and window-curtains are of Iriſh ſtuff, which thoſe of that nation work very fine, and with a delightful mixture of colours. There is not a piece of China in my houſe; but I have glaſſes of all ſorts, and ſome tinged with the fineſt colours, which are not the leſs pleaſing, becauſe they are domeſtick, and cheaper than foreign toys. Every thing is neat, entire and clean, and fitted to the taſte of one who had rather be happy than be thought rich.

Every day, numberleſs innocent and natural gratifications occur to me, while I behold my fellow creatures labouring in a toilſome and abſurd purſuit of trifles; one, that he may be called by a particular appellation; another, that he may wear a particular ornament, which I regard as a bit of ribband that has an agreeable effect on my ſight, but is ſo far from ſupplying the place of merit where it is not, that it ſerves only to make the want of it more conſpicuous. Fair weather is the joy of my ſoul; about noon I behold a blue ſky with rapture, and receive great conſolation from the roſy daſhes of light which adorn the clouds of the morning and evening. When I am loſt among green trees, I do not envy a great man with a great croud at his levée. And I often lay aſide thoughts of going to an opera, that I may enjoy the ſilent pleaſure of walking by moon-light, or viewing the ſtars ſparkle in their azure ground; which I look upon as part of my poſſeſſions, not without a ſecret indignation at the taſteleſſneſs of mortal men, who in their race through life, overlook the real enjoyments of it.

But the pleaſure which naturally affects a human mind with the moſt lively and tranſporting touches, I take to be the ſenſe that we act in the eye of infinite wiſdom, power and goodneſs, that will crown our virtuous endeavours here, with a happineſs hereafter, large as our deſires, and laſting as our immortal ſouls. This is a perpetual ſpring of gladneſs in the mind. This

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leſſens our calamities, and doubles our joys. Without this the higheſt ſtate of life is inſipid, and with it the loweſt is a paradiſe. What unnatural wretches then are thoſe who can be ſo ſtupid as to imagine a merit, in endeavouring to rob virtue of her ſupport, and a man of his preſent as well as future bliſs? But as I have frequently taken occaſion to animadvert on that ſpecies of mortals, ſo I propoſe to repeat my animadverſions on them, 'till I ſee ſome ſymptoms of amendment.

The Obſervance of Sunday recommended. An Allegory. [Rambler, N° 30.]

THERE are few taſks more ungrateful, than for perſons of modeſty to ſpeak their own praiſes. In ſome caſes, however, this muſt be done for the general good, and a generous ſpirit will on ſuch occaſions aſſert its merit, and vindicate itſelf with becoming warmth.

My circumſtances, ſir, are very hard and peculiar. Could the world be brought to treat me as I deſerve, it would be a publick benefit. This makes me apply to you, that my caſe being fairly ſtated in a paper ſo generally eſteemed, I may ſuffer no longer from ignorant and childiſh prejudices.

My elder brother was a Jew. A very reſpectable perſon, but ſomewhat auſtere in his manner: highly and deſervedly valued by his near relations and intimates, but utterly unfit for mixing in a larger ſociety, or gaining a general acquaintance among mankind. In a venerable old age he retired from the world, and I in the bloom of youth came into it, ſucceeding him in all his dignities, and formed, as I might reaſonably flatter myſelf, to be the object of univerſal love and eſteem. Joy and gladneſs were born with me; chearfulneſs, good humour and benevolence always attended and endeared my infancy. That time is long paſt. So long that idle imaginations are apt to fancy me wrinkled,

wrinkled, old, and disagreeable; but, unless my looking-glass deceives me, I have not yet lost one charm, one beauty of my earliest years. However, thus far is too certain, I am to every body just what they chuse to think me; so that to very few I appear in my right shape; and though naturally I am the friend of humankind, to few, very few comparatively, am I useful or agreeable.

THIS is the more grievous, as it is utterly impossible for me to avoid being in all sorts of places and companies; and I am therefore liable to meet with perpetual affronts and injuries. Though I have as natural an antipathy to cards and dice, as some people have to a cat, many and many an assembly am I forced to endure; and though rest and composure are my peculiar joy, am worn out, and harrassed to death with journies by men and women of quality, who never take one, but when I can be of the party. Some, on a contrary extreme, will never receive me but in bed, where they spend at least half of the time I have to stay with them; and others are so monstrously ill-bred as to take physick on purpose when they have reason to expect me. Those who keep upon terms of more politeness with me, are generally so cold and constrained in their behaviour, that I cannot but perceive myself an unwelcome guest; and even among persons deserving of esteem, and who certainly have a value for me, it is too evident that generally whenever I come I throw a dulness over the whole company, that I am entertained with a formal stiff civility, and that they are glad when I am fairly gone.

HOW bitter must this kind of reception be to one formed to inspire delight, admiration and love! To one capable of answering and rewarding the greatest warmth and delicacy of sentiments!

I WAS bred up among a set of excellent people, who affectionately loved me, and treated me with the utmost honour and respect. It would be tedious to relate the variety of my adventures, and strange vicissitudes of my fortune in many different countries. Here in *England* there was a time when I lived according to my

heart's

heart's deſire. Whenever I appeared, publick aſſemblies appointed for my reception were crowded with perſons of quality and faſhion, early dreſt as for a court, to pay me their devoirs. Chearful hoſpitality every where crowned my board, and I was looked upon in every country pariſh as a kind of ſocial bond between the 'ſquire, the parſon, and the tenants. The laborious poor every where bleſt my appearance: they do ſo ſtill, and keep their beſt clothes to do me honour; though as much as I delight in the honeſt country folks, they do now and then throw a pot of ale at my head, and ſometimes an unlucky boy will drive his cricket-ball full in my face.

EVEN in theſe my beſt days there were perſons who thought me too demure and grave. I muſt forſooth by all means be inſtructed by foreign maſters, and taught to dance and play. This method of education was ſo contrary to my genius, formed for much nobler entertainments, that it did not ſucceed at all.

I FELL next into the hands of a very different ſet. They were ſo exceſſively ſcandalized at the gaiety of my appearance, as not only to deſpoil me of the foreign fopperies, the paint and the patches that I had been tricked out with by my laſt misjudging tutors, but they robbed me of every innocent ornament I had from my infancy been uſed to gather in the fields and gardens; nay they blacked my face, and covered me all over with a habit of mourning, and that too very coarſe and aukward. I was now obliged to ſpend my whole life in hearing ſermons; nor permitted ſo much as to ſmile upon any occaſion.

IN this melancholy diſguiſe I became a perfect bugbear to all children and young folks. Wherever I came there was a general huſh, an immediate ſtop to all pleaſantneſs of look or diſcourſe; and not being permitted to talk with them in my own language at that time, they took ſuch a diſguſt to me in thoſe tedious hours of yawning, that having tranſmitted it to their children, I cannot now be heard, though 'tis long ſince I have recovered my natural form, and pleaſing tone of voice. Would they but receive my viſits kindly, and liſten to what I could tell them — let me ſay it without vanity — how charming a companion ſhould I be! to

every

every one could I talk on the ſubjects moſt intereſting and moſt pleaſing. With the great and ambitious, I would diſcourſe of honours and advancements, of diſtinctions to which the whole world ſhould be witneſs, of unenvied dignities and durable preferments. To the rich I would tell of inexhauſtible treaſures, and the ſure method to attain them. I would teach them to put out their money on the beſt intereſt, and inſtruct the lovers of pleaſure how to ſecure and improve it to the higheſt degree. The beauty ſhould learn of me how to preſerve an everlaſting bloom. To the afflicted I would adminiſter comfort, and relaxation to the buſy.

As I dare promiſe myſelf you will atteſt the truth of all I have advanced, there is no doubt but many will be deſirous of improving their acquaintance with me; and that I may not be thought too difficult, I will tell you, in ſhort, how I wiſh to be received.

You muſt know I equally hate lazy idleneſs and hurry. I would every where be welcomed at a tolerably early hour with decent good-humour and gratitude. I muſt be attended in the great halls peculiarly appropriated to me with reſpect; but I do not inſiſt upon finery: propriety of appearance, ant perfect neatneſs is all I require. I muſt at dinner be treated with a temperate, but a chearful ſocial meal; both the neighbours, and the poor ſhould be the better for me. Some time I muſt have tete a tete with my kind entertainers, and the reſt of my viſit ſhould be ſpent in pleaſant walks and airings among ſets of agreeable people, in ſuch diſcourſe as I ſhall naturally dictate, or in reading ſome few ſelected out of thoſe numberleſs books that are dedicated to me, and go by my name. A name that, alas! as the world ſtands at preſent, makes them oftner thrown aſide than taken up. As thoſe converſations and books ſhould be both well choſen, to give ſome advice on that head may poſſible furniſh you with a future paper, and any thing you ſhall offer on my behalf will be of great ſervice to.

Good Mr. RAMBLER,

Your Faithful Friend and Servant, SUNDAY.

Religion

Religion and Superſtition. A Viſion.

[Rambler, N° 44.]

I HAD lately a very remarkable dream, which made ſo ſtrong an impreſſion on me, that I remember it every word; and if you are not better employed, you may read the relation of it as follows.

METHOUGHT I was in the midſt of a very entertaining ſet of company, and extremely delighted in attending to a lively converſation, when on a ſudden I perceived one of the moſt ſhocking figures imagination can frame, advancing towards me. She was dreſt in black, her ſkin was contracted into a thouſand wrinkles, her eyes deep ſunk in her head, and her complexion pale and livid as the countenance of death. Her looks were filled with terror and unrelenting ſeverity, and her hands armed with whips and ſcorpions. As ſoon as ſhe came near, with a horrid frown, and a voice that chilled my very blood, ſhe bid me follow her. I obeyed, and ſhe led me through rugged paths, beſet with briars and thorns, into a deep ſolitary valley. Wherever ſhe paſſed the fading verdure withered beneath her ſteps; her peſtilential breath infected the air with malignant vapours, obſcured the luſtre of the ſun, and involved the fair face of heaven in univerſal gloom. Diſmal howlings reſounded through the foreſt, from every baleful tree the night-raven uttered his dreadful note, and the proſpect was filled with deſolation and horror. In the midſt of this tremendous ſcene my execrable guide addreſſed me in the following manner.

"RETIRE with me, O raſh unthinking mortal, "from the vain allurements of a deceitful world, and "learn that pleaſure was not deſigned the portion of hu- "man life. Man was born to mourn and to be wretched; "this is the condition of all below the ſtars, and who- "ever endeavours to oppoſe it acts in contradiction to "the will of heaven. Fly then from the fatal enchant-

"ments

" ments of youth and ſocial delight, and here conſecrate
" thy ſolitary hours to lamentation and woe. Miſery
" is the duty of all ſublunary beings, and every enjoy-
" ment is an offence to the Deity, who is to be worſhip-
" ped only by the mortification of every ſenſe of plea-
" ſure, and the everlaſting exerciſe of ſighs and tears."

THIS melancholy picture of life quite ſunk my ſpirits, and ſeemed to annihilate every principle of joy within me. I threw myſelf beneath a blaſted yeugh, where the winds blew cold and diſmal round my head, and dreadful apprehenſions chilled my heart. Here I reſolved to lie till the hand of death, which I impatiently invoked, ſhould put an end to the miſeries of a life ſo deplorably wretched. In this ſad ſituation I ſpied on one hand of me a deep muddy river, whoſe heavy waves rolled on in ſlow ſullen murmurs. Here I determined to plunge, and was juſt upon the brink, when I found myſelf ſuddenly drawn back. I turned about, and was ſurpriſed by the ſight of the loveliеſt object I had ever beheld. The moſt engaging charms of youth and beauty appeared in all her form; effulgent glories ſparkled in her eyes, and their awful ſplendours were ſoftened by the gentleſt looks of compaſſion and peace. At her approach, the frightful ſpectre, who had before tormented me, vaniſhed away, and with her all the horrors ſhe had cauſed. The gloomy clouds brightened into chearful ſun-ſhine, the groves recovered their verdure, and the whole region looked gay and blooming as the garden of Eden. I was quite tranſported at this unexpected change, and reviving pleaſure began to glad my thoughts, when, with a look of inexpreſſible ſweetneſs, my beauteous deliverer thus uttered her divine inſtructions.

" MY name is RELIGION. I am the offspring of
" TRUTH and LOVE, and the parent of BENEVO-
" LENCE, HOPE and JOY. That monſter from whoſe
" power I have freed you is called SUPERSTITION,
" ſhe is the child of DISCONTENT, and her fol-
" lowers are FEAR and SORROW. Thus different as
" we are, ſhe has often the inſolence to aſſume my name
" and character, and ſeduces unhappy mortals to think

" us the ſame, till ſhe, at length, drives them to *the*
" borders of DESPAIR, that dreadful abyſs into which
" you were juſt going to ſink.

" Look round and ſurvey the various beauties of
" this globe, which heaven has deſtined for the ſeat of
" human race, and conſider whether a world thus ex-
" quiſitely framed could be meant for the abode of mi-
" ſery and pain. For what end has the laviſh hand of
" providence diffuſed ſuch innumerable objects of de-
" light, but that all might rejoice in the privilege of
" exiſtence, and be filled with gratitude to the bene-
" ficent author of it? Thus to enjoy the bleſſings he has
" ſent, is virtue and obedience; and to reject them
" merely as means of pleaſure, is pitiable ignorance, or
" abſurd perverſeneſs. Infinite goodneſs is the ſource
" of created exiſtence; the proper tendency of every
" rational being, from the higheſt order of raptured
" ſeraphs, to the meaneſt rank of men, is to riſe in-
" ceſſantly from lower degrees of happineſs to higher.
" They have each faculties aſſigned them for various
" orders of delights."

'WHAT, cried I, is this the language of RELI-
'GION? Does ſhe lead her votaries through flowery
'paths, and bid them paſs an unlaborious life? Where
'are the painful toils of virtue, the mortifications of pe-
'nitents, the ſelf-denying exerciſes of ſaints and heroes?'

"THE true enjoyments of a reaſonable being," an-
ſwered ſhe mildly, "do not conſiſt in unbounded indul-
" gence, or luxurious eaſe, in the tumult of paſſions,
" the languor of indolence, or the flutter of light amuſe-
" ments. Yielding to immoral pleaſure corrupts the
" mind, living to animal and trifling ones debaſes it;
" both in their degree diſqualify it for its genuine good,
" and conſign it over to wretchedneſs. Whoever would
" be really happy muſt make the diligent and regular
" exerciſe of his ſuperior powers his chief attention,
" adoring the perfections of his Maker, expreſſing good-
" will to his fellow creatures, cultivating inward recti-
" tude. To his lower faculties he muſt allow ſuch gra-
" tifications as will, by refreſhing him, invigorate his
" nobler purſuits. In the regions inhabited by angelic

" natures,

" natures, unmingled felicity for ever blooms, joy flows
" there with a perpetual and abundant ſtream, nor needs
" there any mound to check its courſe. Beings conſcious
" of a frame of mind originally diſeaſed, as all the hu-
" man race has cauſe to be, muſt uſe the regimen of a
" ſtricter ſelf government. Whoever has been guilty of
" voluntary exceſſes muſt patiently ſubmit both to the
" painful workings of nature, and needful ſeverities of
" medicine in order to his cure. Still he is entitled to
" a moderate ſhare of whatever alleviating accommoda-
" tions this fair manſion of his merciful parent affords,
" conſiſtent with his recovery. And in proportion as
" this recovery advances, the livelieſt joy will ſpring
" from his ſecret ſenſe of an amended and improving
" heart. — So far from the horrors of deſpair is the con-
" dition even of the guilty. — Shudder, poor mortal, at
" the thought of that gulph into which thou waſt but
" now going to plunge.

" WHILE the moſt faulty have every encouragement
" to amend, the more innocent ſoul will be ſupported
" with ſtill ſweeter conſolations under all its experience
" of human infirmities; ſupported by the gladdening
" aſſurances that every ſincere endeavour to out-grow
" them, ſhall be aſſiſted, accepted and rewarded. To
" ſuch a one the lowlieſt ſelf-abaſement is but a deep-
" laid foundation for the moſt elevated hopes; ſince
" they who faithfully examine and acknowledge what
" they are, ſhall be enabled under my conduct to be-
" come what they deſire. The chriſtian and the heroe
" are inſeparable; and to the aſpirings of unaſſuming
" truſt, and filial confidence, are ſet no bounds. To him
" who is animated with a view of obtaining approba-
" tion from the ſovereign of the univerſe, no difficulty
" is inſurmountable. Secure in this perſuit of every
" needful aid, his conflict with the ſevereſt pains and
" trials, is little more than the vigorous exerciſes of a
" mind in health. His patient dependence on that pro-
" vidence which looks through all eternity, his ſilent
" reſignation, his ready accommodation of his thoughts
" and behaviour to its inſcrutable ways, is at once the
" moſt excellent ſort of ſelf-denial, and a ſource of

" the moſt exalted tranſports. Society is the true ſphere
" of human virtue. In ſocial active life, difficulties
" will perpetually be met with; reſtraints of many
" kinds will be neceſſary; and ſtudying to behave right
" in reſpect of theſe is a diſcipline of the human heart,
" uſeful to others, and improving to itſelf. Suffering
" is no duty but where it is neceſſary to avoid guilt, or
" to do good; nor pleaſure a crime, but where it
" ſtrengthens the influence of bad inclinations, or leſſens
" the generous activity of virtue. The happineſs al-
" lotted to man in his preſent ſtate, is indeed faint and
" low, compared with his immortal proſpects, and noble
" capacities; but yet whatever portion of it the diſtri-
" buting hand of heaven offers to each individual, is
" a needful ſupport and refreſhment for the preſent
" moment, ſo far as it may not hinder the attaining
" his final deſtination.

" RETURN then with me from continual miſery
" to moderate enjoyment, and grateful alacrity. Re-
" turn from the contracted views of ſolitude to the pro-
" per duties of a relative and dependent being. Reli-
" gion is not confined to cells and cloſets, nor reſtrained
" to ſullen retirement. Theſe are the gloomy doctrines
" of SUPERSTITION, by which ſhe endeavours
" to break thoſe chains of benevolence and ſocial affec-
" tion, that link the welfare of every particular with
" that of the whole. Remember that the greateſt ho-
" nour you can pay to the author of your being is by
" ſuch a chearful behaviour, as diſcovers a mind ſatiſ-
fied with his diſpenſations."

HERE my preceptreſs pauſed, and I was going to expreſs my acknowledgment for her diſcourſe, when a ring of bells from the neighbouring village, and a new-riſen ſun darting his beams through my windows, awaked me.

On Lying. [Advent. N° 50.]

WHEN *Ariſtotle* was once aſked, what a man could gain by uttering falſehoods; he replied, "not to be credited when he ſhall tell the truth."

THE character of a liar is at once ſo hateful and contemptible, that even of thoſe who have loſt their virtue it might be expected, that from the violation of truth they ſhould be reſtrained by their pride. Almoſt every other vice that diſgraces human nature, may be kept in countenance by applauſe and aſſociation: the corrupter of virgin innocence ſees himſelf envied by the men, and at leaſt not deteſted by the women: the drunkard may eaſily unite with beings, devoted like himſelf to noiſy merriments or ſilent inſenſibility, who will celebrate his victories over the novices of intemperance, boaſt themſelves the companions of his proweſs, and tell with rapture of the multitudes whom unſucceſsful emulation has hurried to the grave: even the robber and the cutthroat have their followers, who admire their addreſs and intrepidity, their ſtratagems of rapine, and their fidelity to the gang.

THE liar and only the liar, is invariably and univerſally deſpiſed, abandoned, and diſowned: he has no domeſtic conſolations, which he can oppoſe to the cenſure of mankind; he can retire to no fraternity, where his crimes may ſtand in the place of virtues; but is given up to the hiſſes of the multitude, without friend and without apologiſt. It is the peculiar condition of falſehood, to be equally deteſted by the good and bad: "The devils," ſays Sir *Thomas Brown*, "do not tell "lies to one another; for truth is neceſſary to all ſocie-"ties; nor can the ſociety of hell ſubſiſt without it."

IT is natural to expect, that a crime thus generally deteſted, ſhould be generally avoided; at leaſt that none ſhould expoſe himſelf to unabated and unpitied infamy, without an adequate temptation: and that to guilt ſo eaſily detected, and ſo ſeverely puniſhed, an adequate temptation would not readily be found.

YET ſo it is, that in defiance of cenſure and contempt, truth is frequently violated; ant ſcarcely the moſt vigilant and unremitted circumſpection will ſecure him that mixes with mankind, from being hourly deceived by men of whom it can ſcarcely be imagined, that they mean any injury to him or profit to themſelves; even where the ſubject of converſation could not have been expected to put the paſſions in motion, or to have excited either hope or fear, or zeal or malignity, ſufficient to induce any man to put his reputation in hazard, however little he might value it, or to overpower the love of truth, however weak might be its influence.

THE caſuiſts have very diligently diſtinguiſhed lyes into their ſeveral claſſes, according to their various degrees of malignity: but they have, I think, generally omitted that which is moſt common, and, perhaps, not leaſt miſchievous; which ſince the moraliſts have not given it a name, I ſhall diſtinguiſh as the LYE of VANITY.

TO vanity may juſtly be imputed moſt of the falſehoods, which every man perceives hourly playing upon his ear, and, perhaps, moſt of thoſe that are propagated with ſucceſs. To the lye of commerce, and the lye of malice, the motive is ſo apparent, that they are ſeldom negligently or implicitly received: ſuſpicion is always watchful over the practices of intereſt; and whatever the hope of gain, or deſire of miſchief, can prompt one man to aſſert, another is by reaſons equally cogent incited to refute. But vanity pleaſes herſelf with ſuch ſlight gratifications, and looks forward to pleaſure ſo remotely conſequential, that her practices raiſe no alarm, and her ſtratagems are not eaſily diſcovered.

VANITY is, indeed, often ſuffered to paſs unpurſued by ſuſpicion; becauſe he that would watch her motions, can never be at reſt; fraud and malice are bounded their influence; ſome opportunity of time and place is neceſſary to their agency; but ſcarce any man is abſtracted one moment from his vanity; and he, to whom truth affords no gratifications, is generally inclined to ſeek them in falſehoods.

IT is remarked by Sir *Kenelm Digby*, "that every "man has a desire to appear superior to others, though "it were only in having seen what they have not seen." Such an accidental advantage, since it neither implies merit, nor confers dignity, one would think should not be desired so much as to be counterfeited: yet even this vanity, trifling as it is, produces innumerable narratives, all equally false; but more or less credible, in proportion to the skill or confidence of the relater. How many may a man of diffusive conversation count among his acquaintances, whose lives have been signalized by numberless escapes; who never cross the river but in a storm, or take a journey into the country without more adventures than befel the knight-errants of antient times in pathless forests or enchanted castles! How many must he know, to whom portents and prodigies are of daily occurrence; and for whom nature is hourly working wonders invisible to every other eye, only to supply them with subjects of conversation!

OTHERS there are that amuse themselves with the dissemination of falsehood, at greater hazard of detection and disgrace; men marked out by some lucky planet for universal confidence and friendship, who have been consulted in every difficulty, entrusted with every secret and summoned to every transaction: it is the supreme felicity of these men, to stun all companies with noisy information; to still doubt, and overbear opposition, with certain knowledge or authentic intelligence. A liar of this kind, with a strong memory or brisk imagination, is often the oracle of an obscure club, and, till time discovers his impostures, dictates to his hearers with uncontrouled authority; for if a public question be started, he was present at the debate; if a new fashion be mentioned, he was at court the first day of its appearance; if a new performance of litterature draws the attention of the public, he has patronised the author, and seen his work in manuscript; if a criminal of eminence be condemned to die, he often predicted his fate, and endeavoured his reformation; and who that lives at a distance from the scene of action, will dare to contradict a man, who reports from his own eyes and ears,

and to whom all perſons and affairs are thus intimately known?

THIS kind of falſehood is generally ſucceſsful for a time, becauſe it is practiſed at firſt with timidity and caution; but the proſperity of the liar is of ſhort duration; the reception of one ſtory, is always an incitement to the forgery of another leſs probable; and he goes on to triumph over tacit credulity, till pride or reaſon riſes up againſt him, and his companions will no longer endure to ſee him wiſer than themſelves.

IT is apparent, that the inventors of all theſe fictions intend ſome exaltation of themſelves, and are led off by the purſuit of honour from their attendance upon truth: their narratives always imply ſome conſequence in favour of their courage, their ſagacity, or their activity, their familiarity with the learned, or their reception among the great; they are always bribed by the preſent pleaſure of ſeeing themſelves ſuperior to thoſe that ſurround them, and receiving the homage of ſilent attention and envious admiration.

BUT vanity is ſometimes excited to fiction by leſs viſible gratifications; the preſent age abounds with a race of liars who are content with the conſciouſneſs of falſehood, and whoſe pride is to deceive others without any gain or glory to themſelves. Of this tribe it is the ſupreme pleaſure to remark a lady in the playhouſe or the park, and to publiſh, under the character of a man ſuddenly enamoured, an advertiſement in the news of the next day, containing a minute deſcription of her perſon and her dreſs. From this artifice, however, no other effect can be expected, than perturbations which the writer can never ſee, and conjectures of which he can never be informed: ſome miſchief, however, he hopes he has done; and to have done miſchief, is of ſome importance. He ſets his invention to work again, and produces a narrative of a robbery, or a murder, with all the circumſtances of time and place accurately adjuſted. This is a jeſt of greater effect and longer duration: if he fixes his ſcene at a proper diſtance, he may for ſeveral days keep a wife in terror for her huſband, or a mother for her ſon; and pleaſe himſelf with re

flecting,

flecting, that by his abilities and addreſs ſome addition is made to the miſeries of life.

THERE is, I think, an antient law in *Scotland*, by which LEASING-MAKING was capitally puniſhed. I am, indeed, far from deſiring to increaſe in this kingdom the number of executions: yet I cannot but think, that they who deſtroy the confidence of ſociety, weaken the credit of intelligence, and interrupt the ſecurity of life; harraſs the delicate with ſhame, and perplex the timorous with alarms; might very properly be awakened to a ſenſe of their crimes, by denunciations of a whipping poſt or pillory; ſince many are ſo inſenſible of right and wrong, that they have no ſtandard of action but the law; nor feel guilt, but as they dread puniſhment

How far the precept to love our Enemies is practicable. [Advent. N° 48.]

TO LOVE AN ENEMY, is the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic of a religion, which is not of man but of GOD. It could be delivered as a precept only by HIM, who lived and died to eſtabliſh it by his example.

AT the cloſe of that ſeaſon, in which human frailty has commemorated ſufferings which it could not ſuſtain, a ſeaſon in which the moſt zealous devotion can only ſubſtitute a change of food for a total abſtinence of forty days; it cannot, ſurely, be incongruous to conſider, what approaches we can make to that divine love which theſe ſufferings expreſſed, and how far man, in imitation of his SAVIOUR, can bleſs thoſe who curſe him, and return good for evil.

WE cannot, indeed, behold the example but at a diſtance; nor conſider it without being ſtruck with a ſenſe of our own debility: every man who compares his life with this divine rule, inſtead of exulting in his

own excellence, will ſmite his breaſt like the publican, and cry out, "GOD be me merciful to me a ſinner!" Thus to acquaint us with ourſelves, may, perhaps, be one uſe of the precept; but the precept cannot, ſurely, be conſidered as having no other.

I KNOW it will be ſaid, that our paſſions are not in our power; and that, therefore, a precept, to love or to hate, is impoſſible; for if the gratification of all our wiſhes was offered us to love a ſtranger as we love a child, we could not fulfill the condition, however we might deſire the reward.

BUT admitting this to be true, and that we cannot love an enemy as we love a friend; it is yet equally certain, that we may perform thoſe actions which are produced by love from a higher principle: we may, perhaps, derive moral excellence from natural defects, and exert our reaſon inſtead of indulging a paſſion. If our enemy hungers we may feed him, ad if he thirſts we may give him drink: this, if we could love him, would be our conduct; and this may ſtill be our conduct, though to love him is impoſſible. The CHRISTIAN will be prompted to relieve the neceſſities of his enemy, by his love to GOD: he will rejoice in an opportunity to expreſs the zeal of his gratitude and the alacrity of his obedience, at the ſame time that he appropriates the promiſes and anticipates his reward.

BUT though he who is beneficent upon theſe principles, may in the ſcriptnre ſenſe be ſaid to love his enemy; yet ſomething more may ſtill be effected: the paſſion itſelf in ſome degree is in our power; we may riſe to a yet nearer emulation of divine forgiveneſs, we may think as well as act with kindneſs, and be ſanctified as well in heart as in life.

THOUGH love and hatred are neceſſarily produced in the human breaſt, when the proper objects of theſe paſſions occur, as the colour of material ſubſtances is neceſſarily perceived by an eye before which they are exhibited; yet it is in our power to change the paſſion, and to cauſe either love or hatred to be excited, by placing the ſame object in different circumſtances; as a chan-

changeable ſilk of blue and yellow may be held ſo as to excite the idea either of yellow or blue.

No act is deemed more injurious, or reſented with greater acrimony, than the marriage of a child, eſpecially of a daughter, without the conſent of a parent: it is frequently conſidered as a breach of the ſtrongeſt and tendereſt obligations; as folly and ingratitude, treachery and rebellion. By the imputation of theſe vices, a child becomes the object of indignation and reſentment: indignation and reſentment in the breaſt, therefore, of the parent are neceſſarily excited; and there can be no doubt, but that theſe are ſpecies of hatred. But if the child is conſidered as ſtill retaining the endearing ſoftneſs of filial affection, as ſtill longing for reconciliation, and profaning the rites of marriage with tears; as having been driven from the path of duty, only by the violence of paſſions which none have always reſiſted, and which many have indulged with much greater turpitude; the ſame object that before excited indignation and reſentment, will now be regarded with pity, and pity is a ſpecies of love.

THOSE, indeed, who reſent this breach of filial duty with implacability, though perhaps it is the only one of which the offender has been guilty, demonſtrate that they are without natural affection; and that they would have proſtituted their offspring, if not to luſt, yet to affections which are equally vile and fordid, the thirſt of gold, or the cravings of ambition: for he can never be thought to be ſincerely intereſted in the felicity of his child, who when ſome of the means of happineſs are loſt by indiſcretion; ſuffers his reſentment to take away the reſt.

AMONG friends, ſallies of quick reſentment are extremely frequent. Friendſhip is a conſtant reciprocation of benefits, to which the ſacrifice of private intereſt is ſometimes neceſſary: it is common for each to ſet too much value upon thoſe which he beſtows, and too little upon thoſe which he receives; this mutual miſtake in ſo important an eſtimation, produces mutual charges of unkindneſs and ingratitude; each, perhaps, profeſſes himſelf ready, to forgive, but neither will condeſcend

to

to be forgiven. Pride, therefore, ſtill increaſes the enmity which it began; the friend is conſidered as ſelfiſh, aſſuming, injurious and revengeful; he conſequently becomes an object of hatred; and while he is thus conſidered, to love him is impoſſible. But thus to conſider him, is at once a folly and a fault: each ought to reflect, that he is, at leaſt in the opinion of the other, incurring the crimes that he imputes; that the foundation of their enmity is no more than a miſtake; and that this miſtake is the effect of weakneſs or vanity, which is common to all mankind: the character of both would then aſſume a very different aſpect, love would again be excited by the return of its object, and each would be impatient to exchange acknowledgements, and recover the felicity which was ſo near being loſt.

But if after we have admitted an acquaintance to our boſom as a friend, it ſhould appear that we had miſtaken his character; if he ſhould betray our confidence, and uſe the knowledge of our affairs, which perhaps he obtained by offers of ſervice, to effect our ruin; if he defames us to the world, and adds perjury to falſhood; if he violates the chaſtity of a wife, or ſeduces a daughter to proſtitution: we may ſtill conſider him in ſuch circumſtances as will incline us to fulfill the precept, and to regard him without the rancour of hatred or the fury of revenge.

Every character, however it may deſerve puniſhment, excites hatred only in proportion as it appears to be malicious; and pure malice has never been imputed to human beings. The wretch, who has thus deceived and injured us, ſhould be conſidered as having ultimately intended, not evil to us, but good to himſelf. It ſhould alſo be remembered, that he has miſtaken the means; that he has forfeited the friendſhip of Him whoſe favour is better than life, by the ſame conduct which forfeited ours; and that to whatever view he ſacrificed our temporal intereſt, to that alſo he ſacrificed his own hope of immortality; that he is now ſeeking felicity which he can never find, and incurring puniſhment that will laſt for ever. And how much better then this wretch is he, in whom the contemplation of his

his condition can excite no pity! Surely, if such an enemy hungers, we may, without suppressing any passion, give him food; for who that sees a criminal dragged to execution, for whatever crime, would refuse him a cup of cold water?

On the contrary, he, whom GOD has forgiven, must necessarily become amiable to man: to consider his character without prejudice or partiality, after it has been changed by repentance, is to love him; and impartially to consider it, is not only our duty but our interest.

Thus may we love our enemies; and add a dignity to our nature of which pagan virtue had no conception. But if to love our enemies is the glory of a Christian, to treat others with coldness, neglect and malignity, is rather the reproach of a fiend than a man. Unprovoked enmity, the frown of unkindness, and the menaces of oppression, should be far from those who profess themselves to be followers of Him who in his life went about doing good; who instantly healed a wound that was given in his defence; and who, when he was fainting in his last agony, and treated with mockery and derision, conceived at once a prayer and an apology for his murderes; FATHER FORGIVE THEM, THEY KNOW NOT WHAT THEY DO.

Rules for Converſation. [Guard. N° 24.]

THE faculty of interchanging our thoughts with one another, or what we expreſs by the word Converſation, has always been repreſented by moral writers as one of the nobleſt privileges of reaſon, and which more particularly ſets mankind above the brute part of the creation.

Though nothing ſo much gains upon the affections as this extempore eloquence, which we have conſtantly occaſion for, and are obliged to practiſe every day, we very rarely meet with any who excel in it.

The converſation of moſt men is diſagreeable, not ſo much for want of wit and learning, as of good-breeding and diſcretion.

If

IF you reſolve to pleaſe, never ſpeak to gratify any particular vanity or paſſion of your own, but always with a deſign either to divert or inform the company. A man who only aims at one of theſe, is always eaſy in his diſcourſe. He is never out of humour at being interrupted, becauſe he conſiders that thoſe who hear him are the beſt judges whether what he was ſaying could either divert or inform them.

A MODEST perſon ſeldom fails to gain the good-will of thoſe he converſes with, becauſe no body envies a man, who does not appear to be pleaſed with himſelf.

WE ſhould talk extremely little of ourſelves. Indeed what can we ſay? Id would be as imprudent to diſcover our faults, as ridiculous to count over our fancied virtues. Our private and domeſtick affairs are no leſs improper to be introduced in converſation. What does it concern the company how many horſes you keep in your ſtables? Or whether your ſervant is moſt knave or fool?

A MAN may equally affront the company he is in, by engroſſing all the talk, or obſerving a comtemptuous ſilence.

BEFORE you tell a ſtory it may be generally not amiſs to draw a ſhort character, and give the company a true idea of the principal perſons concerned in it. The beauty of moſt things conſiſting not ſo much in their being ſaid or done, as in their being ſaid or done by ſuch particular perſon, or on ſuch a particular occaſion.

NOTWITHSTANDING all the advantages of youth, few young people pleaſe in converſation; the reaſon is, that want of experience makes them poſitive, and what they ſay is rather with a deſign to pleaſe themſelves than any one elſe.

IT is certain that age itſelf ſhall make many things paſs well enough, which would have been laughed at in the mouth of one much younger.

NOTHING, however, is more inſupportable to men of ſenſe, than an empty formal man who ſpeaks in proverbs, and decides all controverſies with a ſhort ſentence. This piece of ſtupidity is the more inſufferable, as it puts on the air of wiſdom.

A PRUDENT

A PRUDENT man will avoid talking much of any particular ſcience, for which he is remarkably famous. There is not methinks an handſomer thing ſaid of Mr. Cowley in his whole life, than that none but his intimate friends ever diſcovered he was a great poet by his diſcourſe: beſides the decency of this rule, it is certainly founded in good policy. A man who talks of any thing he is already famous for, has little to get, but a great deal to loſe. I might add, that he who is ſometimes ſilent on a ſubject where every one is ſatisfied he could ſpeak well, will often be thought no leſs knowing in other matters, where perhaps he is wholly ignorant.

WOMEN are frightened at the name of argument, and are ſooner convinced by an happy turn, or witty expreſſion, than by demonſtration,

WHENEVER you commend, add your reaſons for doing ſo; it is this which diſtinguiſhes the approbation of a man of ſenſe from the flattery of ſycophants and admiration of fools.

RALLERY is no longer agreeable than while the whole company is pleaſed with it. I would leaſt of all be underſtood to except the perſon rallied.

THOUGH good-humour, ſenſe and diſcretion can ſeldom fail to make a man agreeable, it may be no ill policy ſometimes to prepare yourſelf in a particular manner for converſation, by looking a little farther than your neighbours into whatever is become a reigning ſubject. If our armies are beſieging a place of importance abroad, or our Houſe of Commons debating a bill of conſequence at home, you can hardly fail of being heard with pleaſure, if you have nicely informed yourſelf of the ſtrength, ſituation, and hiſtory of the firſt, or of the reaſons for and againſt the latter. It will have the ſame effect if when any ſingle perſon begins to make a noiſe in the world, you can learn ſome of the ſmalleſt accidents in his life or converſation, which, though they are too fine for the obſervation of the vulgar, give more ſatisfaction to men of ſenſe, (as they are the beſt openings to a real character) than the recital of his moſt glaring actions. I know but one ill conſequence to be feared from this method, namely, that coming full

charged

charged into company, you ſhould reſolve to unload whether an handſome opportunity offers itſelf or no.

THOUGH the aſking of queſtions may plead for itſelf the ſpecious names of modeſty, and a deſire of information, it affords little pleaſure to the reſt of the company who are not troubled with the ſame doubts; beſides which, he wo aſks a queſtion would do well to conſider that he lies wholly at the mercy of another before he receives an anſwer.

NOTHING is more ſilly than the pleaſure ſome people take in what they call "ſpeaking their minds." A man of this make will ſay a rude thing for the mere pleaſure of ſaying it, when an oppoſite behaviour, full as innocent, might have preſerved his friend, or made his fortune.

IT is not impoſſible for a man to form to himſelf as exquiſite a pleaſure in complying with the humour and ſentiments of others, as of bringing others over to his own; ſince 'tis the certain ſign of a ſuperior genius, that can take and become whatever dreſs it pleaſes.

I SHALL only add that beſides what I have here ſaid, there is ſomething which can never be learnt but in the company of the polite. The virtues of men are catching as well as their vices, and your own obſervations added to theſe, will ſoon diſcover what it is that commands attention in one man and makes you tired and diſpleaſed with the diſcourſe of another.

The Study of Aſtronomy recommended.

[Guard. N° 169.]

IN fair weather, when my heart is cheered, and I feel that exaltation of ſpirits which reſults from light and warmth, joined with a beautiful proſpect of nature, I regard myſelf as one placed by the hand of God in the midſt of an ample theatre, in which the ſun, moon and ſtars, the fruits alſo, and vegetables of the earth, perpetually changing their poſitions, or their aſpects, exhibit

exhibit an elegant entertainment to the understanding, as well as to the eye.

THUNDER and lightning, rain and hail, the painted bow, and the glaring comets, are decorations of this mighty theatre. And the sable hemisphere studded with spangles, the blue vault at noon, the glorious gildings and rich colours in the horizon, I look on as so many successive scenes.

WHEN I consider things in this light, methinks it is a sort of impiety to have no attention to the course of nature, and the revolutions of the heavenly bodies- To be regardless of those phænomena that are placed within our view, on purpose to entertain our faculties, and display the wisdom and power of their Creator, is an affront to providence of the same kind, (I hope it is not impious to make such a simile) as it would be to a good poet, to fit out his play without minding the plot or beauties of it.

AND yet how few are there who attend to the drama of nature, its artificial structure, and those admirable machines. whereby the passions of a philosopher are gratefully agitated, and his soul affected with the sweet emotions of joy and surprize?

HOW many fox-hunters, and rural squires are to be found in Great Britain, who are ignorant that they have all this while lived on a planet; that the sun is several thousand times bigger than the earth; and that there are other worlds within our view greater and more glorious than our own. Ay, but says some illiterate fellow, I enjoy the world, and leave others to contemplate it. Yes, you eat and drink, and run about upon it, that is, you enjoy it as a brute; but to enjoy it as a rational being, is to know it, to be sensible of its greatness and beauty, to be delighted with its harmony, and by these reflections to obtain just sentiments of the Almighty mind that framed it.

THE man who, unembarrassed with vulgar cares, leisurely attends to the flux of things in heaven, and things on earth, and observes the laws by which they are governed, hath secured to himself an easy and convienent seat, where he beholds with pleasure all that pas-

ſes on the ſtage of nature, while thoſe about him are, ſome faſt aſleep, and others ſtruggling for the higheſt places, or turning their eyes from the entertainment prepared by providence, to play at puſh pin with one another.

WITHIN this ample circumference of the world, the glorious lights that are hung on high, the meteors in the middle region, the various livery of the earth, and the profuſion of good things that diſtinguiſh the ſeaſons, yield a proſpect which annihilates all human grandeur. But when we have ſeen frequent returns of the ſame things, when we have often viewed the heaven and the earth in all their various array, our attention flags and our admiration ceaſes. All the art and magnificence in nature could not make us pleaſed with the ſame entertainment, preſented a hundred years ſucceſſively to our view.

I AM led into this way of thinking by a queſtion ſtarted the other night, viz. Whether it were poſſible that a man ſhould be weary of a fortunate and healthy courſe of life? My opinion was, that the bare repetition of the ſame objects, abſtracted from all other inconveniencies, was ſufficient to create in our minds a diſtaſte of the world; and that the abhorrence old man have of death, proceeds rather from a diſtruſt of what may follow, than from the proſpect of loſing any preſent enjoyments. For (as an antient author ſomewhere expreſſes it) when a man has ſeen the viciſſitudes of night and day, winter and ſummer, ſpring and autumn, the returning faces of the ſeveral parts of nature, what is there further to detain his fancy here below?

THE ſpectacle indeed is glorious, and may bear viewing ſeveral times. But in a very few ſcenes of revolving years, we feel a ſatiety of the ſame images; the mind grows impatient to ſee the curtain drawn, and behold new ſcenes diſcloſed; and the imagination is in this life filled with a confuſed idea of the next.

DEATH, conſidered in this light, is no more than paſſing from one entertainment to another. If the preſent objects are grown tireſome and diſtaſteful, it is in order to prepare our minds for a more exquiſite reliſh

of

of thoſe which are freſh and new. If the good things we have hitherto enjoyed are tranſient, they will be ſucceeded by thoſe which the inexhauſtible power of the Deity will ſupply to eternal ages. If the pleaſures of our preſent ſtate are blended with pain and uneaſineſs, our future will conſiſt of ſincere unmixed delights. Bleſſed hope! the thought whereof turns the very imperfections of our nature into occaſions of comfort and joy.

BUT what conſolation is left to the man who hath no hope or proſpect of theſe things? View him in that part of life when the natural decay of his faculties concurs with the frequency of the ſame objects to make him weary of this world, when like a man who hangs upon a precipice, his preſent ſituation is uneaſy, and the moment that he quits his hold, he is ſure of ſinking into hell or annihilation.

THERE is not any character ſo hateful as his who invents racks and tortures for mankind. The free-thinkers make it their buſineſs to introduce doubts, perplexities and deſpair into the minds of men, and according to the poet's rule, are moſt juſtly puniſhed by their own ſchemes.

The Voyage of Life. An Allegory.

[Rambler. N° 102.]

"LIFE," ſays *Seneca*, "is a voyage, in the pro-
"greſs of which, we are perpetually changing
"our ſcenes; we firſt leave childhood behind us, then
"youth, then the years of ripened manhood, then
"the better and more pleaſing part of old age." The peruſal of this paſſage, having excited in me a train of reflections on the ſtate of man, the inceſſant fluctuation of his wiſhes, the gradual change of his diſpoſition to all external objects, and the thoughtleſneſs with which he floats along the ſtream of time, I ſunk into a ſlumber amidſt my meditations, and, on a ſudden, found my ears filled with the tumult of labour, the ſhouts of

alacrity, the ſhrieks of alarm, the whiſtle of winds, and the daſh of waters.

My aſtoniſhment for a time repreſſed my curioſity; but ſoon recovering myſelf ſo far as to enquire whither we were going, and what was the cauſe of ſuch clamour and confuſion, I was told that they were launching out into the *ocean of life;* that we had already paſſed the ſtreights of infancy, in which multitudes had periſhed, ſome by the weakneſs and fragility of their veſſels, and more by the folly, perverſeneſs, or negligence, of thoſe who undertook to ſteer them; and that we were now on the main ſea, abandoned to the winds and billows, without any other means of ſecurity, than the care of the pilot, whom it was always in our power to chooſe among great numbers that offered their direction and aſſiſtance.

I THEN looked round with anxious eagerneſs: and firſt turning my eyes behind me, ſaw a ſtream flowing through flowery iſlands, which every one that ſailed along ſeemed to behold with pleaſure; but no ſooner touched, than the current, which, though not noiſy or turbulent, was yet irreſiſtible, bore him away. Beyond theſe iſlands all was darkneſs, nor could any of the paſſengers deſcribe the ſhore at which he firſt embarked.

BEFORE me, and each other ſide, was an expanſe of waters violently agitated, and covered with ſo thick a miſt, that the moſt perſpicacious eye could ſee but a little way. It appeared to be full of rocks and whirlpools, for many ſunk unexpectedly while they were courting the gale with full ſails, and inſulting thoſe whom they had left behind. So numerous, indeed, were the dangers, and ſo thick the darkneſs, that no caution could confer ſecurity. Yet there were many, who by falſe intelligence, betrayed their followers into whirlpools, or by violence puſhed thoſe whom they found in their way againſt the rocks.

THE current was invariable and inſurmountable; but though it was impoſſible to ſail againſt it, or to return to the place that was once paſſed, yet it was not ſo violent as to allow no opportunities for dexterity or courage, ſince, though none could retreat back from

danger

danger, yet they might often avoid it by oblique direction.

It was, however, not very common to ſteer with much care or prudence; for, by ſome univerſal infatuation, every man appeared to think himſelf ſafe, though he ſaw his conſorts every moment ſinking round him; and no ſooner had the waves cloſed over them, than their fate and their miſconduct were forgotten; the voyage was perſued with the ſame jocund confidence; every man congratulated himſelf upon the ſoundneſs of his veſſel, and believed himſelf able to ſtem the whirlpool in which his friend was ſwallowed, or glide over the rocks on which he was daſhed; nor was it often obſerved that the ſight of a wreck made any man change his courſe; if he turned aſide for a moment, he ſoon forgot the rudder, and left himſelf again to the diſpoſal of chance.

This negligence did not proceed from indifference, or from wearineſs of their preſent condition; for not one of thoſe, who thus ruſhed upon deſtruction, failed, when he was ſinking, to call loudly upon his aſſociates for that help which could not now be given him; and many ſpent their laſt moments in cautioning others againſt the folly, by which they were intercepted in the midſt of their courſe. Their benevolence was ſometimes praiſed, but their admonitions were unregarded.

The veſſels, in which we had embarked, being confeſſedly unequal to the turbulence of the ſtream of life, were viſibly impaired in the courſe of the voyage; ſo that every paſſenger was certain, that how long ſoever he might, by favourable accidents, or by inceſſant vigilance, be preſerved, he muſt ſink at laſt.

This neceſſity of periſhing might have been expected to ſadden the gay, and intimidate the daring, at leaſt to keep the melancholy and timorous in perpetual torments, and hinder them from any enjoyment of the varieties and gratifications which nature offered them as the ſolace of their labours; yet in effect none ſeemed leſs to expect deſtruction than thoſe to whom it was moſt dreadful; they all had the art of concealiug their danger from themſelves; and thoſe who knew their

inability to bear the ſight of the terrors that embarraſſed their way, took care never to look forward, but found ſome amuſement for the preſent moment, and generally entertained themſelves by playing with HOPE, who was the conſtant aſſociate of the voyage of life.

YET all that HOPE ventured to promiſe; even to thoſe whom ſhe favoured moſt, was, not that they ſhould eſcape, but that they ſhould ſink laſt; and with this promiſe every one was ſatisfied, though he laughed at the reſt for ſeeming to believe it. HOPE, indeed, apparently mocked the credulity of her companions; for in proportion as their veſſels grew leaky, ſhe redoubled her aſſurances of ſafety; and none were more buſy in making proviſions for a long voyage, than they, whom all but themſelves ſaw likely to periſh ſoon by irreparable decay.

IN the midſt of the current of life was the *gulph of* INTEMPERANCE, a dreadful whirlpool, interſperſed with rocks, of which the pointed crags were concealed under water, and the tops covered with herbage, on which EASE ſpread couches of repoſe, and with ſhades where PLEASURE warbled the ſong of invitation. Within ſight of theſe rocks all who ſailed on the ocean of life muſt neceſſarily paſs. REASON, indeed, was always at hand to ſteer the paſſengers through a narrow out-let by which they might eſcape; but very few could, by her intreaties or remonſtrances, be induced to put the rudder into her hand, without ſtipulating that ſhe ſhould approach ſo near unto the rocks of PLEASURE, that they might ſolace themſelves with a ſhort enjoyment of that delicious region, after which they always determined to perſue their courſe without any other deviation.

REASON was too often prevailed upon ſo far by theſe promiſes, as to venture her charge within the eddy of the gulph of INTEMPERANCE, where, indeed, the circumvolution was weak, but yet interrupted the courſe of the veſſel, and drew it, by inſenſible rotations, towards the centre. She then repented her temerity, and with all her force endeavoured to retreat; but the draught of the gulph was generally too ſtrong to be overcome; and the paſſenger, having danced in circles

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with a pleaſing and giddy velocity, was at laſt overwhelmed and loſt. Thoſe few whom REASON was able to extriçate, generally ſuffered ſo many ſhocks upon the points which ſhot out from the rocks of PLEASURE, that they were unable to continue their courſe with the ſame ſtrength and facility as before, but floated along timorouſly and feebly, endangered by every breeze, and ſhattered by every ruffle of the water, till they ſunk, by ſlow degrees, after long ſtruggles, and innumerable expedients, always repining at their own folly, and warning others againſt the firſt approach to the gulph of INTEMPERANCE.

THERE were artiſts who profeſſed to repair the breaches and ſtop the leaks of the veſſels which had been ſhattered on the rocks of PLEASURE. Many appeared to have great confidence in their ſkill, and ſome, indeed, were preſerved by it from ſinking, who had received only a ſingle blow; but I remarked that few veſſels laſted long which had been much repaired, nor was it found that the artiſts themſelves continued afloat longer than thoſe who had leaſt of their aſſiſtance.

THE only advantage, which, in the voyage of life, the cautions had above the negligent, was, that they ſunk later, and more ſuddenly; for they paſſed forward till they had ſometimes ſeen all thoſe in whoſe company they had iſſued from the ſtreights of infancy, periſh in the way, and at laſt were overſet by a croſs breeze, without the toil of reſiſtance, or the anguiſh of expectation. But ſuch as had often fallen againſt the rocks of PLEASURE, commonly ſubſided by ſenſible degrees, contended long with the encroaching waters, and haraſſed themſelves by labours that ſcarce HOPE herſelf could flatter with ſucceſs.

AS I was looking upon the various fate of the multitude about me, I was ſuddenly alarmed with an admonition from ſome unknown Power, "Gaze not idly "upon others when thou thyſelf art ſinking. Whence "is this thoughtleſs tranquillity, when thou and they "are equally endangered?" I looked, and ſeeing the gulph of INTEMPERANCE before me, ſtarted and awaked.

On the Desire of Gain.

[Rambler, N° 131.]

THERE is scarcely any sentiment in which, amidst the innumerable varieties of inclination that nature or accident have scattered in the world, we find greater numbers concurring than in the wish for riches; a wish indeed so prevalent that it may be considered as universal and transcendental, as the desire in which all other desires are included, and of which the various purposes which actuate mankind are only subordinate species and different modifications.

WEALTH is indeed the general center of inclination, the point to which all minds preserve an invariable tendency, and from which they afterwards diverge in numberless directions. Whatever is the remote or ultimate design, the immediate care is to be rich; and in whatever enjoyment we intend finally to acquiesce, we seldom consider it as attainable but by the means of money. Of wealth therefore all unanimously confess the value, nor is there any disagreement but about the use.

NO desire can be formed which riches do not assist us to gratify. He that places his happiness in splendid equipage or numerous dependents, in rifined praise or popular acclamations, in the accumulation of curiosities or the revels of luxury, in splendid edifices or wide plantations, must still either by birth or acquisition posses riches. They may be considered as the elemental principles of pleasure, which may be combined with endless diversity; as the essential and necessary substance, of which only the form is left to be adjusted by choice.

THE necessity of riches being thus apparent, it is not wonderful that almost every mind has been employed in endeavours to acquire them; that multitudes have vied with each other in arts by which life is furnished

niſhed with accommodations, and which therefore mankind may reaſonably be expected to reward.

IT had indeed been happy, if this predominant appetite had operated only in concurrence with virtue, by influencing none but thoſe who were zealous to deſerve what they were eager to poſſeſs, and had abilities to improve their own fortunes by contributing to the eaſe or happineſs of others. To have riches and to have merit would then have been the ſame, and ſucceſs might reaſonably have been conſidered as a proof of excellence.

BUT we do not find that any of the wiſhes of men keep a ſtated proportion to their powers of attainment. Many envy and deſire wealth, who can never procure it by honeſt induſtry or uſeful knowledge. They therefore turn their eyes about to examine what other methods can be found of gaining that which none, however impotent or worthleſs, will be content to want.

A LITTLE enquiry will diſcover that there are nearer ways to profit than through the intricacies of art, or up the ſteeps of labour; that what wiſdom and virtue ſcarcely receive at the cloſe of life, as the recompence of long toil and repeated efforts, is brought within the reach of ſubtility and diſhoneſty by more expeditious and compendious meaſures: that the wealth of credulity is an open prey to falſehood; and that the poſſeſſions of ignorance and imbecillity are eaſily ſtolen away by the conveyances of ſecret artifice, or ſeized by the gripe of unreſiſted violence.

IT is likewiſe not hard to diſcover, that riches always procure protection for themſelves, that they dazzle the eyes of enquiry, divert the celerity of purſuit, or appeaſe the ferocity of vengeance. When any man is inconteſtably known to have large poſſeſſions, very few think it requiſite to enquire by what practices they were obtained; the reſentment of mankind rages only againſt the ſtruggles of feeble and timorous corruption, but when it has ſurmounted the firſt oppoſition, it is afterwards ſupported by favour, and animated by applauſe.

THE proſpect of gaining ſpeedily what is ardently deſired, and the certainty of obtaining by every acceſſion of advantage an addition of ſecurity, have ſo far prevailed upon the paſſions of mankind, that the peace of life is deſtroyed by a general and inceſſant ſtruggle for riches. It is obſerved of gold, by an old epigrammatiſt, that *to have it is to be in fear, and to want it is to be in ſorrow.* There is no condition which is not diſquieted either with the care of gaining or of keeping money; and the race of man may be divided in a political eſtimate between thoſe who are practiſing fraud, and thoſe who are repelling it.

IF we conſider the preſent ſtate of the world, it will be found, that all confidence is loſt among mankind, that no man ventures to act where money can be endangered, upon the faith of another, It is impoſſible to ſee the long ſcrolls in which every contract is included, with all their appendages of ſeals and atteſtation, without wondering at the depravity of thoſe beings, who muſt be reſtrained from violation of promiſe by ſuch formal and public evidences, and precluded from equivocation and ſubterfuge by ſuch punctilious minuteneſs. Among all the ſatires to which folly and wickedneſs have given occaſion, none is equally ſevere with a bond or a ſettlement.

OF the various arts by which riches may be obtained, the greater part are at the firſt view irreconcileable with the laws of virtue; ſome are openly flagitious, and practiſed not only in neglect, but in defiance of faith and juſtice; and the reſt are on every ſide ſo entangled with dubious tendencies, and ſo beſet with perpetual temptations, that very few, even of thoſe who are not yet abandoned, are able to preſerve their innocence, or can produce any other claim to pardon than that they have deviated from the right leſs than others, and have ſooner and more diligently endeavoured to return.

ONE of the chief characteriſticks of the golden age, of the age in which neither care nor danger had intruded on mankind, is the community of poſſeſſions: ſtriſe and fraud were totally excluded, and every tur-

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bulent paſſion was ſtilled, by plenty and equality. Such were indeed happy times, but ſuch times can return no more. Community of poſſeſſion muſt always include ſpontaneity of production; for what is only to be obtained by labour, muſt be of right the property of him by whoſe labour it is gained. And while a rightful claim to pleaſure or to affluence muſt be procured either by ſlow induſtry or uncertain hazard, there will always be multitudes whom cowardice or impatience will incite to more ſafe and more ſpeedy methods, who will ſtrive to pluck the fruit without cultivating the tree, and to ſhare the advantages of victory without partaking the danger off the battle.

In later ages, the conviction of danger to which virtue is expoſed while the mind continues open to the influence of riches, has determined many to vows of perpetual poverty; they have ſuppreſſed deſire by cutting off the poſſibility of gratification, and ſecured their peace by deſtroying the enemy whom they had no hope of reducing to quiet ſubjection. But by debarring themſelves from evil, they have reſcinded many opportunities of good; they have too often ſunk into inactivity and uſeleſſneſs; and though they have forborn to injure ſociety, have not fully paid their contributions to its happineſs.

While riches are ſo neceſſary to preſent convenience, and ſo much more eaſily obtained by crimes than virtues, the mind can only be ſecured from yielding to the continual impulſe of covetouſneſs by the preponderation of unchangeable and eternal motives. Gold will generally turn the intellectual balance, when weighed only againſt reputation; but will be light and ineffectual when the oppoſite ſcale is charged with juſtice, veracity, and piety

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Politeneſs a neceſſary Auxiliary to Knowledge and Virtue.

[Advent. N° 87.]

THERE are many accompliſhments which, though they are comparatively trivial, and may be acquired

quired by ſmall abilities, are yet of great importance in our common intercourſe with men. Of this kind is that general courteſy, which is called GOOD BREEDING; a name, by which, as an artificial excellence, it is at once characteriſed and recommended.

GOOD Breeding, as it is generally employed in the gratification of vanity, a paſſion almoſt univerſally predominant, is more highly prized by the majority than any other; and he who wants it, though he may be preſerved from contempt by inconteſtible ſuperiority either of virtue or of parts, will yet be regarded with malevolence, and avoided as an enemy with whom it is dangerous to combat.

IN ſome inſtances, indeed, the enmity of others cannot be avoided without the participation of guilt; but then it is the enmity of thoſe, with whom neither virtue nor wiſdom can deſire to aſſociate: and good breeding may generally be practiſed upon more eaſy and more honourable terms, than acquieſcence in the detraction of malice or the adulation of ſervility, the obſcenity of a letcher or the blaſphemy of an infidel. Diſagreeable truths may be ſuppreſſed; and when they can be ſuppreſſed without guilt, they cannot innocently be uttered; the boaſt of vanity may be ſuffered without ſevere reprehenſion, and the prattle of abſurdity may be heard without expreſſions of contempt.

IT happens, indeed, ſomewhat unfortunately, that the practice of good breeding, however neceſſary, is obſtructed by the poſſeſſion of more valuable talents; and that great integrity, delicacy, ſenſibility, and ſpirit, exalted genius, and extenſive learning, frequently render men ill-bred.

PETRARCH relates, that his admirable friend and contemporary, *Dante Aligheri*, one of the moſt exalted and original geniuſes that ever appeared, being baniſhed his country, and having retired to the court of a prince which was then the ſanctuary of the unfortunate, was held at firſt in great eſteem; but became daily leſs acceptable to his patron, by the ſeverity of his manners and the freedom of his ſpeech. There were at the ſame court many players and buffoons, gameſters and debauchees,

bauchees, one of whom, diſtinguiſhed for his impudence, ribaldry, and obſcenity, was greatly careſſed by the reſt; which the prince ſuſpecting *Dante* not to be pleaſed with, ordered the man to be brought before him, and having highly extolled him, turned to *Dante* and ſaid, "I wonder that this perſon, who is by ſome deemed a "fool, and by others a madman, ſhould yet be ſo ge-"nerally pleaſing, and ſo generally beloved; when you, "who are celebrated for wiſdom, are yet heard without "pleaſure and commended without friendſhip." "You "would ceaſe to wonder, replied *Dante*, if you con-"ſidered, that a conformity of character is the ſource "of friendſhip." This ſarcaſm, which had all the force of truth, and all the keenneſs of wit, was intolerable; and *Dante* was immediately diſgraced and baniſhed.

BUT by this anſwer, though the indignation which produced it was founded in virtue, *Dante* probably gratified his own vanity, as much as he mortified that of others: it was the petulant reproach of reſentment and pride, which is always retorted with rage; and not the ſtill voice of REASON, which is heard with complacency and reverence: if *Dante* intended reformation, his anſwer was not wiſe; if he did not intend reformation, his anſwer was not good.

GREAT delicacy, ſenſibility, and penetration, do not leſs obſtruct the practice of good breeding than integrity. Perſons thus qualified, not only diſcover proportionably more faults and failings in the characters which they examine, but are more diſguſted with the faults and failings which they diſcover: the common topics of converſation are too trivial to engage their attention; the various turns of fortune that have lately happened at a game at whiſt, the hiſtory of a ball at *Tunbridge* or *Bath*, a deſcription of lady *Fanny's* jewels and lady *Kitty's* vapours, the journals of a horſe-race or a cock-match, and diſquiſitions on the game-act or the ſcarcity of partridges, are ſubjects upon which men of delicate taſte do not always chuſe to declaim, and on which they cannot patiently hear the declamation of others. But they ſhould remember, that their impatience is

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the impotence of reaſon and the prevalence of vanity; that if they ſit ſilent and reſerved, wrapped up in the contemplation of their own dignity, they will in their turn be deſpiſed and hated by thoſe whom they hate and deſpiſe; and with better reaſon, for perverted power ought to be more odious than debility. To hear with patience, and to anſwer with civility, ſeems to comprehend all the good breeding of converſation; and in proportion as this is eaſy, ſilence and inattention are without excuſe.

He, who does not practiſe good breeding, will not find himſelf conſidered as the object of good breeding by others. There is, however, a ſpecies of ruſticity, which it is not leſs abſurd than injurious to treat with contempt: this ſpecies of ill breeding is become almoſt proverbially the characteriſtic of a ſcholar; nor ſhould it be expected, that he who is deeply attentive to an abſtruſe ſcience, or who employs any of the three great faculties of the ſoul, the memory, the imagination, or the judgment, in the cloſe perſuit of their ſeveral objects, ſhould have ſtudied punctilios of form and ceremony, and be equally able to ſhine at a route and in the ſchools. That the bow of a chronologer, and the compliment of an aſtronomer, ſhould be improper or uncouth, cannot be thought ſtrange to thoſe, who duly conſider the narrowneſs of our faculties, and the impoſſibility of attaining univerſal excellence.

Equally excuſable, for the ſame reaſons, are that abſence of mind, and that forgetfulneſs of place and perſon, to which ſcholars are ſo frequently ſubject. When *Lew's* XIV. was one day lamenting the death of an old comedian whom he highly extolled, "Yes," replied *Boileau*, in the preſence of madam *Maintenon*, "he performed tolerably well in the deſpicable pieces "of *Scarron*, which are now deſervedly forgotten even "in the provinces."

As every condition of life, and every turn of mind, has ſome peculiar temptation and propenſity to evil, let not the man of uprightneſs and honeſty be moroſe and ſurly in his practice of virtue; let not him, whoſe delicacy and penetration diſcern with diſguſt thoſe imperfections

perfections in others from which he himſelf is not free, indulge perpetual peeviſhneſs and diſcontent; nor let learning and knowledge be pleaded as an excuſe for not condeſcending to the common offices and duties of civil life: for as no man ſhould be WELL-BRED, at the expence of his VIRTUE; no man ſhould practiſe virtue, ſo as to deter others from IMITATION.

Idleneſs incapable of Felicity. Story of NED FROTH.

[Advent. N° 94.]

YOU have ſomewhere diſcouraged the hope of idleneſs by ſhewing, that whoever compares the number of thoſe who have poſſeſſed fortuitous advantages, and of thoſe who have been diſappointed in their expectations, will have little reaſon to regiſter himſelf in the lucky catalogue.

BUT as we have ſeen thouſands ſubſcribe to a raffle, of which one only could obtain the prize; ſo idleneſs will ſtill preſume to hope, if the advantages, however improbable, are admitted to lie within the bounds of poſſibility. Let the drone, therefore, be told, that if by the error of fortune he obtains the ſtores of the bee, he cannot enjoy the felicity; that the honey which is not gathered by induſtry, will be eaten without reliſh, if it is not waſted in riot; and that all who become poſſeſſed of the immediate object of their hope without any efforts of their own, will be diſappointed of enjoyment.

NO life can be happy, but that which is ſpent in the proſecution of ſome purpoſe to which our powers are equal, and which we, therefore, proſecute with ſucceſs: for this reaſon it is abſurd to dread buſineſs, upon pretence that it will leave few intervals to pleaſure. Buſi-

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neſs is that by which induſtry perſues its purpoſe, and the purpoſe of induſtry is ſeldom diſappointed; he who endeavours to arrive at a certain point, which he perceives himſelf perpetually to approach, enjoys all the happineſs which nature has allotted to thoſe hours, that are not ſpent in the immediate gratification of appetites by which our own wants are indicated or of affections by which we are prompted to ſupply the wants of others. The end propoſed by the buſy, is various as their temper, conſtitution, habits, and circumſtances: but in the labour itſelf is the enjoyment, whether it be perſued to ſupply the neceſſaries or the conveniences of life, whether to cultivate a farm to decorate a palace; for when the palace is decorated, and the barn filled, the pleaſure is at an end, till the object of deſire is again placed at a diſtance, and our powers are again employed to obtain it with apparent ſucceſs. Nor is the value of life leſs, than if our enjoyment did not thus conſiſt in anticipation; for by anticipation, the pleaſure which would otherwiſe be contracted within an hour, is diffuſed through a week; and if the dread which exaggerates future evil, is confeſſed to be an increaſe of miſery, the hope which magnifies future good cannot be denied to be an acceſſion of happineſs.

THE moſt numerous claſs of thoſe who preſume to hope for miraculous advantages, is, that of gameſters. But by gameſters, I do not mean the gentlemen who ſtake an eſtate, againſt the cunning of thoſe who have none; for I leave the cure of lunatics to the profeſſors of phyſic: I mean the diſſolute and indigent, who in the common phraſe put themſelves in fortune's way, and expect from her bounty that which they eagerly deſire, and yet believe to be too dearly purchaſed by diligence and induſtry; tradeſmen who neglect their buſineſs, to ſquander in faſhionable follies more than it can produce; and ſwaggerers who rank themſelves with gentlemen, merely becauſe they have no buſineſs to perſue.

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THE gameſter of this claſs will appear to be equally wretched, whether his hope be fulfilled or diſappointed; the object of it depends upon a contingency, over which he has no influence; he perſues no purpoſe with gradual and perceptible ſucceſs, and, therefore, cannot enjoy the pleaſure which ariſes from the anticipation of its accompliſhment; his mind is perpetually on the rack; he is anxious in proportion to the eagerneſs of his deſire, and his inability to effect it; to the pangs of ſuſpenſe, ſucceed thoſe of diſappointment; and a momentary gain only embitters the loſs that follows. Such is the life of him, who ſhuns buſineſs, becauſe he would ſecure leiſure for enjoyment; except it happens againſt the odds of a million to one, that a run of ſucceſs puts him into the poſſeſſion of a ſum ſufficient to ſubſiſt him in idleneſs the remainder of his life: and in this caſe, the idleneſs which made him wretched while he waited for the bounty of fortune, will neceſſarily keep him wretched after it is beſtowed; he will find that in the gratification of his appetites he can fill but a ſmall portion of his time, and that theſe appetites themſelves are weakened by every attempt to increaſe the enjoyment, which they were intended to ſupply; he will, therefore, either doze away life in a kind of liſtleſs indolence which he deſpairs to exalt into felicity, or he will imagine that the good he wants is to be obtained by an increaſe of his wealth, by a larger houſe, a more ſplendid equipage, and a more numerous retinue. If with this notion he has again recourſe to the altar of fortune, he will neither be undeceived by a new ſeries of ſucceſs, or he will be reduced to his original indigence by the loſs of that which he knew not how to enjoy: if this happens, of which there is the higheſt degree of probability, he will inſtantly become more wretched in proportion as he was rich; though, while he was rich, he was not more happy in proportion as he had been poor. Whatever is won, is reduced by experiment to its intrinſic value; whatever is loſt, is heightened by imagination to more. Wealth is no ſooner diſſipated, than its inanity is forgotten, and it is regretted as the means of happineſs which it was not found to afford. The gameſter, there-

fore, of whatever claſs, plays againſt manifeſt odds; ſince that which he wins he diſcovers to be braſs, and that which he loſes he values as gold. And it ſhould alſo be remarked, that in this eſtimate of his life, I have not ſuppoſed him to looſe a ſingle ſtake which he had not firſt won.

BUT though gaming in general is wiſely prohibited by the legiſlature, as productive not only of private but of public evil; yet there is one ſpecies to which all are ſometimes invited, which equally encourages the hope of idleneſs, and relaxes the vigour of induſtry.

NED FROTH, who had been ſeveral years butler in a family of diſtinction, having ſaved about four hundred pounds, took a little houſe in the ſuburbs, and laid in a ſtock of liquors for which he paid ready money, and which were, therefore, the beſt of the kind. *Ned* perceived his trade increaſe; he perſued it with freſh alacrity, he exulted in his ſucceſs, and the joy of his heart ſparkled in his countenance: But it happened that *Ned*, in the midſt of his happineſs and proſperity, was prevailed upon to buy a lottery ticked. The moment his hope was fixed upon an object which induſtry could not obtain, he determined to be induſtrious no longer: to draw drink for a dirty and boiſterous rabble, was a ſlavery to which he now ſubmitted with reluctance, and he longed for the moment in which he ſhould be free: inſtead of telling his ſtory, and cracking his joke for the entertainment of his cuſtomers, he received them with indifference; was obſerved to be ſilent and ſullen, and amuſed himſelf by going three or four times a day to ſearch the regiſter of fortune for the ſucceſs of his ticket.

IN this diſpoſition *Ned* was ſitting one morning in the corner of a bench by his fire-ſide, wholly abſtracted in the contemplation of his future fortune; indulging this moment the hope of a mere poſſibility, and the next ſhuddering with the dread of loſing the felicity which his fancy had combined with the poſſeſſion of ten thouſand pounds. A man well dreſſed entered haſtily, and enquired for him of his gueſt, who many times called him aloud by his name, and curſt him for

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his deafneſs and ſtupidity, before *Ned* ſtarted up as from a dream, and aſked with a fretful impatience what they wanted. An affected confidence of being well received, and an air of forced jocularity in the ſtranger, gave *Ned* ſome offence; but the next moment he catched him in his arms in a tranſport of joy, upon receiving his congratulation as proprietor of the fortunate ticket, which had that morning been drawn a prize of the firſt claſs.

It was not, however, long, before *Ned* diſcovered that ten thouſand pounds did not bring the felicity which he expected; a diſcovery, which generally produces the diſſipation of ſudden affluence by prodigality. *Ned* drank, and whored, and hired fidlers, and bought fine cloaths; he bred riots at *Vauxhall*, treated flatterers, and damned plays. But ſomething was ſtill wanting; and he reſolved to ſtrike a bold ſtroke, and attempt to double the remainder of his prize at play, that he might live in a palace and keep an equipage: but in the execution of this project, he loſt the whole produce of his lottery ticket, except five hundred pounds in Bank notes, which when he would have ſtaked he could not find. This ſum was more than that which had eſtabliſhed him in the trade he had left; and yet, with the power of returning to a ſtation that was once the utmoſt of his ambition, and of renewing that perſuit which alone had made him happy, ſuch was the pungency of his regret, that in the deſpair of recovering the money which he knew had produced nothing but riot, diſeaſe, and vexation, he threw himſelf from the bridge into the Thames.

Fortitude founded upon the fear of God.

[Guardian, N° 117.]

LOOKING over the late edition of Monſieur *Boileau's* works, I was very much pleaſed with the article which he has added to his notes on the tranſlation of *Longinus*. He there tells us, that the ſublime in writing riſes either from the nobleneſs of the thought, magnificence of the words, or the harmonious and lively turn of the phraſe, and that the perfect ſublime ariſes from all theſe three in conjunction together. He produces an inſtance of this perfect ſublime in four verſes from the Athalia of Monſieur *Racine*. When *Abner*, one of the chief officers of the court, repreſents to *Joad* the high-prieſt, that the queen was incenſed againſt him, the high-prieſt, not in the leaſt terrified at the news, returns this anſwer.

Celui qui met un frein à la fureur des flots,
Sçait auſſi des méchans arrêter les complots.
Soumis avec reſpect à ſa volonté ſainte.
Je crains Dieu, cher Abner, & n'ai point d'autre crainte.

" He who ruleth the raging of the ſea, knows alſo " how to check the deſigns of the ungodly. I ſubmit " myſelf with reverence to his holy will. O *Abner*, I " fear my God, and I fear none but him." Such a thought gives no leſs a ſublimity to human nature, than it does to good writing. This religious fear, when it is produced by juſt apprehenſions of a divine power, naturally overlooks all human greatneſs that ſtands in competition with it, and extinguiſhes every other terror that can ſettle itſelf in the heart of man; it leſſens and contracts the figure of the moſt exalted perſon: it diſarms the tyrant and executioner, and repreſents to our minds the moſt enraged and the moſt powerful as altogether harmleſs and impotent.

THERE is no true fortitude which is not founded upon this fear, as there is no other principle of ſo

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ſettled and fixed a nature. Courage that grows from conſtitution very often forſakes a man when he has occaſion for it; and when it is only a kind of inſtinct in the ſoul, breaks out on all occaſions without judgment or diſcretion. That courage which proceeds from the ſenſe of our duty, and from the fear of offending him that made us, acts always in an uniform manner, and according to the dictates of right reaſon.

WHAT can the man fear, who takes care in all his actions to pleaſe a Being that is omnipotent? A Being who is able to cruſh all his adverſaries? A Being that can divert any misfortune from befalling him, or turn any ſuch misfortune to his advantage? The perſon who lives with this conſtant and habitual regard to the great ſuperintendant of the world, is indeed ſure that no real evil can come into his lot. Bleſſings may appear under the ſhape of pains, loſſes, and diſappointments, but let him have patience, and he will ſee them in their proper figures. Dangers may threaten him, but he may reſt ſatisfied that they will either not reach him, or that, if they do, they will be the inſtruments of good to him. In ſhort, he may look upon all croſſes and accidents, ſufferings and afflictions, as means which are made uſe of to bring him to happineſs. This is even the worſt of that man's condition whoſe mind is poſſeſſed with the habitual fear of which I am now ſpeaking. But it very often happens, that thoſe which appear evils in our own eyes, appear alſo as ſuch to him who has human nature under his care, in which caſe they are certainly averted from the perſon who has made himſelf, by this virtue, an object of divine favour. Hiſtories are full of inſtances of this nature, where men of virtue have had extraordinary eſcapes out of ſuch dangers as have incloſed them, aud which have ſeemed inevitable.

THERE is no example of this kind in pagan hiſtory which more pleaſes me than that which is recorded in the life of *Timoleon*. This extraordinary man was famous for referring all his ſucceſſes to providence. *Cornelius Nepos* acquaints us that he had in his houſe a private chapel in which he uſed to pay his devotions to the goddeſs who repreſented providence among the hea-

thens. I think no man was ever more diſtinguiſhed, by the Deity whom he blindly worſhipped, than the great perſon I am ſpeaking of in ſeveral occurrences of his life, but particularly in the following one which I ſhall relate out of *Plutarch*.

Three perſons had entered into a conſpiracy to aſſeſſinate *Timoleon* as he was offering up his devotions in a certain temple. In order to it they took their ſeveral ſtands in the moſt convenient places for their purpoſe. As they were waiting for an opportunity to put their deſign in execution, a ſtranger having obſerved one of the conſpirators, fell upon him and ſlew him. Upon which the other two, thinking their plot had been diſcovered, threw themſelves at *Timoleon's* feet, and confeſſed the whole matter. This ſtranger upon examination, was found to have underſtood nothing of the intended aſſaſſination, but having ſeveral years before had a brother killed by the conſpirator, whom he here put to death, and having till now ſought in vain for an opportunity of revenge, he chanced to meet the murderer in the temple, who had planted himſelf there for the above-mentioned purpoſe. *Plutarch* cannot forbear on this occaſion, ſpeaking with a kind of rapture on the ſchemes of providence, which, in this particular, had ſo contrived it, that the ſtranger ſhould, for ſo great a ſpace of time, be debarred the means of doing juſtice to his brother, till, by the ſame blow that revenged the death of one innocent man, he preſerved the life of another.

For my own part, I cannot wonder that a man of *Timoleon's* religion ſhould have his intrepidity and firmneſs of mind, or that he ſhould be diſtinguiſhed by ſuch a deliverance as I have here related.

Adverſity uſeful to the Acquiſition of Knowledge.

[Rambler, N° 110.]

AS daily experience makes it evident that misfortunes are unavoidably incident to human life, that calamity will neither be repelled by fortitude, nor eſcaped by flight, neither awed by greatneſs, nor eluded by obſcurity; philoſophers have endeavoured to reconcile us to that condition which they cannot teach us to mend, by perſuading us that moſt of our evils are made afflictive only by ignorance or perverſeneſs, and that nature has annexed to every viciſſitude of external circumſtances, ſome advantage ſufficient to overbalance all its inconveniencies.

THIS attempt may perhaps be juſtly ſuſpected of reſemblance to the practice of phyſicians, who when they cannot mitigate pain deſtroy ſenſibility, and endeavour to conceal by opiates the inefficacy of their other medicines. The panegyriſts of calamity have more frequently gained applauſe to their wit, than acquieſcence to their arguments; nor has it appeared that the moſt muſical oratory or ſubtle ratiocination has been able long to overpower the anguiſh of oppreſſion, the tedioufneſs of languor, or the longings of want.

YET it may be generally remarked that, where much has been attempted, ſomething has been performed; though the diſcoveries or acquiſitions of man are not always adequate to the expectations of his pride, they are at leaſt ſufficient to animate his induſtry. The antidotes with which philoſophy has medicated the cup of life, though they cannot give it ſalubrity and ſweetneſs, have at leaſt allayed its bitterneſs, and contempered its malignity; the balm which ſhe drops upon the wounds of the mind, abates their pain though it cannot heal them.

BY ſuffering willingly what we cannot avoid, we ſecure ourſelves from vain and immoderate diſquiet; we preſerve for better purpoſes that ſtrength which would be unprofitably waſted in wild efforts of deſperation, and

maintain that circumſpection which may enable us to ſeize every ſupport, and improve every alleviation. This calmneſs will be more eaſily obtained, as the attention is more powerfully withdrawn from the contemplation of unmingled unabated evil, and diverted to thoſe accidental benefits which prudence may confer on every ſtate.

SENECA has attempted not only to pacify us in misfortune, but almoſt to allure us to it, by repreſenting it as neceſſary to the pleaſures of the mind. *He that never was acquainted with adverſity*, ſays he, *has ſeen the world but on one ſide, and is ignorant of half the ſcenes of nature.* He invites his pupil to calamity, as the Syrens allured the paſſenger to their coaſts, by promiſing that he ſhall return with increaſe of knowledge, with enlarged views, and multiplied ideas.

CURIOSITY is, in great and generous minds, the firſt paſſion and the laſt; and perhaps always predominates in proportion to the ſtrength of the contemplative faculties. He who eaſily comprehends all that is before him, and ſoon exhauſts any ſingle ſubject, is always eager for new enquiries, and in proportion as the intellectual eye takes in a wider proſpect, it muſt be gratified with variety by more rapid flights, and bolder excurſions; nor perhaps can there be propoſed to thoſe who have been accuſtomed to the pleaſures of thought, a more powerful incitement to any undertaking, than the hope of filling their imagination with new images, of clearing their doubts, aud enlightening their reaſon.

WHEN *Jaſon*, in *Valerius Flaccus*, would incline the young prince *Acaſtus* to accompany him iu the firſt eſſay of navigation, he diſperſes his apprehenſions of danger by repreſentations of the new tracts of earth and heaven which the expedition would ſpread before their eyes; and tells him with what grief he will hear at their return, of the countries which they ſhall have ſeen, and the toils which they have ſurmounted.

O quantum terræ, qnantum cognoſcere cœli
Permiſſum eſt! pelagus quantos aperimus in uſus!
Nunc forſan grave reris opus: ſed læta recurret

Cum

Cum ratis, & caram cum jam mihi reddet Jolcon;
Quis pudor heu noſtros tibi tunc audire labores!

Acaſtus was ſoon prevailed upon by this curioſity to ſet rocks and hardſhips at defiance, and commit his life to the winds; and the ſame motives have in all ages had the ſame effect upon thoſe whom the deſire of fame or wiſdom has diſtinguiſhed from the lower orders of mankind.

If therefore it can be proved that diſtreſs is neceſſary to the attainment of knowledge, and that a happy ſituation hides from us ſo large a part of the field of meditation, the envy of many who repine at the ſight of affluence and ſplendor will be much diminiſhed; for ſuch is the delight of mental ſuperiority, that none on whom nature or ſtudy have conferred it, would purchaſe the gifts of fortune by its loſs.

It is certain, that however the rhetoric of *Seneca* may have adreſſed adverſity with extrinſic ornaments, he has juſtly repreſented it as affording ſome opportunities of obſervation, which cannot be found in continual ſucceſs; he has truly aſſerted, that to eſcape misfortune is to want inſtruction, and that to live at eaſe is to live in ignorance.

As no man can enjoy happineſs without thinking that he enjoys it, the experience of calamity is neceſſary to a juſt ſenſe of better fortune; fot the good of our preſent ſtate is merely comparative, and the evil which every mans feels will be ſufficient to diſturb and harraſs him if he does not know how much he eſcapes. The luſtre of diamonds is invigorated by the interpoſition of darker bodies; the lights of a picture are heightened by the ſhades. The higheſt pleaſure which nature has indulged to ſenſitive perception, is that of reſt after fatigue; yet that ſtate which labour heightens into delight is without it only eaſe, and is incapable of ſatisfying the mind without the ſuperaddition of diverſified amuſements.

Prosperity, as is truly aſſerted by *Seneca*, very much obſtructs the knowledge of ourſelves. No man can form a juſt eſtimate of his own powers by unactive ſpeculation. That fortitude which has encoun-

tered no dangers, that prudence which has ſurmounted no difficulties, that integrity which has been attacked by no temptations, can at beſt be conſidered but as gold not yet brought to the teſt, of which therefore the true value cannot be aſſigned. *He that traverſes the liſts without an adverſary, may receive,* ſays the philoſopher, *the reward of victory, but he has no pretenſions to the honour.* If it be the higheſt happineſs of man to contemplate himſelf with ſatisfaction, and to receive the gratulations of his own conſcience, he whoſe courage has made way amidſt the turbulence of oppoſition, and whoſe vigour has broken through the ſnares of diſtreſs, has many advantages over theſe that have ſlept in the ſhades of indolence, and whoſe retroſpect of time can entertain them with nothing but day riſing upon day, and year gliding after year.

EQUALLY neceſſary is ſome variety of fortune to a nearer inſpection of the manners, principles and affections of mankind. Princes, when they would know the opinions or grievances of their ſubjects, find it neceſſary to ſteal away from the grandeur of guards and attendants, and mingle on equal terms among the people. To him who is known to have the power of doing good or harm; nothing is ſhown in its natural form. The behaviour of all that approach him is regulated by his humour, their narratives are adapted to his inclination, and their reaſonings determined by his opinions, whatever can alarm ſuſpicion, or excite reſentment is carefully ſuppreſſed, and nothing appears but uniformity of ſentiments and ardor of affection. It may be obſerved, that the unvaried complaiſance which ladies have the right of exacting, keeps them generally unſkilled in human nature; proſperity will always enjoy the female prerogatives, and therefore muſt be always in danger of female ignorance. Truth is ſcarcely to be heard but by thoſe from whom it can ſerve no intereſt to conceal it, and the true motives of conduct will be only ſhewn when the mind acts in its natural ſtate without any impediment from hope or fear.

The prohibition of Revenge juſtifiable by Reaſon.

[Rambler, N° 185.]

NO vitious diſpoſitions of the mind more obſtinately reſiſt both the counſels of philoſophy, and the injunctions of religion, than thoſe which are complicated with an opinion of dignity; and which we cannot diſmiſs without leaving in the hands of oppoſition ſome advantage iniquitouſly obtained, or ſuffering from our own prejudices ſome imputation of puſillanimity.

FOR this reaſon ſcarcely any law of our redeemer is more openly tranſgreſſed, or more induſtriouſly evaded, than that by which he commands his followers to forgive injuries, and prohibits under the ſanction of eternal miſery the gratification of the deſire which every man feels to return pain upon him that inflicts it. Many who could have conquered their anger, are unable to combat againſt pride, and purſue offences to extremity of vengeance, leſt they ſhould be inſulted by the triumph of an enemy.

BUT certainly no precept could better become him, at whoſe birth *peace* was proclaimed *to the earth*. For what could ſo ſoon deſtroy all the order of ſociety, and deform life with violence and ravage, as a permiſſion to every one to judge his own cauſe, and to apportion his own recompence for imagined injuries.

IT is difficult for a man of the ſtricteſt juſtice not to favour himſelf too much in the calmeſt moments of ſolitary meditation. Every one wiſhes for the diſtinctions for which thouſands are wiſhing at the ſame time, in their own opinion, with better claims. He that, when his reaſon operates in its full force, can thus, by the mere prevalence of ſelf love, prefer himſelf to his fellow beings, is very unlikely to judge equitably when his paſſions are agitated by a ſenſe of wrong, and his attention wholly engroſſed by pain, intereſt, or danger. Whoever arrogates to himſelf the right of vengeance ſhows how little he is qualified to decide his own claims, ſince

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he certainly demands what he would think unfit to be granted to another.

NOTHING is more apparent than that, however injured or however provoked, ſome muſt at laſt be contented to forgive, For it can never be hoped, that he who firſt commits an injury, will contentedly acquieſce in the penalty required; the ſame haughtineſs of contempt and vehemence of deſire, that prompt the act of injuſtice, will more ſtrongly incite its juſtification: and reſentment can never ſo exactly balance the puniſhment with the fault, but there will remain an overplus of vengeance which even he who condemns his firſt action will think myſelf entitled to retaliate. What then can enſue but a continual exacerbation of hatred, an unextinguiſhable feud, an inceſſant reciprocation of miſchief, a mutual vigilance to entrap, and eagerneſs to deſtroy.

SINCE then the imaginary right of vengeance muſt be at laſt remitted, becauſe it is impoſſible to live in perpetual hoſtility, and equally impoſſible that of two enemies, either ſhould firſt think himſelf obliged by juſtice to ſubmiſſion, it is ſurely eligible to forgive early. Every paſſion is more eaſily ſubdued before it has been long acuſtomed to poſſeſſion of the heart; every idea is obliterated with leſs difficulty as it has been more ſlightly impreſſed, and leſs frequently renewed. He who has often brooded over his wrongs, pleaſed himſelf with ſchemes of malignity, and glutted his pride with the fancied ſupplications of humbled enmity, will not eaſily open his boſom to amity and reconciliation, or indulge the gentle ſentiments of benevolence and peace.

IT is eaſieſt to forgive, while there is yet little to be forgiven. A ſingle injury may be ſoon diſmiſſed from the memory; but a long ſucceſſion of ill offices by degrees aſſociates itſelf with every idea, a long conteſt involves ſo many circumſtances, that every place and action will recal it to the mind, and freſh remembrance of vexation muſt ſtill enkindle rage, and irritate revenge.

A WISE man will make haſte to forgive, becauſe he knows the true value of time, and will not ſuffer it to paſs away in unneceſſary pain. He that willingly ſuffers the corroſions of inveterate hatred, and gives up his

his days and nights to the gloom of malice, and perturbations of ſtratagem, cannot ſurely be ſaid to conſult his eaſe. Reſentment is a union of ſorrow with malignity, a combination of a paſſion which all endeavour to avoid, with a paſſion which all concur to deteſt. The man who retires to meditate miſchief, and to exaſperate his own rage; whoſe thoughts are employed only on means of diſtreſs and contrivances of ruin; whoſe mind never pauſes from the remembrance of his own ſufferings, but to indulge ſome hope of enjoying the calamities of another, may juſtly be numbered among the moſt miſerable of human beings, among thoſe who are guilty without reward, who have neither the gladneſs of proſperity, nor the calm of innocence.

WHOEVER conſiders the weakneſs both of himſelf and others will not long want perſuaſives to forgiveneſs. We know not to what degree of malignity any injury is to be imputed; or how much its guilt, if we were to inſpect the mind of him that committed it, would be extenuated by miſtake, precipitance, or negligence; we cannot be certain how much more we feel than was intended to be inflicted, or how much we increaſe the miſchief to ourſelves by voluntary aggravations. We may charge to deſign the effects of accident; we may think the blow violent only becauſe we have made ourſelves delicate and tender; we are on every ſide in danger of error and of guilt, which we are certain to avoid only by ſpeedy forgiveneſs.

FROM this pacific and harmleſs temper, thus propitious to others and ourſelves, to domeſtick tranquility and to ſocial happineſs, no man is withheld but by pride, by the fear of being inſulted by his adverſary or deſpiſed by the world.

IT may be laid down as an unfailing and univerſal axiom, that, "all pride is abject and mean." It is always an ignorant, lazy, or cowardly acquieſcence in a falſe appearance of excellence, and proceeds not from conſciouſneſs of our attainments, but inſenſibility of our wants.

NOTHING can be great which is not right. Nothing which reaſon condemns can be ſuitable to the dignity of the

the human mind. To be driven by external motives from the path which our own heart approves, to give way to any thing but conviction, to ſuffer the opinion of others to rule our choice, or overpower our reſolves, is to ſubmit tamely to the loweſt and moſt ignominious ſlavery, and to reſign the right of directing our own lives.

THE utmoſt excellence at which humanity can arrive, is a conſtant and determinate purſuit of virtue, without regard to preſent dangers or advantage; a continual reference of every action to the divine will; an habitual appeal to everlaſting juſtice; and an unvaried elevation of the intellectual eye to the reward which perſeverance only can obtain. But that pride which many who preſume to boaſt of generous ſentiments, allow to regulate their meaſures, has nothing nobler in view than the approbation of men, of beings whoſe ſuperiority we are under no obligation to acknowledge, and who, when we have courted them with the utmoſt aſſiduity, can confer no valuable or permanent reward; of beings who ignorantly judge of what they do not underſtand, or partially determine what they never have examined; and whoſe ſentence is therefore of no weight till it has received the ratification of our own conſcience.

HE that can deſcend to bribe ſuffrages like theſe at the price of his innocence; he that can ſuffer the delight of ſuch acclamations to with-hold his attention from the commands of the univerſal ſovereign, has little reaſon to congratulate himſelf upon the greatneſs of his mind; whenever he awakes to ſerioufneſs and reflection, he muſt become deſpicable in his own eyes, and ſhrink with ſhame from the remembrance of his cowardice and folly.

OF him that hopes to be forgiven it is indiſpenſibly required, that he forgive. It is therefore ſuperfluous to urge any other motive. On this great duty eternity is ſuſpended, and to him that refuſes to practiſe it, the throne of mercy is inacceſſible, and the SAVIOUR of the world has been born in vain.

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The Pleaſures and Advantages of Induſtry.

[Advent. N° 111.]

THE evils inſeparably annexed to the preſent condition of man, are ſo numerous and afflictive, that it has been, from age to age, the taſk of ſome to bewail, and of others to ſolace them: and he therefore, will be in danger of ſeeming a common enemy, who ſhall attempt to depreciate the few pleaſures and felicities which nature has allowed us.

YET I will confeſs, that I have ſometimes employed my thoughts in examining the pretenſions that are made to happineſs, by the ſplendid and envied conditions of life; and have not thought the hour unprofitably ſpent, when I have detected the impoſture of counterfeit advantages, and found diſquiet lurking under falſe appearances of gaiety and greatneſs.

IT is aſſerted by a tragic poet, that "eſt miſer ne-" mo niſi comparatus," "no man is miſerable, but as " he is compared with others happier than himſelf:" this poſition is not ſtrictly and philoſophically true. He might have ſaid, with rigorous propriety, that no man is happy, but as he is compared with the miſerable; for ſuch is the ſtate of this world, that we find in it abſolute miſery, but happineſs only comparative; we may incur as much pain as we can poſſibly endure, though we can never obtain as much happineſs as we might poſſibly enjoy.

YET it is certain likewiſe, that many of our miſeries are merely comparative: we are often made unhappy, not by the preſence of any real evil, but by the abſence of ſome fictitious good; of ſomething which is not required by any real want of nature, which has not in itſelf any power of gratification, and which neither reaſon nor fancy would have prompted us to wiſh, did we not ſee it in the poſſeſſion of others.

FOR

For a mind diſeaſed with vain longings after unattainable advantages, no medicine can be preſcribed, but an impartial enquiry into the real worth of that which is ſo ardently deſired. It is well known, how much the mind, as well as the eye, is deceived by diſtance; and, perhaps, it will be found, that of many imagined bleſſings it may be doubted, whether he that wants or poſſeſſes them has more reaſon to be ſatisfied with his lot.

The dignity of high birth and long extraction, no man, to whom nature has denied it, can confer upon himſelf; and, therefore, it deſerves to be conſidered, whether the want of that which can never be gained, may not eaſily be endured. It is true, that if we conſider the triumph and delight with which moſt of thoſe recount their anceſtors who have anceſtors to recount, and the artifices by which ſome who have riſen to unexpected fortune endeavour to inſert themſelves into an honourable ſtem, we ſhall be inclined to fancy, that wiſdom or virtue may be had by inheritance, or that all excellencies of a line of progenitors are accumulated on their deſcendant. Reaſon, indeed, will ſoon inform us, that our eſtimation of birth is arbitrary and capricious, and that dead anceſtors can have no influence but upon imagination: let it then be examined, wheter one dream may not operate in the place of another; whether he that owes nothing to fore-fathers, may not receive equal pleaſure from the conſciouſneſs of owing all to himſelf; whether he may not, with a little meditation, find it more honourable to found than to continue a family, and to gain dignity than tranſmit it; whether, if he receives no dignity from the virtues of his family, he does not likewiſe eſcape the danger of being diſgraced by their crimes; and whether he that brings a new name into the world, has not the convenience of playing the game of life without a ſtake, an opportunity of winning much though he has nothing to loſe.

There is another opinion concerning happineſs, which approaches much more nearly to univerſality, but which may, perhaps, with equal reaſon, be diſputed. The pretenſions to anceſtral honours many of the ſons of

earth

earth eaſily ſee to be ill-grounded; but all agree to celebrate the advantage of hereditary riches, and to conſider thoſe as the minions of fortune who are wealthy from their cradles, whoſe eſtate is "res non parta la-" bore ſed relicta," "the acquiſition of another, not of " themſelves;" and whom a father's induſtry has diſ-penſed from a laborious attention to arts or commerce, and left at liberty to diſpoſe of life as fancy ſhall direct them.

If every man were wiſe and virtuous, capable to diſcern the beſt uſe of time, and reſolute to practiſe it; it might be granted, I think, without heſitation, that total liberty would be a bleſſing; and that it would be deſirable to be left at large to the exerciſe of religious and ſocial duties, without the interruption of importunate avocations.

But ſince felicity is relative, and that which is the means of happineſs to one man may be to another the cauſe of miſery, we are to conſider, what ſtate is beſt adapted to human nature in its preſent degeneracy and frailty. And, ſurely, to far the greater number it is highly expedient, that they ſhould by ſome ſettled ſcheme of duties be reſcued from the tyranny of caprice, that they ſhould be driven on by neceſſity through the paths of life with their attention confined to a ſtated taſk, that they may be leſs at leiſure to deviate into miſchief at the call of folly.

When we obſerve the lives of thoſe whom an ample inheritance has let looſe to their own direction, what do we diſcover that can excite our envy? Their time ſeems not to paſs with much applauſe from others, or ſatiſfaction to themſelves: many ſquander their exuberance of fortune in luxury and debauchery, and have no other uſe of money than to inflame their paſſions, and riot in a wider range of licentiouſnes; others, leſs criminal indeed, but, ſurely, not much to be praiſed, lie down to ſleep and riſe up to trifle, are employed every morning in finding expedients to rid themſelves of the day, chaſe pleaſure through all the places of public reſort, fly from London to Bath and from Bath to London, without any other reaſon for changing place, but that they

go in queſt of company as idle and as vagrant as themſelves, always endeavouring to raiſe ſome new deſire that they may have ſomething to purſue, to rekindle ſome hope which they know will be diſappointed, changing one amuſement for another which a few months will make equally inſipid, or ſinking into langnor and diſeaſe for want of ſomething to actuate their bodies or exhilarate their minds.

WHOEVER has frequented thoſe places, where idlers aſſemble to eſcape from ſolitude, knows that this is generally the ſtate of the wealthy; and from this ſtate it is no great hardſhip to be debarred. No man can be happy in total idleneſs: he that ſhould be condemned to lie torpid and motionleſs, "would fly for recreation," ſays SOUTH, "to the mines and the gallies;" and it is well, when nature or fortune find employment for thoſe, who would not have known how to procure it for themſelves.

HE, whoſe mind is engaged by the acquiſition or improvement of a fortune, not only eſcapes the inſipidity of indifference, and the tedioufneſs of inactivity, but gains enjoyments wholly unknown to thoſe, who live lazily on the toil of others; for life affords no higher pleaſure, than that of ſurmounting difficulties, paſſing from one ſtep of ſucceſs to another, forming new wiſhes and ſeeing them gratified. He that labours in any great or laudable undertaking, has his fatigues firſt ſupported by hope, and afterwards rewarded by joy; he is always moving to a certain end, and when he has attained it, an end more diſtant invites him to a new purſuit.

IT does not, indeed, always happen, that diligence is fortunate: the wiſeſt ſchemes are broken by unexpected accidents; the moſt conſtant preſeverance ſometimes toils through life without a recompence; but labour, though unſucceſsful, is more eligible than idleneſs: he that proſecutes a lawful purpoſe by lawful means, acts always with the approbation of his own reaſon; he is animated through the courſe of his endeavours by an expectation which, though not certain, he knows to be juſt; and is at laſt comforted in his diſappointment, by the conſciouſneſs that he has not failed by his own fault.

THAT

THAT kind of life is moſt happy which affords us moſt opportunities of gaining our own eſteem; and what can any man infer in his own favour from a condition to which, however proſperous, he contributed nothing, and which the vileſt and weakeſt of the ſpecies would have obtained by the ſame right, had he happened to be the ſon of the ſame father.

To ſtrive with difficulties, and to conquer them, is the higheſt human felicity; the next, is to ſtrive, and deſerve to conquer: but he whoſe life has paſſed without a conteſt, and who can boaſt neither ſucceſs nor merit, can ſurvey himſelf only as a uſeleſs filler of exiſtence; and if he is content with his own character, muſt owe his ſatisfaction to inſenſibility.

THUS it appears that the ſatyriſt adviſed rightly, when he directed us to reſign ourſelves to the hands of HEAVEN, and to leave to ſuperior powers the determination of our lot:

Permittes ipſis expendere Numinibus, quid
Conveniat nobis, rebusque ſit utile noſtris:
Carior eſt illis homo quam ſibi.

Intruſt thy fortune to the power's above:
Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
What their unerring wiſdom ſees thee want.
In goodneſs as in greatneſs they excell,
Ah! that we lov'd ourſelves but half ſo well.

DRYDEN.

WHAT ſtate of life admits moſt happineſs is uncertain; but that uncertainty ought to repreſs the petulance of compariſon, and ſilence the murmurs of diſcontent.

Danger of Relapſe after Purpoſes of Amendment.

[Advent. N° 130]

IT was ſaid by RALEIGH, when ſome of his friends lamented his confinement under a ſentence of death, which he knew not how ſoon he might ſuffer, "that "the world itſelf was only a larger priſon, out of which "ſome were every day ſelected for execution." That there is a time when every man is ſtruck with a ſenſe of this awful truth, I do not doubt; and, perhaps, a haſty ſpeculatiſt would conclude, that its influence would be ſtronger in proportion as it more frequently occurred: but upon every mind that is become familiar with calamity, calamity loſes its force; and miſery grows leſs by its continuance, becauſe thoſe who have long ſuffered loſe their ſenſibility.

IF he, who lies down at night in the vigour and health of five and twenty, ſhould riſe in the morning with the infirmities of four-ſcore, it is not improbable that he would ſink under a ſenſe of his condition; regret of enjoyments which could never return, would preclude all that remained; and the laſt mournful effects of decay would be haſtened and aggravated by anticipation. But thoſe who have been enfeebled by degrees, who have been ſhaken ten years by the palſey, or crippled by the gout, frequently totter about upon their crutches with an air of waggiſh jocularity, are always ready to entertain their company with a jeſt, meet their acquaintance with a toothleſs grin, and are the firſt to toaſt a young beauty when they can ſcarce lift the glaſs to their lips. Even criminals, who knew that in the morning they were to die, have often ſlept in the night; though very few of thoſe who have been committed for a capital offence, which they knew would be eaſily proved, have ſlept the firſt night after they were confined. Danger ſo ſudden and ſo imminent, alarms, confounds and terrifies; but after a time ſtupor ſupplies the want

of

of fortitude; and as the evil approaches, it is in effect leſs terrible, except in the moment when it arrives; and then, indeed, it is common to lament that inſenſibility, which before perhaps was voluntarily increaſed by drunkenneſs or diſſipation, by ſolitary intemperance or tumultuous company.

THERE is ſome reaſon to believe, that this "power "of the world to come," as it is expreſſed in the ſublimity of Eaſtern metaphor, is generally felt at the ſame age. Te dread of death has ſeldom been found to intrude upon the chearfulneſs, ſimplicity and innocence of children; they gaze at a funeral proceſſion with as much vacant curioſity as at any other ſhew, and ſee the world change before them without the leaſt ſenſe of their own ſhare in the viciſſitude. In youth, when all the appetites are ſtrong, and every gratification is heightened by novelty, the mind reſiſts mournful impreſſions with a kind of elaſtic power, by which the ſignature that is forced upon it is immediately effaced: when this tumult firſt ſubſides, while the attachment to life is yet ſtrong, and the mind begins to look forward, and concert meaſures by which thoſe enjoyments may be ſecured which it is ſollicitous to keep, or others obtained to atone for the diſappointments that are paſt, then death ſtarts up like a ſpectre in all his terrors, the blood is chilled at his appearance, he is perceived to approach with a conſtant and irreſiſtible pace, retreat is impoſſible, and reſiſtance is vain.

THE terror and anguiſh which this image produces whenever it firſt ruſhes upon the mind, are always complicated with a ſenſe of guilt and remorſe; and generally produce ſome haſty and zealous purpoſes of more uniform virtue and more ardent devotion, of ſomething that may ſecure us, not only from the worm that never dies and the fire that is not quenched, but from total mortality, and admit hope to the regions beyond the grave.

THIS purpoſe is ſeldom wholly relinquiſhed, though it is not always executed with vigour and perſeverance; the reflection which produced it often recurs, but it ſtill recurs with leſs force; deſire of immediate pleaſure be-

comes predominant; appetite is no longer reſtrained; and either all attempts to ſecure future happineſs are deferred "to a more convenient ſeaſons," or ſome expedients are ſought to render ſenſuality and virtue compatible, and to obtain every object of hope without leſſening the treaſures of poſſeſſion. Thus vice naturally becomes the diſciple of infidelity; and the wretch who dares not aſpire to the heroic virtue of a CHRISTIAN, liſtens with eagerneſs to every objection againſt the authority of that law by which he is condemned, and labours in vain to eſtabliſh another that will acquit him; he forms many arguments to juſtify natural deſires; he learns at length to impoſe upon himſelf, and aſſents to principles which yet in his heart he does not believe; he thinks himſelf convinced, that virtue muſt be happineſs, and then dreams that happineſs is virtue.

THESE frauds, though they would have been impoſſible in the hour of conviction and terror: are yet practiſed with great eaſe when it is paſt, and contribute very much to prevent its return. It is, indeed, ſcarce poſſible, that it ſhould return with the ſame force, becauſe the power of novelty is neceſſarily exhauſted in the firſt onſet. Some incidents, however, there are, which renew the terror; and they ſeldom fail to renew the purpoſe: upon the death of a friend, a parent, or a wife, the comforts and the confidence of ſophiſtry are at an end; the moment that ſuſpends the influence of temptation, reſtores the power of conſcience, and at once rectifies the underſtanding. He, who has been labouring to explain away thoſe duties which he had not fortitude to practiſe, then ſees the vanity of the attempt; he regrets the time that is paſt, and reſolves to improve that which remains; but if the firſt purpoſe of reformation has been ineffectual, the ſecond is ſeldom executed; as the ſenſe of danger by which it is produced is not ſo ſtrong, the motive is leſs; and as the power of appetite is increaſed by habitual gratification, the oppoſition is more; the new conviction wears off; the duties are again neglected as unneceſſary which are found to be unpleaſant; the lethargy of the ſoul returns, and as the danger increaſes ſhe becomes leſs ſuſceptible of fear.

THUS

THUS the dreadful condition of him, "who looks "back after having put his hand to the plough," may be reſolved into natural cauſes; and it may be affirmed, upon mere philoſophical principles, that there is a call which is repeated no more, and an apoſtacy from which it is extremely difficult to return.

LET thoſe who ſtill delay that which yet they believe to be of eternal moment, remember, that their motives to effect it will ſtill grow weaker, and the difficulty of the work perpetually increaſe; to neglect it now, therefore, is a pledge that it will be neglected for ever: and if they are rouzed by this thought, let them inſtantly improve its influence; for even this thought when it returns, will return with leſs power, and though it ſhould rouze them now will perhaps rouze them no more. But let them not confide in ſuch virtue as can be practiſed without a ſtruggle, and which interdicts the gratification of no paſſion but malice; nor adopt principles which could never be believed at the only time when they could be uſeful; like arguments which men ſometimes form when they ſlumber, and the moment they awake diſcover to be abſurd.

LET thoſe who in the anguiſh of an awakened mind have regretted the paſt, and reſolved to redeem it in the future, perſiſt invariably to do whatever they then wiſhed to have done. Let this be eſtabliſhed as a conſtant rule of action, and oppoſed to all the cavils of ſophiſtry and ſenſe; for this wiſh will inevitably return when it muſt for ever be ineffectual, at that awful moment, when "the ſhadow of death ſhall be ſtretched "over them, and that night commence in which no "man can work."

On the Antiquity of Fables, with the Fable of Pleasure and Pain. [Spect. N° 183.]

FABLES were the first pieces of wit that made their appearance in the world, and have been still highly valued not only in times of the greatest simplicity, but among the polite ages of mankind. *Jotham's* fable of the trees is the oldest that is extant, and as beautiful as any which have been made since that time. *Nathan's* fable of the poor man and his lamb is likewise more antient than any that is extant, beside the above-mentioned, and had so good an effect, as to convey instruction to the ear of a king without offending it, and to bring the man after God's own heart to a right sense of his guilt and his duty. We find *Æsop* in the most distant ages of *Greece:* and if we look into the very beginnings of the commonwealth of *Rome*, we see a mutiny among the common people appeased by a fable of the belly and the limbs, which was indeed very proper to gain the attention of an incensed rabble, at a time when, perhaps, they would have torn to pieces any man who had preached the same doctrine to them in an open and direct manner. As fables took their birth in the very infancy of learning, they never flourished more than when learning was at its greatest height. To justify this assertion, I shall put my reader in mind of *Horace*, the greatest wit and critic in the *Augustan* age; and of *Boileau*, the most correct poet among the moderns: not to mention *La Fontaine*, who, by this way of writing, is come more into vogue than any other author of our times.

THE fables I have here mentioned are raised altogether upon brutes and vegetables, with some of our own species mixt among them, when the moral hath so required. But besides this kind of fable, there is another in which the actors are passions, virtues, vices, and other imaginary persons of the like nature. Some of the antient critics will have it, that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of *Homer* are fables of this nature; and that

the ſeveral names of gods and heroes are nothing elſe but the affections of the mind in a viſible ſhape and character. Thus they tell us, that *Achilles*, in the firſt Iliad, repreſents anger, or the iraſcible part of human nature; that upon drawing his ſword againſt his ſuperior in a full aſſembly, *Pallas* is only another name for reaſon, which checks and adviſes him upon that occaſion; and at her firſt appearance touches him upon the head, that part of the man being looked upon as the ſeat of reaſon. And thus of the reſt of the poem. As for the *Odyſſey*, I think it is plain that *Horace* conſidered it as one of theſe allegorical fables, by the moral which he has given us of ſeveral parts of it. The greateſt *Italian* wits have applied themſelves to the writing of this latter kind of fables: as *Spenſer's Fairy-Queen* is one continued ſeries of them from the beginning to the end of that admirable work. If we look into the fineſt proſe authors of antiquity, ſuch as *Cicero*, *Plato*, *Xenophon*, and many others, we ſhall find that this was likewiſe their favourite kind of fable. I ſhall only farther obſerve upon it, that the firſt of this ſort that made any conſiderable figure in the world, was that of *Hercules* meeting with Pleaſure and Virtue; which was invented by *Prodicus*, who lived before *Socrates*, and in the firſt dawnings of philoſophy. He uſed to travel through *Greece* by the virtue of this fable, which procured him a kind reception in all the market towns, where he never failed telling it as ſoon as he had gathered an audience about him.

AFTER this ſhort preface, which I have made up of ſuch materials as my memory does at preſent ſuggeſt to me, before I preſent my reader with a fable of this kind, which I deſign as the entertainment of the preſent paper, I muſt, in a few words, open the occaſion of it.

IN the account which *Plato* gives us of the converſation and behaviour of *Socrates*, the morning he was to die, he tells the following circumſtance.

WHEN *Socrates* his fetters were knocked off (as was uſual to be done on the day that the condemned perſon was to be executed) being ſeated in the midſt of his diſciples, and laying one of his legs over the other.

in a very unconcerned poſture, he began to rub it where it had been galled by the iron; and whether it was to ſhew the indifference with which he entertained the thoughts of his approaching death, or, after his uſual manner, to take every occaſion of philoſophizing upon ſome uſeful ſubject, he obſerved the pleaſure of that ſenſation which now aroſe in thoſe very parts of his leg, that juſt before had been ſo much pained by the fetter. Upon this he reflected on the nature of pleaſure and pain in general, and how conſtantly they ſucceed one another. To this he added, that if a man of a good genius for a fable were to repreſent the nature of pleaſure and pain in that way of writing, he would probably join them together after ſuch a manner, that it would be impoſſible for the one to come into any place without being followed by the other.

IT is poſſible, that if *Plato* had thonght it proper at ſuch a time to deſcribe *Socrates* launching out into a diſcourſe which was not of a piece with the buſineſs of the day, he would have enlarged upon this hint, and have drawn it out into ſome beautiful allegory or fable. But ſince he has not done it, I ſhall attempt to write one myſelf in the ſpirit of that divine author.

THERE were two families which, from the beginning of the world, were as oppoſite to each other as light and darkneſs. The one of them lived in heaven, the other in hell. The youngeſt deſcendent of the firſt family was Pleaſure, who was the daughter of Happineſs, who was the child of Virtue, who was the offspring of the gods. Theſe, as I ſaid before, had their habitation in heaven. The youngeſt of the oppoſite family was Pain, who was the ſon of Miſery, who was the child of Vice, who was the offſpring of the furies. The habitation of this race of beings was in hell.

THE middle ſtation of nature between theſe two oppoſite extremes was the earth, which was inhabited by creatures of a middle kind, neither ſo virtuous as the one, nor ſo vicious as the other, but partaking of the good and bad qualities of theſe two oppoſite families. Jupiter conſidering that this ſpecies, commonly called man, was too virtuous

to

to be miſerable, and too vicious to be happy; that he might make a diſtinction between the good and the bad, ordered the two youngeſt of the above mentioned families, Pleaſure, who was the daughter of Happineſs, and Pain, who was the ſon of Miſery, to meet one another upon this part of nature which lay in the half-way between them, having promiſed to ſettle it upon them both, provided they could agree upon the diviſion of it, ſo as to ſhare mankind between them.

PLEASURE and Pain were no ſooner met in their new habitation, but they immediately agreed upon this point, that Pleaſure ſhould take poſſeſſion of the virtuous, and Pain of the vicious part of that ſpecies which was given up to them. But upon examining to which of them any individual they met with belonged, they found each of them had a right to him; for that, contrary to what they had ſeen, in their old places of reſidence, there was no perſon ſo vicious who had not ſome good in him, or any perſon ſo virtuous who had not in him ſome evil. The truth of it is, they generally found upon ſearch, that in the moſt vicious man Pleaſure might lay a claim to an hundredth part, and that in the moſt virtuous man pain might come in for at leaſt two thirds. This they ſaw would occaſion endleſs diſputes between them, unleſs they could come to ſome accommodation. To this end there was a marriage propoſed between them, and at length concluded: by this means it is that we find Pleaſure and Pain are ſuch conſtant yoke fellows, and that they either make their viſits together, or are never far aſunder. If Pain comes into a heart, he is quickly followed by Pleaſure; and if Pleaſure enter, you may be ſure Pain is not far off.

BUT notwithſtanding this marriage was very convenient for the two parties, it did not ſeem to anſwer the intention of Jupiter in ſending them among mankind. To remedy therefore this inconvenience, it was ſtipulated between them by article, and confirmed by the conſent of each family, that notwithſtanding they here poſſeſſed the ſpecies indifferently; upon the death of every ſingle perſon, if he was found to have in him a certain proportion of evil, he ſhould be diſpatched into the infernal regions by a paſſport from Pain, there to dwell with miſery, vice, and the furies:

Or

Or on the contrary, if he had in him a certain proportion of good, he ſhould be diſpatched into heaven by a paſſport from Pleaſure, there to dwell with happineſs, virtue, and the gods.

The purſuit of Knowledge recommended to Youth.

[Guard. N° 111.]

I AM very much concerned when I ſee young gentlemen of fortune and quality ſo wholly ſet upon pleaſures and diverſions, that they neglect all thoſe Improvements in wiſdom and knowledge which may make them eaſy to themſelves and uſeful to the world. The greateſt part of our Britiſh youth loſe their figure and grow out of faſhion by that time they are five and twenty. As ſoon as the natural gaiety and amiableneſs of the young man wears off, they have nothing left to recommend them, but *lie by* the reſt of their lives among the lumber and refuſe of the ſpecies. It ſometimes happens indeed, that for want of applying themſelves in due time to the purſuits of knowledge, they take up a book in their declining years, and grow very hopeful ſcholars by that time they are threeſcore. I muſt therefore earneſtly preſs my readers, who are in the flower of their youth, to labour at thoſe accompliſhments which may ſet off their perſons when their bloom is gone, and to *lay in* timely proviſions for manhood and old age. In ſhort, I would adviſe the youth of fifteen to be dreſſing up every day the man of fifty or to conſider how to make himſelf venerable at threeſcore.

YOUNG men, who are naturally ambitious, would do well to obſerve how the greateſt men of antiquity made it their ambition to excell all their contemporaries in knowledge. Julius Cæſar and Alexander, the moſt celebrated inſtances of human greatneſs, took a particular care to diſtinguiſh themſelves by their ſkill in the arts aud ſciences. We have ſtill extant ſeveral remains

of the former, which juſtify the character given of him by the learned men of his own age. As for the latter, it is a known ſaying of his, that he was more obliged to Ariſtotle who had inſtructed him, than to Philip who had given him life and empire. There is a letter of his recorded by Plutarch and Aulus Gellius, which he wrote to Ariſtotle upon hearing that he had publiſhed thoſe lectures he had given him in private. This letter was written in the following words at a time when he was in the height of his Perſian conqueſts.

ALEXANDER to ARISTOTLE, greeting.

'YOU have not done well to publiſh your books of ſelect knowledge; for what is there now in 'which I can ſurpaſs others, if thoſe things which I 'have been inſtructed in are communicated to every bo- 'dy? For my own part I declare to you, I would rather 'excell others in knowledge than power. Farewel.'

WE ſee by this letter, that the love of conqueſt was but the ſecond ambition in Alexander's ſoul. Knowledge is indeed that which, next to virtue, truly and eſſentially raiſes one man above another. It finiſhes one half of the human ſoul. It makes being pleaſant to us, fills the mind with entertaining views, and adminiſters to it a perpetual ſeries of gratifications. It gives eaſe to ſolitude, and gracefulneſs to retirement. It fills a publick ſtation with ſuitable abilities, and adds a luſtre to thoſe who are in poſſeſſion of them.

LEARNING, by which I mean all uſeful knowledge, whether ſpeculative or practical, is in popular and mixt governments the natural ſource of wealth and honour. If we look into moſt of the reigns from the conqueſt, we ſhall find that the favourites of each reign have been thoſe who have raiſed themſelves. The greateſt men are generally the growth of that particular age in which they flouriſh. A ſuperior capacity for buſineſs, and a more extenſive knowledge, are the ſteps by which a new man often mounts to favour, and outſhines the reſt of his contemporaries. But when men are

actually

actually born to titles, it is almoſt impoſſible that they ſhould fail of receiving an additional greatneſs, if they take care to accompliſh themſelves for it.

THE ſtory of Solomon's choice does not only inſtruct us in that point of hiſtory, but furniſhes out a very fine moral to us, namely, that he who applies his heart to wiſdom, does at the ſame time take the moſt proper method for gaining long life, riches, and reputation, which are very often not only the rewards, but the effects of wiſdom.

AS it is very ſuitable to my preſent ſubject, I ſhall firſt of all quote this paſſage in the words of ſacred writ, and afterwards mention an allegory, in which this whole paſſage is repreſented by a famous French poet: not queſtioning but it will be very pleaſing to ſuch of my readers as have a taſte of fine writing.

"IN Gibeon the Lord appeared to Solomon in a "dream by night: and God ſaid, Aſk what I ſhall give "thee. And Solomon ſaid, Thou haſt ſhewed unto thy "ſervant David my father great mercy, according as "he walked before thee in truth and in righteouſneſs, "and in uprightneſs of heart with thee, and thou haſt "kept for him this great kindneſs, that thou haſt given "him a ſon to ſit on his throne, as it is this day. "And now, O Lord my God, thou haſt made thy ſer-"vant king inſtead of David my father: and I am but "a little child: I know not how to go out or come in. "Give therefore thy ſervant an underſtanding heart to "judge thy people, that I may diſcern between good "and bad: for who is able to judge this thy ſo great a "people? And the ſpeech pleaſed the Lord, that So-"lomon had aſked this thing. And God ſaid unto him, "Becauſe thou haſt aſked this thing, and haſt not aſked "for thyſelf long life, neither haſt aſked riches for "thyſelf, nor haſt aſked the life of thine enemies, but "has aſked for thyſelf, underſtanding to diſcern judg-"ment: Behold I have done according to thy words: "lo I have given thee a wiſe and underſtanding heart, "ſo that there was none like thee before thee, neither "after thee ſhall any ariſe like unto thee. And I have "alſo given thee that which thou haſt not aſked, both

"riches

" riches and honour, ſo that there ſhall not be any
" among the kings like unto thee all thy days. And if
" thou wilt walk in my ways, to keep my ſtatutes and
" my commandments, as thy father David did walk,
" then I will lengthen thy days. And Solomon awoke,
" and behold, it was a Dream." —

THE French poet has ſhadowed this ſtory in an allegory, of which he ſeems to have taken the hint from the fable of the three goddeſſes appearing to Paris, or rather from the viſion of Hercules, recorded by Xenophon, where Pleaſure and Virtue are repreſented as real perſons making their court to the hero with all their ſeveral charms and allurements. Health, Wealth, Victory and Honour are introduced ſucceſſively in their proper emblems and characters, each of them ſpreading her temptations, and recommending herſelf to the young monarch's choice. Wiſdom enters the laſt, and ſo captivates him with her appearance, that he gives himſelf up to her. Upon which ſhe informs him, that thoſe who appeared before her were nothing elſe but her equipage, and that ſince he had placed his heart upon wiſdom, Health, Wealth, Victory and Honour ſhould always wait on her as her handmaids

The Importance of Punctuality.

[Rambler. N° 201.]

IT is obſerved in the writings of *Boyle*, that the excellency of manufactures, and facility of labour, would be much promoted, if the various expedients and contrivances which lie concealed in private hands, were by reciprocal communications made generally known; for there are few operations that are not performed by one or other with ſome peculiar advantages, which though ſingly of little importance, would by conjunction and concurrence open new inlets to knowledge, and give new powers to diligence.

THERE

THERE are in like manner ſeveral moral excellencies diſtributed among the various claſſes of mankind, which he that converſes in the world ſhould endeavour to aſſemble in himſelf. It was ſaid by the learned *Cujacius*, that he never read more than one book, by which he was not inſtructed; and he that ſhall enquire after virtue with ardour and attention, will ſeldom find a man by whoſe example or ſentiments he may not be improved.

EVERY profeſſion has ſome eſſential aud appropriate Virtue, without which there can be no hope of honour or ſucceſs, and which as it is more or leſs cultivated, confers within its ſphere of activity different degrees of merit and reputation. As the aſtrologers range the ſubdiviſions of mankind under the planets which they ſuppoſe to influence their lives, the moraliſt may diſtribute them according to the virtues which they neceſſarily practiſe, and conſider them as diſtinguiſhed by prudence or fortitude, diligence or patience.

SO much are the modes of excellence ſettled by time and place, that men may be heard boaſting io one ſtreet of that which they would anxiouſly conceal in another. The grounds of ſcorn and eſteem, tho topicks of praiſe and ſatire are varied according to the ſeveral virtues or vices which the courſe of our lives has diſpoſed us to admire or abhor; but he who is ſolicitous for his own improvement, muſt not ſuffer his endeavours to be limited by local reputation, but ſelect from every tribe of mortals their characteriſtical virtues, and conſtellate in himſelf the ſcattered graces which ſhine ſingle in other men.

THE chief praiſe to which a trader generally aſpires is that of punctuality, or an exact and rigorous obſervance of commercial promiſes and engagements; nor is there any vice of which he ſo much dreads the imputation, as of negligence and inſtability. This is a quality which the intereſt of mankind requires to be diffuſed through all the ranks of life, but which, however uſeful and valuable, many ſeem content to want; it is conſidered as a vulgar and ignoble virtue, below the ambition of greatneſs or attention of wit, ſcarcely

requiſite

requiſite among men of gaiety and ſpirit, and ſold at its higheſt rate when it is ſacrificed to a frolick or a jeſt.

EVERY man has dayly occaſion to remark what vexations and inconveniences ariſe from this privilege of deceiving one another. The active and vivacious have ſo long diſdained the reſtraints of truth, that promiſes and appointments have loſt their cogency, and both parties neglect their ſtipulations, becauſe each concludes that they will be broken by the other.

NEGLIGENCE is firſt admitted in trivial affairs, and ſtrengthened by petty indulgencies. He that is not yet hardened by cuſtom ventures not on the violation of important engagements, but thinks himſelf bound by his word in caſes of property or danger, though he allows himſelf to forget at what time he is to meet ladies in the park, or at what tavern his friends are expecting him.

THIS laxity of honour would be more tolerable if it could be reſtrained to the play-houſe, the ball-room, or the card-table; yet even there it is ſufficiently troubleſome, and darkens thoſe moments with expectation, ſuſpenſe, uncertainty, and reſentment, which are ſet aſide for the ſofter pleaſures of life, and from which we naturally hope for unmingled enjoyment, and total relaxation. But he that ſuffers the ſlighteſt breach in his morality, can ſeldom tell what ſhall enter it, or how wide it ſhall be made; when a paſſage is opened, the influx of corruption is every moment wearing down oppoſition, and by ſlow degrees deluges the heart.

ALIGER entered the world a youth of lively imagination, extenſive views, and untained principles. His curioſity incited him to range from place to place, and try all the varieties of conuerſation; his elegance of addreſs and fertility of ideas, gained him friends whereever he appeared; or at leaſt he found the general kindneſs of reception always ſhown to a young man whoſe birth and fortune give him a claim to notice, and who has neither by vice or folly deſtroyed his privileges. *Aliger* was pleaſed with this general ſmile of mankind, and being naturally gentle and flexible was induſtrious to preſerve it by compliance and officiouſneſs, but did

not ſuffer his deſire of pleaſing to vitiate his integrity. It was his eſtabliſhed maxim, that a promiſe is never to be broken; nor was it without long reluctance that he once ſuffered himſelf to be drawn away from a feſtal engagement by the importunity of another company.

He ſpent the evening, as is uſual in the rudiments of vice, with perturbation and imperfect enjoyment, and met his diſappointed friends in the morning, with confuſion and excuſes. His companions not accuſtomed to ſuch ſcrupulous anxiety, laughed at his uneaſineſs, compounded the offence for a bottle, gave him courage to break his word again, and again levied the penalty. He ventured the ſame experiment upon another ſociety, and found them equally ready to conſider it as a venial fault, always incident to a man of quickneſs and gaiety; till by degrees, he began to think himſelf at liberty to follow the laſt invitation, and was no longer ſhocked at the turpitude of falſhood. He made no difficulty to promiſe his preſence at diſtant places, and if liſtleſſneſs happened to creep upon him, would ſit at home with great tranquility, and has often, while he ſunk to ſleep in a chair, held ten tables in continual expectations of his entrance.

He found it ſo pleaſant to live in perpetual vacancy, that he ſoon diſmiſſed his attention as an uſeleſs incumbrance, and reſigned himſelf to careleſſneſs and diſſipation, without any regard to the future or the paſt, or any other motive of action than the impulſe of a ſudden deſire, or the attraction of immediate pleaſure. The abſent were immediately forgotten, and the hopes or fears of others, had no influence upon his conduct. He was in ſpeculation compleatly juſt, but never kept his promiſe to a creditor; he was benevolent, but alwais deceived thoſe friends whom he undertook to patronize or aſſiſt; he was prudent, but ſuffered his affairs to be embarraſſed for want of ſettling his accounts at ſtated times. He courted a young lady, and when the ſettlements were drawn, took a ramble into the country on the day appointed to ſign them. He reſolved to travel, and ſent his cheſts on ſhipboard, but delayed to follow them till he loſt his paſſage. He was ſummoned

moned as an evidence in a cauſe of great importance, and loitered in the way till the trial was paſt. It is ſaid, that when he had with great expence formed an intereſt in a borough, his opponent contrived by ſome agents, who knew his temper, to lure him away on the day of election.

HIS benevolence draws him into the commiſſion of a thouſand crimes, which others leſs kind or civil, would eſcape. His courteſy invites application, his promiſes produce dependence; he has his pockets filled with petitions, which he intends ſome time to deliver and enforce, and his table covered with letters of requeſt, with which he purpoſes to comply; but time ſlips imperceptibly away, while he is either idle or buſy; his friends loſe their opportunities, and charge upon him their miſcarriages and calamities.

THIS character however contemptible, is not peculiar to *Aliger*. They whoſe activity of imagination is often ſhifting the ſcenes of expectation, are frequently ſubject to ſuch ſallies of caprice as make all their actions fortuitous, deſtroy the value of their friendſhip, obſtruct the efficacy of their virtues, and ſet them below the meaneſt of thoſe that perſiſt in their reſolutions, execute what they deſign, and perform what they have promiſed.

The great Benefit of bodily Exerciſe.

[Spect. N° 115.]

BODILY labour is of two kinds, either that which a man ſubmits to for his livelihood, or that which he undergoes for his pleaſure. The latter of them generally changes the name of labour for that of exerciſe, but differs only from ordinary labour as it riſes from another motive.

A COUNTRY life abounds in both theſe kinds of labour, and for that reaſon gives a man a greater ſtock of health, and conſequently a more perfect enjoyment

of himſelf, than any other way of life. I conſider the body as a ſyſtem of tubes and glands, or to uſe a more ruſtic phraſe, a bundle of pipes and ſtrainers, fitted to one another after ſo wonderful a manner as to make a proper engine for the ſoul to work with. This deſcription does not only comprehend the bowels, bones, tendons, veins, nerves, and arteries, but every muſcle and every ligature, which is a compoſition of fibres, that are ſo many imperceptible tubes or pipes interwoven on all ſides with inviſible glands or ſtrainers.

THIS general idea of a human body, without conſidering it in its niceties of anatomy, let us ſee how abſolutely neceſſary labour is for the right preſervation of it. There muſt be frequent motions and agitations, to mix, digeſt, and ſeparate the juices contained in it, as well as to clear and cleanſe that infinitude of pipes and ſtrainers of which it is compoſed, and to give their ſolid parts a more firm and laſting tone. Labour or exerciſe ferments the humours, caſts them into their proper channels, throws off redundancies, and helps nature in thoſe ſecret diſtributions, without which the body cannot ſubſiſt in its vigour, nor the ſoul act with chearfulneſs.

I MIGHT here mention the effects which this has upon all the faculties of the mind, by keeping the underſtanding clear, the imagination untroubled, and refining thoſe ſpirits that are neceſſary for the proper exertion of our intellectual faculties, during the preſent laws of union between ſoul and body. It is to a neglect in this particular that we muſt aſcribe the ſpleen, which is ſo frequent in men of ſtudious and ſedentary tempers, as well as the vapours to which thoſe of the other ſex are ſo often ſubject.

HAT not exerciſe been abſolutely neceſſary for our well-being, nature would not have made the body ſo proper for it, by giving ſuch an activity to the limbs, and ſuch a pliancy to every part, as neceſſarily produce thoſe compreſſions, extenſions, contortions, dilatations, and all other kinds of motions that are neceſſary for the preſervation of ſuch a ſyſtem of tubes and glands as has been before mentioned. And that we might

not

not want inducements to engage us in ſuch an exerciſe of the body as is proper for its welfare, it is ſo ordered, that nothing valuable can be procured without it. Not to mention riches and honour, even food and raiment are not to be come at without the toil of the hands and ſweat of the brows. Providence furniſhes materials, but expects that we ſhould work them up ourſelves. The earth muſt be laboured before it gives its increaſe, and when it is forced into its ſeveral products, how many hands muſt they paſs through before they are fit for uſe? Manufactures, trade, and agriculture, naturally employ more than nineteen parts of the ſpecies in twenty; and as for thoſe who are not obliged to labour, by the condition in which they are born, they are more miſerable than the reſt of mankind, unleſs they indulge themſelves in that voluntary labour which goes by the name of exerciſe.

My friend Sir *Roger* has been an indefatigable man in buſineſs of this kind, and has hung ſeveral parts of his houſe with the trophies of his former labours. The walls of his great hall are covered with the horns of ſeveral kinds of deer that he has killed in the chace, which he thinks the moſt valuable furniture of his houſe, as they afford him frequent topics of diſcourſe, and ſhew that he has not been idle. At the lower end of the hall, is a large otter's ſkin ſtuffed with hay, which his mother ordered to be hung up in that manner, and the knight looks upon with great ſatisfaction, becauſe it ſeems he was but nine years old when his dog killed him. A little room adjoining to the hall is a kind of arſenal filled with guns of ſeveral ſizes and inventions, with which the knight has made great havock in the woods, and deſtroyed many thouſands of pheaſants, partridges, and woodcocks. His ſtable-doors are patched with noſes that belonged to foxes of the knight's own hunting down. Sir *Roger* ſhewed me one of them that, for diſtinction ſake, has a braſs nail ſtruck through it, which coſt him about fifteen hours riding, carried him through half a dozen counties, killed him a brace of geldings, and loſt above half his dogs. This the knight looks upon as one of

the greateſt exploits of his life. The perverſe widow, whom I have given ſome account of, was the death of ſeveral foxes; for Sir *Roger* has told me, that in the courſe of his amours he patched the weſtern door of his ſtable. Whenever the widow was cruel, the foxes were ſure to pay for it. In proportion as his paſſion for the widow abated, and old age came on, he left off fox-hunting; but a hare is not yet ſafe that ſits within ten miles of his houſe.

THERE is no kind of exerciſe which I would ſo recommend to my readers of both ſexes as this of riding, as there is none which ſo much conduces to health, and is every way accommodated to the body, according to the idea which I have given of it. Doctor *Sydenham* is very laviſh in its praiſes; and if the *Engliſh* reader will ſee the mechanical effects of it deſcribed at length, he may find them in a book publiſhed not many years ſince, under the title of *Medicina Gymnaſtica*. For my own part, when I am in town, for want of theſe opportunities, I exerciſe myſelf an hour every morning upon a dumb bell that is placed in a corner of my room, and pleaſes me the more becauſe it does every thing I require in the moſt profound ſilence. My landlady and her daughters are ſo well acquainted with my hours of exerciſe, that they never come into my room to diſturb me whilſt I am ringing.

WHEN I was ſome years younger than I am at preſent, I uſed to employ myſelf in a more laborious diverſion, which I learned from a *Latin* treatiſe of exerciſes, that is written with great erudition: it is there called the σκιομαχία, or the fighting with a man's own ſhadow, and conſiſts in the brandiſhing of two ſhort ſticks graſped in each hand, and loaded with plugs of lead at either end. This opens the cheſt, exerciſes the limbs, and gives a man all the pleaſure of boxing, without the blows. I could wiſh that ſeveral learned men would lay out that time which they employ in controverſies and diſputes about nothing, in *this method* of fighting with their own ſhadows. It might conduce very much to evaporate the ſpleen, which makes them uneaſy to the public as well as to themſelves.

To

To conclude, As I am a compound of ſoul and body, I conſider myſelf as obliged to a double ſcheme of duties; and think I have not fulfilled the buſineſs of the day when I do not thus employ the one in labour and exerciſe, as well as the other in ſtudy and contemplation.

Temperance the beſt Preſervative of Health.

[Spect. N° 195.]

THERE is a ſtory in the *Arabian Nights Tales*, of a king who had long languiſhed under an ill habit of body, and had taken abundance of remedies to no purpoſe. At length, ſays the fable, a phyſician cured him by the following method: he took an hollow ball of wood, and filled it with ſeveral drugs; after which he cloſed it up ſo artificially that nothing appeared. He likeways took a mall, and after having hollowed the handle, and that part which ſtrikes the ball, he incloſed in them ſeveral drugs after the ſame manner as in the ball itſelf. He then ordered the ſultan, who was his patient, to exerciſe himſelf early in the morning with theſe rightly prepared inſtruments, till ſuch time as he ſhould ſweat: when, as the ſtory goes, the virtue of the medicaments perſpiring through the wood, had ſo good an influence on the ſultan's conſtitution, that they cured him of an indiſpoſition which all the compoſitions he had taken inwardly had not been able to remove. This eaſtern allegory is finely contrived to ſhew us how beneficial bodily labour is to health, and that exerciſe is the moſt effectual phyſic. I have deſcribed in my hundred and fifteenth paper, from the general ſtructure and mechaniſm of an human body, how abſolutely neceſſary exerciſe is for its preſervation: I ſhall in this place recommend another great preſervative of health, which in many caſes produces the ſame effects as exerciſe, and may, in ſome meaſure, ſupply its place, where opportunities of exerciſe are wanting. The

preſervative I am ſpeaking of is temperance, which has thoſe particular advantages above all other means of health, that it may be practiſed by all ranks and conditions, at any ſeaſon or in any place. It is a kind of regimen into which every man may put himſelf, without interruption to buſineſs, expence of money, or loſs of time. If exerciſe throws off all ſuperfluities, temperance prevents them; if exerciſe clears the veſſels, temperance neither ſatiates nor overſtrains them; if exerciſe raiſes proper ferments in the humours, and promotes the circulation of the blood, temperance gives nature her full play, and enables her to exert herſelf in all her force and vigour; if exerciſe diſſipates a growing diſtemper, temperance ſtarves it.

PHYSIC, for the moſt part, is nothing elſe but the ſubſtitute of exerciſe or temperance. Medicines are indeed abſolutely neceſſary in acute diſtempers, that cannot wait the ſlow operations of theſe two great inſtruments of health; but did men live in an habitual courſe of exerciſe and temperance, there would be but little occaſion for them. Accordingly we find that thoſe parts of the world are the moſt healthy, where they ſubſiſt by the chace; and that men lived longeſt when their lives were employed in hunting, and when they had little food beſides what they caught. Bliſtering, cupping, bleeding, are ſeldom of uſe but to the idle and intemperate; as all thoſe inward applications which are ſo much in practice among us, are, for the moſt part, nothing elſe but expedients to make luxury conſiſtent with health. The apothecary is perpetually employed in countermining the cook and the vintner. It is ſaid of *Diogenes*, that meeting a young man who was going to a feaſt, he took him up in the ſtreet, and carried him home to his friends, as one who was running into imminent danger, had he not prevented him. What would that philoſopher have ſaid, had he been preſent at the gluttony of a modern meal? would not he have thought the maſter of a family mad, and have begged his ſervants to tie down his hands, had he ſeen him devour fowl, fiſh, and fleſh; ſwallow oil and vinegar, wines, and ſpices; throw down ſalads of twenty different

rent herbs, ſauces of an hundred ingredients, confections and fruits of numberleſs ſweets and flavours? What unnatural motions and counter-ferments muſt ſuch a medley of intemperance produce in the body? For my part, when I behold a faſhionable table ſet out in all its magnificence, I fancy that I ſee gouts and dropſies, fevers and lethargies, with other innumerable diſtempers, lying in ambuſcade among the diſhes.

NATURE delights in the moſt plain and ſimple diet. Every animal, but man, keeps to one diſh. Herbs are the food of this ſpecies, fiſh of that, and fleſh of a third. Man falls upon every thing that comes in his way; not the ſmalleſt fruit or excreſcence of the earth, ſcarce a berry, or a muſhroom, can eſcape him.

IT is impoſſible to lay down any determinate rule for temperance, becauſe what is luxury in one may be temperance in another; but there are few that have lived any time in the world, who are not judges of their own conſtitutions, ſo far as to know what kinds and what proportions of food do beſt agree with them. Were I to conſider my readers as my patient, and to preſcribe ſuch a kind of temperance as is accommodated to all perſons, and ſuch as is particularly ſuitable to our climate and way of living, I would copy the following rules of a very eminent phyſician. Make your whole repaſt out of one diſh. If you indulge in a ſecond, avoid drinking any thing ſtrong, till you have finiſhed your meal; at the ſame time abſtain from all ſauces, or at leaſt ſuch as are not the moſt plain and ſimple. A man could not be well guilty of gluttony, if he ſtuck to theſe few obvious and eaſy rules. In the firſt caſe there would be no variety of taſtes to ſolicit his palate, and occaſion exceſs; nor in the ſecond any artificial provocatives to relieve ſatiety, and create a falſe appetite. Were I to preſcribe a rule for drinking, it ſhould be formed upon a ſaying quoted by Sir *William Temple; The firſt glaſs for myſelf, the ſecond for my friends, the third for good-humour, and the fourth for mine enemies.* But becauſe it is impoſſible for one who lives in the world to diet himſelf always in ſo philoſophical a manner, I think every man ſhould have his days of abſtinence, ac-

cording as his conſtitution will permit. Theſe are great reliefs to nature, as they qualify her for ſtruggling with hunger and thirſt, whenever any diſtemper or duty of life may put her upon ſuch difficulties; and at the ſame time give her an opportunity of extricating herſelf from her oppreſſions, and recovering the ſeveral tones and ſprings of her diſtended veſſels. Beſides that, abſtinence well timed often kills a ſickneſs in embryo, and deſtroys the firſt ſeeds of an indiſpoſition. It is obſerved by two or three antient authors, that *Socrates*, notwithſtanding he lived in *Athens* during that great plague, which has made ſo much noiſe through all ages, and has been celebrated at different times by ſuch eminent hands; I ſay, notwithſtanding that he lived in the time of this devouring peſtilence, he never caught the leaſt infection, which thoſe writers unanimouſly aſcribe to that uninterrupted temperance which he always obſerved.

AND here I cannot but mention an obſervation which I have often made, upon reading the lives of the philoſophers, and comparing them with any ſeries of kings or great men of the ſame number. If we conſider theſe antient ſages, a great part of whoſe philoſophy conſiſted in a temperate and abſtemious courſe of life, one would think the life of a philoſopher and the life of a man were of two different dates. For we find that the generality of theſe wiſe men were nearer a hundred than ſixty years of age at the time of their reſpective deaths. But the moſt remarkable inſtance of the efficacy of temperance towards the procuring of long life, is what we meet with in a little book publiſhed by *Lewis Cornaro* the *Venetian*; which I the rather mention, becauſe it is of undoubted credit, as the late *Venetian* ambaſſador, who was of the ſame family, atteſted more than once in converſation, when he reſided in *England*. *Cornaro*, who was the author of the little treatiſe I am mentioning, was of an infirm conſtitution, till about forty, when by obſtinately perſiſting in an exact courſe of temperance, he recovered a perfect ſtate of health; inſomuch that at fourſcore he publiſhed his book, which has been tranſlated into *Engliſh* under the title of *Sure and certain methods*

thods of attaining a long and healthy life. He lived to give a 3d or 4th edition of it, and after having paſſed his hundredth year, died without pain or agony, and like one who falls aſleep. The treatiſe I mention has been taken notice of by ſeveral eminent authors, and is written with ſuch ſpirit of chearfulneſs, religion and good ſenſe, as are the natural concomitants of temperance and ſobriety. The mixture of the old man in it is rather a recommendation than a diſcredit to it.

Repentance ſtated and explained.

[Rambler, N° 110.]

THAT to pleaſe the Lord and Father of the univerſe, is the ſupreme intereſt of created and dependent beings, as it is eaſily proved, has been univerſally confeſſed; and ſince all rational agents are conſcious of having neglected or violated thoſe duties which are preſcribed to them, the fear of being deſerted, rejected, or puniſhed by God, has always burdened and oppreſſed the human mind. The expiation of crimes, and renovation of the forfeited hopes of divine favour, has therefore conſtituted a large part of every religion.

THE various methods of propitiation and atonement which fear and folly have dictated, or artifice and intereſt tolerated in the different parts of the world, however they may ſometimes reproach or degrade humanity, at leaſt ſhew the general conſent of all ages and nations in their opinion of the mercy and placability of the divine nature. That God will forgive, may, indeed, be eſtabliſhed as the firſt and fundamental truth of religion; for though the knowledge of his exiſtence is the origin of philoſophy, yet, without the belief of his mercy, it would have very little influence upon our moral conduct. There could be no proſpect of enjoying the protection or regard of him, whom the leaſt deviation from rectitude made inexorable for ever; and every man would naturally withdraw his thoughts from the contem-

templation of a Creator, whom he muſt conſider as a governor too pure to be pleaſed, and too ſevere to be pacified; as an enemy infinitely wiſe, and infinitely powerful, whom he could neither deceive, eſcape, nor reſiſt.

WHERE there is no hope, there can be no endeavour. A conſtant and unfailling obedience is above the reach of terreſtrial diligence; and therefore the progreſs of life could only have been the natural deſcent of negligent deſpair from crime to crime, hat not the univerſal perſuaſion of forgiveneſs to be obtained by proper means of reconciliation recalled thoſe to the paths of virtue whom their paſſions had ſollicited aſide; and animated to new attempts, and firmer perſeverance, thoſe whom difficulty had diſcouraged, or negligence ſurprized.

IN ages and regions ſo disjoined from each other, that there can ſcarcely be imagined any communication of ſentiments either by commerce or tradition, has prevailed a general and uniform expectation of propitiating God by corporal auſterities, of anticipating his vengeance by voluntary inflictions, and appeaſing his juſtice by a ſpeedy and chearful ſubmiſſion to a leſs penalty when a greater is incurred.

INCORPORATED minds will always feel ſome inclination towards exterior acts, and ritual obſervances. Ideas not repreſented by ſenſible objects are fleeting, variable, and evaneſcent. We are not able to judge of the degree of conviction which operated at any particular time upon our own thoughts, but as it is recorded by ſome certain and definite effect. He that reviews his life in order to determine the probability of his acceptance with God, if he could once eſtabliſh the neceſſary proportion between crimes and ſufferings, might ſecurely reſt upon his performance of the expiation; but while ſafety remains the reward only of mental purity, he is always afraid leſt he ſhould decide too ſoon in his own favour; leſt he ſhould not have felt the pangs of true contrition; leſt he ſhould miſtake ſatiety for abhorrence, or imagine that his paſſions are ſubdued when they are only ſleeping.

FROM

FROM this natural and reaſonable diffidence aroſe, in humble and timorous piety, a diſpoſition to confound penance with repentance, to repoſe on human determinations, and to receive from ſome judicial ſentence the ſtated and regular aſſignment of reconciliatory pain. We are never willing to be without reſource; we ſeek in the knowledge of others a ſuccour for our own ignorance, and are ready to truſt any that will undertake to direct us when we have no confidence in ourſelves.

THIS deſire to aſcertain by ſome outward marks the ſtate of the ſoul, and this willingneſs to calm the conſcience by ſome ſettled method, have produced, as they are diverſified in their effects by various tempers and principles, moſt of the diſquiſitions and rules, the doubts and ſolutions, that have embarraſſed the doctrine of repentance, and perplexed tender and flexible minds with innumerable ſcruples concerning the neceſſary meaſures of ſorrow, and adequate degrees of ſelf-abhorrence; and theſe rules corrupted by fraud, or debaſed by credulity, have, by the common reſiliency of the mind from one extreme to another, incited others to an open contempt of all ſubſidiary ordinances, all prudential caution, and the whole diſcipline of regulated piety.

REPENTANCE, however difficult to be practiſed, is, if it be explained without ſuperſtition, eaſily underſtood. *Repentance is the relinquiſhment of any practice from the conviction that it has offended God.* Sorrow, and fear, and anxiety, are properly not parts, but adjuncts of repentance; yet they are ſo cloſely connected with it, that they cannot eaſily be ſeparated; for they not only mark its ſincerity but promote its efficacy.

NO man commits any act of negligence or obſtinacy, by which his preſent ſafety or happineſs is endangered, without feeling the pungency of remorſe. He who is fully convinced, that he ſuffers by his own failure, can never forbear to trace back his miſcarriage to its firſt cauſe, to image to himſelf a contrary behaviour, and to form involuntary reſolutions againſt the like fault, even when he knows that he ſhall never again have the power

of

of committing it. No man finds himſelf in danger without ſuch trepidations of impatience as leave all human means of ſafety behind them: he that has once caught an alarm of terror, is every moment ſeized with uſeleſs anxieties, always adding one ſecurity to another, trembling with ſudden doubts, and diſtracted by the perpetual occurrence of new expedients. If, therefore, he whoſe crimes have deprived him of the favour of God, can reflect upon his conduct without diſturbance, or can at will baniſh the reflection; if he who conſiders himſelf as ſuſpended over the abyſs of eternal perdition only by the thread of life, which muſt ſoon part by its own weakneſs, and which the wing of every minute may divide, can caſt his eyes round him without ſhuddering with horror, or panting for ſecurity; what can he judge of himſelf but that he is not yet awaked to ſufficient conviction, ſince every loſs is more lamented than the loſs of the divine favour, and every danger more dreaded than the danger of final condemnation?

RETIREMENT from the cares and pleaſures of the world has been often recommended as uſeful to repentance. This at leaſt is evident, that every one retires, whenever ratiocination and recollection are required on other occaſions: and ſurely the retroſpect of life, the diſentanglement of actions complicated with innumerable circumſtances, and diffuſed in various relations, the diſcovery of the primary movements of the heart, and the extirpation of luſts and appetites deeply rooted, and widely ſpread, may be allowed to demand ſome receſſion from ſport and noiſe, and buſineſs and folly. Some ſuſpenſion of common affairs, ſome pauſe of temporal pain and pleaſure, is doubtleſs neceſſary to him that deliberates for eternity, who is forming the only plan in which miſcarriage cannot be repaired, and examining the only queſtion in which miſtake cannot be rectified.

AUSTERITIES and mortifications are means by which the wind is invigorated and rouſed, by which the attractions of pleaſure are interrupted, and the chains of ſenſuality are broken. It is obſerved by one of the fathers, that *he who reſtrains himſelf in the uſe of things lawful, will never encroach upon things forbidden.* Abſtinence,

ſtinence, if nothing more, is, at leaſt, a cautious retreat from the utmoſt verge of permiſſion, and confers that ſecurity which cannot be reaſonably hoped by him that dares always to hover over the precipice of deſtruction, or delights to approach the pleaſures which he knows it fatal to partake. Auſterity is the proper antidote to indulgence; the diſeaſes of mind as well as body are cured by contraries, and to contraries we ſhould readily have recourſe, if we dreaded guilt as we dread pain.

THE completion and ſum of repentance is a change of life. That ſorrow which dictates no caution, that fear which does not quicken our eſcape, that auſterity which fails to rectify our affections, are vain and unavailing. But ſorrow and terror muſt naturally precede reformation; for what other cauſe can produce it? He, therefore, that feels himſelf alarmed by his conſcience, anxious for the attainment of a better ſtate, and afflicted by the memory of his paſt faults, may juſtly conclude, that the great work of repentance is begun, and hope by retirement and prayer, the natural and religious means of ſtrengthening his conviction, to impreſs upon his mind ſuch a ſenſe of the divine preſence, as may overpower the blandiſhments of ſecular delights, and enable him to advance from one degree of holineſs to another, till death ſhall ſet him free from miſery and temptation.

What better can we do, than proſtrate fall
Before him reverent; and there confeſs
Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears
Wat'ring the ground, and with our ſighs the air
Frequenting, ſent from hearts contrite, in ſign
Of ſorrow unfeign'd, and humilation meek?

The Duty of Secrefy. [Ramb. N° 13.]

IT is related by *Quintus Curtius*, that the *Perfians* always conceived a lafting and invincible contempt of a man, who had violated the laws of fecrecy; for they thought, that, however he might be deficient in the qualities requifite to actual excellence, the negative virtues at leaft were always in his power, and though he perhaps could not fpeak well if he was to try, it was ftill eafy for him not to fpeak.

IN this opinion of the eafinefs of fecrecy, they feem to have confidered it as oppofed, not to treachery, but loquacity, and to have conceived the man, whom they thus cenfured, not frighted by menaces to reveal, or bribed by promifes to betray, but incited by the mere pleafure of talking, or fome other motive equally trivial, to lay open his heart without reflection, and to let whatever he knew flip from him, only for want of power to retain it. Whether, by their fettled and avowed fcorn of thoughtlefs talkers, the *Perfians* were able to diffufe to any great extent the virtue of taciturnity, we are hindered by the diftance of thofe times from being able to difcover, there being very few memoirs remaining of the court of *Perfopolis*, nor any diftinct accounts handed down to us of their office clerks, their ladies of the bedchamber, their attorneys, their chamber-maids or their footmen.

IN thefe latter ages, though the old animofity againft a prattler is ftill retained, it appears wholly to have loft its effects upon the conduct of mankind; for fecrets are fo feldom kept, that it may with fome reafon be doubted, whether the antients were not miftaken in their firft poftulate, whether the quality of retenfion be fo generally beftowed, and whether a fecret has not fome fubtle volatility, by which it efcapes almoft imperceptibly at the fmalleft vent; or fome power of fermentation, by which it expands itfelf fo as to burft the heart that will not give it way.

THOSE that ftudy either the body or the mind of man, very often find the moft fpecious and pleafing

theory

theory falling under the weight of contrary experience; and inſtead of gratifying their vanity by inferring effects from cauſes, they are always reduced at laſt to conjecture cauſes from effects. That it is eaſy to be ſecret the ſpeculatiſt can demonſtrate in his retreat, and therefore thinks himſelf juſtified in placing confidence; the man of the world knows, that, whether difficult or not, it is uncommon, and therefore finds himſelf rather inclined to ſearch after the reaſon of this univerſal failure in one of the moſt important duties of ſociety.

THE vanity of being known to be truſted with a ſecret is generally one of the chief motives to diſcloſe it; for however abſurd it may be thought to boaſt an honour, by an act which ſhews that it was conferred without merit, yet moſt men ſeem rather inclined to confeſs the want of virtue than of importance, and more willingly ſhew their influence and their power, though at the expence of their probity, than glide through life with no other pleaſure than the private conſciouſneſs of fidelity; which, while it is preſerved, muſt be without praiſe, except from the ſingle perſon who tries and knows it.

THERE are many ways of telling a ſecret, by which a man exempts himſelf from the reproaches of his conſcience, and gratifies his pride without ſuffering himſelf to believe that he impairs his virtue. He tells the private affairs of his patron, or his friend, only to thoſe from whom he would not conceal his own; he tells them to thoſe, who have no temptation to betray their truſt, or with a denunciation of a certain forfeiture of his friendſhip, if he diſcovers that they become public.

SECRETS are very frequently told in the firſt ardour of kindneſs, or of love, for the ſake of proving, by ſo important a ſacrifice, the ſincerity of profeſſions, or the warmth of tenderneſs; but with this motive, though it be ſometimes ſtrong in itſelf, vanity generally concurs, ſince every man naturally deſires to be moſt eſteemed by thoſe whom he loves, or with whom he converſes, with whom he paſſes his hours of pleaſure, and to whom he retires from buſineſs and from care.

WHEN the diſcovery of ſecrets is under conſideration, there is always a diſtinction carefully to be made between our own and thoſe of another, thoſe of which we are fully maſters as they affect only our own intereſt, and thoſe which are repoſited with us in truſt, and involve the happineſs or convenience of ſuch as we have no right to expoſe to hazard by experiments upon their lives, without their conſent. To tell our own ſecrets is generally folly, but that folly is without guilt; to communicate thoſe with which we are intruſted is always treachery, and treachery for the moſt part combined with folly.

THERE have, indeed, been ſome enthuſiaſtic and irrational zealots for friendſhip, who have maintained, and perhaps believed, that one friend has a right to all that is in poſſeſſion of another; and that therefore it is a violation of kindneſs to exempt any ſecret from this boundleſs confidence: Accordingly a late female miniſter of ſtate has been ſhameleſs enough to inform the world, that ſhe uſed, when ſhe wanted to extract any thing from her ſovereign, to remind her of *Montaigne's* reaſoning, who has determined, that to tell a ſecret to a friend is no breach of fidelity, becauſe the number of perſons truſted is not multiplied, a man and his friend being virtually the ſame,

THAT ſuch a fallacy could be impoſed upon any human underſtanding, or that an author could have been imagined to advance a poſition ſo remote from truth and reaſon, any otherwiſe than as a declaimer, to ſhew to what extent he could ſtretch his imagination, and with what ſtrength he could preſs his principle, would ſcarcely have been credible, had not this lady kindly ſhewn us how far weakneſs may be deluded, or indolence amuſed. But ſince it appears, that even this ſophiſtry has been able, with the help of a ſtrong deſire to repoſe in quiet upon the underſtanding of another, to miſlead honeſt intentions, and an underſtanding not contemptible, it may not be ſuperfluous to remark, that thoſe things which are common among friends are only ſuch as either poſſeſſes in his own right, and can alienate or deſtroy without injury to any other perſon.

Without

Without this limitation, confidence muſt run on without end, the ſecond perſon may tell the ſecret to the third upon the ſame principle as he received it from the firſt, and the third may hand it forward to a fourth, till at laſt it is told in the round of friendſhip to them from whom it was the firſt intention chiefly to conceal it.

THE confidence which *Caius* has of the faithfulneſs of *Titius* is nothing more than an opinion which himſelf cannot know to be true, and which *Claudius*, who firſt tells his ſecret to *Caius* may know, at leaſt may ſuſpect to be falſe; and therefore the truſt is transferred by *Caius*, if he reveal what has been told him, to one from whom the perſon originally concerned would probably have withheld it; and, whatever may be the event, *Caius* has hazarded the happineſs of his friend, without neceſſity and without permiſſion, and has put that truſt in the hand of fortune which was given only to virtue.

ALL the arguments upon which a man who is telling the private affairs of another may ground his confidence of ſecurity, he muſt upon reflection know to be uncertain, becauſe he finds them without effect upon himſelf. When he is imagining that *Titius* will be cautious from a regard to his intereſt, his reputation, or his duty, he ought to reflect that he is himſelf at that inſtant acting in oppoſition to all theſe reaſons, and revealing what intereſt, reputation and duty direct him to conceal.

EVERY one feel that he ſhould conſider the man incapable of truſt, who believed himſelf at liberty to tell whatever he knew to the firſt whom he ſhould conclude deſerving of his confidence; therefore *Caius*, in admitting *Titius* to the affairs imparted only to himſelf, violates his faith, ſince he acts contrary to the intention of *Claudius*, to whom that faith was given. For promiſes of friendſhip are, like all others, uſeleſs and vain, unleſs they are made in ſome known ſenſe, adjuſted and acknowledged by both parties.

I AM not ignorant that many queſtions may be ſtarted relating to the duty of ſecrecy, where the affairs are of public concern; where ſubſequent reaſons may ariſe to alter the appearance and nature of the truſt; that the manner in which the ſecret was told may change the

degree of obligation; and that the principles upon which a man is choſen for a confident may not always equally conſtrain him. But theſe ſcruples, if not too intricate, are of too extenſive conſideration for my preſent purpoſe, nor are they ſuch as generally occur in common life; and though caſuiſtical knowledge be uſeful in proper hands, yet it ought by no means to be careleſly expoſed, ſince moſt will uſe it rather to lull than awaken their own conſciences; and the threads of reaſoning, on which truth is ſuſpended, are frequently drawn to ſuch ſubtility, that common eyes cannot perceive, and common ſenſibility cannot feel them

THE whole doctrine as well as practice of ſecrecy, is ſo perplexing and dangerous, that, next to him who is compelled to truſt, I think him unhappy who is choſen to be truſted; for he is often involved in ſcruples without the liberty of calling in the help of any other underſtanding, he is frequently drawn into guilt, under the appearance of friendſhip and honeſty; and ſometimes ſubjected to ſuſpicion by the treachery of others, who are engaged without his knowledge in the ſame ſchemes, for he that has one confident has generally more, and when he is at laſt betrayed, is in doubt on whom he ſhall fix the crime.

THE rules therefore that I ſhall propoſe concerning ſecrecy, and from which I think it not ſafe to deviate, without long and exacted deliberation, are — Never to ſolicit the knowledge of a ſecret. Not willingly, nor without many limitations, to accept ſuch confidence when it is offered. When a ſecret is once admitted, to conſider the truſt as of a very high nature, important as ſociety, and ſacred as truth, and therefore not to be violated for any incidental convenience, or ſlight appearance of contrary fitneſs.

On Truth and Sincerity. [Spect. N° 352.]

TRUTH and reality have all the advantages of appearance and many more. If the ſhew of any thing be good for any thing, I am ſure ſincerity is better: for why does any man diſſemble, or ſeem to be that which he is not, but becauſe he thinks it good to have ſuch a quality as he pretends to? for to counterfeit and diſſemble, is to put on the appearance of ſome real excellency. Now the beſt way in the world for a man to ſeem to be any thing, is really to be what he would ſeem to be. Beſides that it is many times as troubleſome to make good the pretence of a good quality, as to have it; and if a man have it not, it is ten to one but he is diſcovered to want it, and then all his pains and labour to ſeem to have it is loſt. There is ſomething unnatural in painting, which a ſkilful eye will eaſily diſcern from native beauty and complexion.

IT is hard to perſonate and act a part long; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavouring to return, and will peep out and betray herſelf one time or other. Therefore if any man think it convenient to ſeem good, let him be ſo indeed, and then his goodneſs will appear to every body's ſatisfaction; ſo that upon all accounts ſincerity is true wiſdom. Particularly as to the affairs of this world, integrity hath many advantages over all the fine and artificial ways of diſſimulation and deceit; it is much the plainer and eaſier, much the ſafer and more ſecure way of dealing in the world; it has leſs of trouble and difficulty, of entanglement and perplexity, of danger and hazard in it; it is the ſhorteſt and neareſt way to our end, carrying us thither in a ſtraight line, and will hold out and laſt longeſt. The arts of deceit and cunning do continually grow weaker and leſs effectual and ſerviceable to them that uſe them; whereas integrity gains ſtrength by uſe, and the more and longer any man practiſeth it, the greater ſervice it does him, by confirming his reputation and encouraging thoſe with whom he hath to

do, to repoſe the greateſt truſt and confidence in him, which is an unſpeakable advantage in the buſineſs and affairs of life.

TRUTH is always conſiſtent with itſelf, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and ſits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is troubleſome, and ſets a man's invention upon the rack, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good. It is like building upon a falſe foundation, which continually ſtands in need of props to ſhore it up, and proves at laſt more chargeable than to have raiſed a ſubſtantial building at firſt upon a true and ſolid foundation; for ſincerity is firm and ſubſtantial, and there is nothing hollow or unſound in it, and becauſe it is plain and open, fears no diſcovery; of which the crafty man is always in danger, and when he thinks he walks in the dark, all his pretences are ſo tranſparent that he that runs may read them; he is the laſt man that finds himſelf to be found out, and whilſt he takes it for granted that he makes fools of others, he renders himſelf ridiculous.

ADD to all this, that ſincerity is the moſt compendious wiſdom, and an excellent inſtrument for the ſpeedy diſpatch of buſineſs; it creates confidence in thoſe we have to deal with, ſaves the labour of many inquiries, and brings things to an iſſue in few words: it is like travelling in a plain beaten road, which commonly brings a man ſooner to his journey's end than bye-ways, in which men often loſe themſelves. In a word, whatſoever conveniences may be thought to be in falſhood and diſſimulation, it is ſoon over; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, becauſe it brings a man under everlaſting jealouſy and ſuſpicion, ſo that he is not believed when he ſpeaks truth, nor truſted perhaps when he means honeſtly. When a man has once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, he is ſet faſt, and nothing will then ſerve his turn neither truth nor falſhood.

AND I have often thought that God hath in his great wiſdom hid from men of falſe and diſhoneſt minds the wonderful advantages of truth and integrity, to the proſperity even of our worldly affairs; theſe men are

ſo blinded by their covetouſneſs and ambition, that they cannot look beyond a preſent advantage, nor forbear to ſeize upon it, though by ways never ſo indirect; they cannot ſee ſo far as to the remote conſequences of a ſteady integrity, and the vaſt benefit and advantages which it will bring a man at laſt. Were but this ſort of men wiſe and clear-ſighted enough to diſcern this, they would be honeſt out of very knavery, not out of any love to honeſty and virtue, but with a crafty deſign to promote and advance more effectually their own intereſts; and therefore the juſtice of the divine providence hath hid this trueſt point of wiſdom from their eyes, that bad men might not be upon equal terms with the juſt aud upright, and ſerve their own wicked deſigns by honeſt and lawful means.

INDEED, if a man were only to deal in the world for a day, and ſhould never have occaſion to converſe more with mankind, never more need their good opinion or good word, it were then no great matter (ſpeaking as to the concernments of this world) if a man ſpent his reputation all at once, and ventured it at one throw: but if he be to continue in the world, and would have the advantage of converſation whilſt he is in it, let him make uſe of truth and ſincerity in all his words and actions; for nothing but this will laſt and hold out to the end: all other arts will fail, but truth and integrity will carry a man through, and bear him out to the laſt.

Rules for the Knowledge of one's ſelf.

[Spect. N° 399.]

HYPOCRISY at the faſhionable end of the town is very different from hypocriſy in the city. The modiſh hypocrite endeavours to appear more vicious than he really is, the other kind of hypocrite more virtuous. The former is afraid of every thing that has the ſhew of religion in it, and would be thought engaged in many criminal gallantries and amours, which he is

not guilty of. The latter assumes a face of sanctity and covers a multitude of vices under a seeming religious deportment.

But there is another kind of hypocrisy, which differs from both these, and which I intend to make the subject of this paper: I mean that hypocrisy, by which a man does not only deceive the world, but very often imposes on himself; that hypocrisy which conceals his own heart from him, and makes him believe he is more virtuous than he really is, and either not attend to his vices, or mistake even his vices for virtues. It is this fatal hypocrisy and self-deceit, which is taken notice of in these words, *Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.*

If the open professors of impiety deserve the utmost application and endeavours of moral writers, to recover them from vice and folly, how much more may those lay a claim to their care and compassion, who are walking in the paths of death, while they fancy themselves engaged in a course of virtue! I shall endeavour therefore to lay down some rules for the discovery of those vices that lurk in the secret corners of the soul; and to shew my reader those methods, by which he may arrive at a true and impartial knowledge of himself. The usual means prescribed for this purpose, are to examine ourselves by the rules which are laid down for our direction in sacred writ, and to compare our lives with the life of that person who acted up to the perfection of human nature, and is the standing example, as well as the great guide and instructor, of those who receive his doctrines. Though these two heads cannot be too much insisted upon, I shall but just mention them, since they have been handled by many great and eminent writers.

I would therefore propose the following methods to the consideration of such as would find out their secret faults, and make a true estimate of themselves.

In the first place, let them consider well, what are the characters which they bear among their enemies. Our friends very often flatter us as much as our own hearts. Their either do not see our fault, or conceal them from us, or soften them by their representations,

after

after ſuch a manner, that we think them too trivial to be taken notice of. An adverſary, on the contrary, makes a ſtricter ſearch into us, diſcovers every flaw and imperfection in our tempers; and, though his malice may ſet them in too ſtrong a light, it has generally ſome ground for what it advances. A friend exaggerates a man's virtues, an enemy inflames his crimes. A wiſe man ſhould give a juſt attention to both of them, ſo far as they may tend to the improvement of the one, and the diminution of the other. *Plutarch* has written an eſſay on the benefits which a man may receive from his enemies; and among the good fruits of enmity, mentions this in particular, that, by the reproaches which it caſts upon us, we ſee the worſt ſide of ourſelves, and open our eyes to ſeveral blemiſhes and defects in our lives and converſations, which we ſhould not have obſerved without the help of ſuch ill-natured monitors.

In order likewiſe to come to a true knowledge of ourſelves, we ſhould conſider on the other hand, how far we may deſerve the praiſes and approbations which the world beſtow upon us: whether the actions they celebrate proceed from laudable, and worthy motives; and how far we are really poſſeſſed of the virtues, which gain us applauſe among thoſe with whom we converſe. Such a reflection is abſolutely neceſſary, if we conſider how apt we are either to value or condemn ourſelves by the opinions of others, and to ſacrifice the report of our own hearts to the judgment of the world.

In the next place, that we may not deceive ourſelves in a point of ſo much importance, we ſhould not lay too great a ſtreſs on any ſuppoſed virtues we poſſeſs, that are of a doubtful nature: and ſuch we may eſteem all thoſe in which multitudes of men diſſent from us, who are as good and wiſe as ourſelves. We ſhould always act with great cautiouſneſs and circumſpection, in points where it is not impoſſible that we may be deceived. Intemperate zeal, bigotry, and perſecution for any party or opinion, how praiſe-worthy ſoever they may appear to weak men of our own principles, produce infinite calamities among mankind, and are highly criminal in their

own nature; and yet how many perſons, eminent for piety, ſuffer ſuch monſtrous and abſurd principles of action to take root in their minds under the colour of virtues? For my own part, I muſt own, I never yet knew any party ſo juſt and reaſonable, that a man could follow it in his height and violence, and at the ſame time be innocent.

We ſhould likewiſe be very apprehenſive of thoſe actions, which proceed from natural conſtitution, favourite paſſions, particular education, or whatever promotes our worldly intereſt or advantage. In theſe or the like caſes, a man's judgment is eaſily perverted, and a wrong bias hung upon his mind. Theſe are the inlets of prejudice, the unguarded avenues of the mind, by which a thouſand errors and ſecret faults find admiſſion, without being obſerved or taken notice of. A wiſe man will ſuſpect thoſe actions to which he is directed by ſomething beſides reaſon, and always apprehend ſome concealed evil in every reſolution that is of a diſputable nature, when it is conformable to his particular temper, his age, or way of life, or when it favours his pleaſure or his profit.

There is nothing of greater importance to us, than thus diligently to ſift our thoughts, and examine all theſe dark receſſes of the mind, if we would eſtabliſh our ſouls in ſuch a ſolid and ſubſtantial virtue as will turn to account in that great day, when it muſt ſtand the teſt of infinite wiſdom and juſtice.

I ſhall conclude this eſſay with obſerving that the two kinds of hypocriſy I have here ſpoken of, namely that of deceiving the world, and that of impoſing on ourſelves, are touched with wonderful beauty in the hundred thirty ninth pſalm. The folly of the firſt kind of hypocriſy is there ſet forth by reflections on God's omniſcience and omnipreſence, which are celebrated in as noble ſtrains of poety as any other I ever met with, either ſacred or profane. The other kind of hypocriſy, whereby a man deceives himſelf, is intimated in the two laſt verſes, where the pſalmiſt addreſſes himſelf to the great ſearcher of hearts in that emphatical petition; *Try me, O God, and ſeek the ground of my heart;*

prove

prove me and examine my thoughts: look well if there be any way of wickedneſs in me, and lead me in the way everlaſting.

* *

The Mercy of Affliction; an Eaſtern Story.

[Advent. N° 76.]

BOZALDAB, Caliph of Egypt, had dwelt ſecurely for many years in the ſilken pavilions of pleaſure, and had every morning anointed his head with the oil of gladneſs, when his only ſon ABORAM, for whom he had crouded his treaſuries with gold, extended his dominions with conqueſts, and ſecured them with impregnable fortreſſes, was ſuddenly wounded, as he was hunting, with an arrow from an unknown hand, and expired in the field.

BOZALDAB in the diſtraction of grief and deſpair refuſed to return to his palace, and retired to the gloomieſt grotto in the neighbouring mountain: he there rolled himſelf on the duſt, tore away the hairs of his hoary beard, and daſhed the cup of conſolation that PATIENCE offered him to the ground. He ſuffered not his minſtrels to approach his preſence; but liſtened to the ſcreams of the melancholy birds of midnight, that flit through the ſolitary vaults and echoing chambers of the Pyramids. "Can that GOD be benovolent," "he cry'd, "who thus wounds the ſoul as from an "ambuſh, with unexpected ſorrows, and cruſhes his "creatures in a moment with irremediable calamity? "Ye lying Imans, prate to us no more of the juſtice "and the kindneſs of an all-directing and all-loving "PROVIDENCE! He, whom ye pretend reigns in "Heaven, is ſo far from protecting the miſerable ſons "of men, that he perpetually delights to blaſt the "ſweeteſt flowrets in the garden of HOPE; and like "a malignant giant, to beat down the ſtrongeſt towers "of HAPPINESS with the iron mace of his anger. "If this Being poſſeſſed the goodneſs and the power

"with

" with which flattering prieſts have inveſted him, he " would doubtleſs be inclined and enabled, to baniſh " thoſe evils which render the world a dungeon of " diſtreſs, a vale of vanity and woe. — I will continue " in it no longer!"

AT that moment he furiouſly raiſed his hand, which DESPAIR had armed with a dagger, to ſtrike deep into his boſom; when ſuddenly thick flaſhes of lightning ſhot through the cavern, and a being of more than human beauty and magnitude, arrayed in azure robes, crowned with amaranth, and waving a branch of palm in his right hand, arreſted the arm of the trembling and aſtoniſhed CALIPH, and ſaid with a majeſtic ſmile, "Follow me to the top of his mountain."

"Look from hence," ſaid the awful conductor, "I " am CALOC, the Angel of PEACE, look from hence " into the valley."

BOZALDAB opened his eyes and beheld a barren, a ſultry, and ſolitary iſland, in the midſt of which ſat a pale meagre and ghaſtly figure: it was a merchant juſt periſhing with famine, and lamenting that he could find neither wild berries nor a ſingle ſpring in this forlorn uninhabited deſart; and begging the protection of heaven againſt the tigers that would now certainly deſtroy him, ſince he had conſumed the laſt fuel he had collected to make nightly fires to affright them. He then caſt a caſket of jewels on the ſand, as trifles of no uſe; and crept feeble and trembling to an eminence, where he was accuſtomed to ſit every evening to watch the ſetting ſun, and to give a ſignal to any ſhip that might haply approach the iſland.

"INHABITANT of heaven," cried BOZALDAB, " ſuffer not this wretch to periſh by the fury of wild " beaſts." "Peace," ſaid the ANGEL, and obſerve.

HE looked again, and behold a veſſel arrived at the deſolate iſle. What words can paint the rapture of the ſtarving merchant, when the captain offered to tranſport him to his native country, if he would reward him with half the jewels of his caſket. No ſooner had this pityleſs commander received the ſtipulated ſum, than he held a conſultation with his crew and they

agreed

agreed to ſeize the remaining jewels, and leave the unhappy exile in the ſame helpleſs and lamentable condition in which they diſcovered him. He wept and trembled, intreated and implored in vain.

"WILL HEAVEN permit ſuch injuſtice to be "practiſed?" exclaimed BOZALDAB. —— "Look "again," ſaid the ANGEL, "and behold the very "ſhip in which, ſhort-ſighted as thou art, thou wiſhedſt "the merchant might embark, daſhed in pieces on a "rock: doſt thou not hear the cries of the ſinking ſailors? "Preſume not to direct the GOVERNOR of the UNI-"VERSE in his diſpoſal of events. The man whom "thou haſt pitied ſhall be taken from this dreary ſoli-"tude, but not by the method thou wouldſt preſcribe. "His vice was avarice, by which he became not only "abominable but wretched; he fancied ſome mighty "charm in wealth, which, like the wand of ABDIEL, "would gratify every wiſh and obviate every fear. "This wealth he has now been taught not only to "deſpiſe but abhor: he caſt his jewels upon the ſand, "and confeſſed them to be uſeleſs; he offered part of "them to the mariners, and perceived them to be "pernicious: he has now learnt, that they are ren-"dered uſeful or vain, good or evil, only by the ſitua-"tion and temper of the poſſeſſor. Happy is he whom "diſtreſs has taught wiſdom! But turn thine eyes to "another and more intereſting ſcene.'

THE CALIPH inſtantly beheld a magnificent palace adorned with the ſtatues of his anceſtors wrought in jaſper; the ivory doors of which, turning on hinges of the gold of GOLCONDA, diſcovered a throne of diamonds, ſurrounded with the RAJAS of fifty nations, and with ambaſſadors in various habits and of different complexions; on which ſat ABORAM the much lamented ſon of BOZALDAB, and by his ſide a princeſs fairer than a HOURI.

"GRACIOUS ALLA! —— it is my ſon," cried the CALIPH —— "O let me hold him to my heart!" "Thou canſt not graſp an unſubſtantial viſion," replied the ANGEL: "I am now ſhewing thee what would "have been the deſtiny of thy ſon, had he continued

"longer

" longer on the earth." "And why," returned Bo-
" ZALDAB, was he not permitted to continue? Why
" was I not ſuffered to be a witneſs of ſo much felicity
" and power?" "Conſider the ſequel," replied he that dwells in the fifth heaven. BOZALDAB looked earneſtly, and ſaw the countenance of his ſon, on which he had been uſed to behold the placid ſmile of ſimplicity and the vivid bluſhes of health, now diſtorted with rage, and now fixed in the inſenſibility of drunkenneſs: it was again animated with diſdain, it became pale with apprehenſion, and appeared to be withered by intemperance; his hands were ſtained with blood, and he trembled by turns with fury and terror: the palace ſo lately ſhining with oriental pomp; changed ſuddenly into the cell of a dungeon, where his ſon lay ſtretched out on the cold pavement, gagged and bound, with his eyes put out. Soon after he perceived the favourite Sultana, who before was ſeated by his ſide, enter with a bowl of poiſon, which ſhe compelled ABORAM to drink, and afterwards married the ſucceſſor to his throne.

" HAPPY," ſaid CALOC," is he whom PRO-
" VIDENCE has by the angel of death ſnatched from
" guilt! from whom that power is with-held, which,
" if he had poſſeſſed, would have accumulated upon
" himſelf yet greater miſery than it could bring upon
" others."

" IT is enough," cried BOZALDAB; "I adore
" the inſcrutable ſchemes of OMNISCIENCE!—
" From what dreadful evil has my ſon been reſcued,
" by a death which I raſhly bewailed as unfortunate
" and premature! a death of innocence and peace,
" which has bleſſed his memory upon earth, and tranſ-
" mitted his ſpirit to the ſkies."

" CAST away the dagger," replied the heavenly meſſenger, "which thou waſt preparing to plunge in-
" to thine own heart. Exchange complaint for ſilence,
" and doubt for adoration. Can a mortal look down,
" without giddineſs and ſtupefaction, into the vaſt
" abyſs of ETERNAL WISDOM? Can a mind that
" ſees not infinitely, perfectly comprehend any thing

" among

" among an infinity of objects mutually relative? Can
" the channels, which thou commandest to be cut to
" receive the annual inundations of thy NILE, contain
" the waters of the OCEAN? Remember, that perfect
" happiness cannot be conferred on a creature; for
" perfect happiness is an attribute as incommunicable
" as perfect power and eternity."

THE ANGEL, while he was speaking thus, stretched out his pinions to fly back to the Empyrëum; and the flutter of his wings was like the rushing of a cataract.

Personal Beauty produced by Moral Sentiment.

[Advent. N° 82.]

THOUGH the danger of disappointment is always in proportion to the height of expectation, yet I this day claim the attention of the ladies, and profess to teach an art by which all may obtain what has hitherto been deemed the prerogative of a few: an art by which their predominant passion may be gratified, and their conquests not only extended but secured; "The "art of being PRETTY."

BUT though my subject may interest the ladies, it may, perhaps, offend those profound moralists, who have long since determined, that BEAUTY ought rather to be despised than desired; that, like strength, it is a mere natural excellence, the effect of causes wholly out of our power, and not intended either as the pledge of happiness or the distinction of merit.

TO these gentlemen I shall remark, that beauty is among those qualities, which no effort of human wit could ever bring into contempt: it is, therefore, to be wished at least, that beauty was in some degree dependant upon SENTIMENT and MANNERS, that so high a privilege might not be possessed by the unworthy, and that human reason might no longer suffer the mortification of those who are compelled to adore an idol,

which

which differs from a ſtone or a log only by the ſkill of the artificer: and if they cannot themſelves behold beauty with indifference, they muſt, ſurely, approve an attempt to ſhew that it merits their regard.

I SHALL, however, principally conſider that ſpecies of beauty which is expreſſed in the countenance; for this alone is peculiar to human beings, and is not leſs conplicated than their nature. In the countenance there are but two requiſites to perfect BEAUTY, which are wholly produced by external cauſes, colour and proportion: and it will appear, that even in common eſtimation theſe are not the chief; but that though there may be beauty without them, yet there cannot be beauty without ſomething more.

THE fineſt features, ranged in the moſt exact ſymmetry, and heightened by the moſt blooming complexion, muſt be animated before they can ſtrike; and when they are animated, will generally excite the ſame paſſions which they expreſs. If they are fixed in the dead calm of inſenſibility, they will be examined without emotion; and if they do not expreſs kindneſs, they will be beheld without love. Looks of contempt, diſdain, or malevolence, will be reflected, as from a mirrour, by every countenance on which they are turned; and if a wanton aſpect excites deſire, it is but like that of a ſavage for his prey, which cannot be gratified without the deſtruction of its object.

AMONG particular graces the dimple has always been allowed the preeminence, and the reaſon is evident; dimples are produced by a ſmile, and a ſmile is an expreſſion of complacency: ſo the contraction of the brows into a frown, as it is an indication of a contrary temper, has always been deemed a capital defect.

THE lover is generally at a loſs to define the beauty, by which his paſſion was ſuddenly and irreſiſtibly determined to a particular object; but this could never happen, if it depended upon any known rule of proportion, upon the ſhape or diſpoſition of the features, or the colour of the ſkin: he tells you, that it is ſomething which he cannot fully expreſs, ſomething not fixed in any part but diffuſed over the whole; he calls it a ſweet-

neſs

neſs, a ſoftneſs, a placid ſenſibility, or gives it ſome other appellation which connects beauty with SENTIMENT, and expreſſes a charm which is not peculiar to any ſet of features, but is perhaps poſſible to all.

THIS beauty, however, does not always conſiſt in ſmiles, but varies as expreſſions of meekneſs and kindneſs vary with their objects; it is extremely forcible in the ſilent complaint of patient ſufferance, the tender ſollicitude of friendſhip, and the glow of filial obedience; and in tears, whether of joy, of pity, or of grief; it is almoſt irreſiſtible.

THIS is the charm which captivates without the aid of nature, and withoût which her utmoſt bounty is ineffectual. But it cannot be aſſumed as a maſk to conceal inſenſibility or malevolence; it muſt be the genuine effect of correſponding ſentiments, or it will impreſs upon the countenance a new and more diſguſting deformity, AFFECTATION; it will produce the grin; the ſimper, the ſtare, the languiſh, the pout, and innumerable other grimaces, that render folly ridiculous, and change pity to contempt. By ſome, indeed, this ſpecies of hypocriſy has been practiſed with ſuch ſkill as to deceive ſuperficial obſervers, though it can deceive even theſe but for a moment. Looks which do not correſpond with the heart, cannot be aſſumed without labour, nor continued without pain; the motive to relinquiſh them muſt, therefore, ſoon preponderate, and the aſpect and apparel of the viſit will be laid by together; the ſmiles and the languiſhments of art will vaniſh, and the fierceneſs of rage, or the gloom of diſcontent, will either obſcure or deſtroy all the elegance of ſymmetry and complexion.

THE artificial aſpect is, indeed, as wretched a ſubſtitute for the expreſſion of ſentiment, as the ſmear of paint for the bluſhes of health: it is not only equally tranſient, and equally liable to detection; but as paint leaves the countenance yet more withered and ghaſtly; the paſſions burſt out with more violence after reſtraint; the features become more diſtorted, and excite more determined averſion.

BEAUTY;

BEAUTY, therefore, depends principally upon the mind, and conſequently may be influenced by education. It has been remarked, that the predominant paſſion may generally be diſcovered in the countenance; becauſe the muſcles by which it is expreſſed, being almoſt perpetually contracted, loſe their tone, and never totally relax; ſo that the expreſſion remains, when the paſſion is ſuſpended: thus an angry, a diſdainful, a ſubtil, and a ſuſpicious temper, is diſplayed in characters that are almoſt univerſally underſtood. It is equally true of the pleaſing and the ſofter paſſions, that they leave their ſignatures upon the countenance when they ceaſe to act: the prevalence of theſe paſſions, therefore, produces a mechanical effect upon the aſpect, and gives a turn and caſt to the features which make a more favourable and forcible impreſſion upon the mind of others, than any charm produced by mere external cauſes.

NEITHER does the beauty which depends upon temper and ſentiment, equally endanger the poſſeſſor; "It is," to uſe an eaſtern metaphor," like the towers "of a city, not only an ornament but a defence:" if it excites deſire, it at once controuls and refines it; it repreſſes with awe, it ſoftens with delicacy, and it wins to imitation. The love of reaſon and of virtue is mingled with the love of beauty; becauſe this beauty is little more than the emanation of intellectual excellence, which is not an object of corporeal appetite. As it excites a purer paſſion, it alſo more forcibly engages to fidelity: every man finds himſelf more powerfully reſtrained from giving pain to goodneſs than to beauty; and every look of a countenance in which they are blended, in which beauty is the expreſſion of goodneſs, is a ſilent reproach of the firſt irregular wiſh; and the purpoſe immediately appears to be diſingenuous and cruel, by which the tender hope of ineffable affection would be diſappointed, the placid confidence of unſuſpecting ſimplicity abuſed, and the peace even of virtue endangered, by the moſt ſordid infidelity and the breach of the ſtrongeſt obligations.

BUT the hope of the hypocrite muſt periſh. When the factitious beauty has laid by her ſmiles, when the

luſtre

luſtre of her eyes and the bloom of her cheeks have loſt their influence with their novelty; what remains but a tyrant diveſted of power, who will never be ſeen without a mixture of indignation and diſdain? The only deſire which this object could gratify, will be transferred to another, not only without reluctance but with triumph. As reſentment will ſucceed to diſappointment, a deſire to mortify will ſucceed to a deſire to pleaſe; and the huſband may be urged to ſollicit a miſtreſs, merely by a remembrance of the beauty of his wife, which laſted only till ſhe was known.

LET it, therefore, be remembered, than none can be diſciples of the GRACES, but in the ſchool of VIRTUE; and that thoſe who wiſh to be LOVELY, muſt learn early to be GOOD.

On OMENS. [Spect. N° 7.]

GOING yeſterday to dine with an old acquaintance, I had the misfortune to find his whole family very much dejected. Upon aſking him the occaſion of it, he told me that his wife had dreamed a ſtrange dream the night before, which they were afraid portended ſome misfortune to themſelves or to their children. At her coming into the room I obſerved a ſettled melancholy in her countenance, which I ſhould have been troubled for, had I not heard from whence it proceeded. We were no ſooner ſat down, but after having looked upon me a little while, *My dear*, ſays ſhe, turning to her huſband, *you may now ſee the ſtranger that was in the candle laſt night.* Soon after this, as they began to talk of family affairs, a little boy at the lower end of the table told her, that he was to go in to join hand on *Thurſday*. *Thurſday?* ſays ſhe; *No, child, if it pleaſe God, you ſhall not begin upon* Childermas-day; *tell your writing maſter that* Friday *will be ſoon enough.* I was reflecting with myſelf on the oddneſs of her fancy, and wondering that any body would eſtabliſh it as a

rule to loſe a day in every week. In the midſt of theſe my muſings, ſhe deſired me to reach her a little ſalt upon the point of my knife; which I did in ſuch a trepidation and hurry of obedience, that I let it drop by the way; at which ſhe immediately ſtartled, and ſaid it fell towards her. Upon this I looked very blank; and obſerving the concern of the whole table, began to conſider myſelf, with ſome confuſion, as a perſon that had brought a diſaſter upon the family. The lady, however, recovering herſelf after a little ſpace, ſaid to her huſband, with a ſigh, *My dear, misfortunes never come ſingle.* My friend, I found, acted but an underpart at his table, and being a man of more good-nature than underſtanding, thinks himſelf obliged to fall in with all the paſſions and humours of his yoke-fellow: *Do not you remember, child*, ſays ſhe, *that the pigeon-houſe fell the very afternoon that our careleſs wench ſpilt the ſalt upon the table? Yes*, ſays he, *my dear, and the next poſt brought us an account of the battle of* Almanza. The reader may gueſs at the figure I made, after having done all this miſchief. I diſpatched my dinner, as ſoon as I could, with my uſual taciturnity; when, to my utter confuſion, the lady ſeeing me quitting my knife and fork, and laying them acroſs one another upon my plate, deſired me that I would humour her ſo far as to take them out of that figure, and place them ſide by ſide. What the abſurdity was which I had committed I did not know, but I ſuppoſe there was ſome traditionary ſuperſtition in it; and therefore, in obedience to the lady of the houſe, I diſpoſed of my knife and fork in two parallel lines, which is the figure I ſhall always lay them in for the future, though I do not know any reaſon for it.

It is not difficult for a man to ſee that a perſon has conceived an averſion to him. For my own part, I quickly found, by the lady's looks, that ſhe regarded me as a very odd kind of fellow, with an unfortunate aſpect. For which reaſon I took my leave immediately after dinner, and withdrew to my own lodgings. Upon my return home, I fell into a profound contemplation on the evils that attend theſe ſuperſtitious follies

of

of mankind; how they ſubject us to imaginary afflictions, and additional ſorows, that do not properly come within our lot. As if the natural calamities of life were not ſufficient for it, we turn the moſt indifferent circumſtances into misfortunes, and ſuffer as much from trifling accidents, as from real evils. I have known the ſhooting of a ſtar ſpoil a night's reſt; and have ſeen a man in love grow pale and loſe his appetite, upon the plucking of a merry-thought. A ſcreech-owl at midnight has alarmed a family more than a band of robbers; nay, the voice of a cricket hath ſtruck more terror than the roaring of a lion. There is nothing ſo inconſiderable, which may not appear dreadful to an imagination that is filled with omens and prognoſtics. A ruſty nail, or a crooked pin, ſhoot up into prodigies.

I REMEMBER I was once in a mixed aſſembly, that was full of noiſe and mirth, when on a ſudden an old woman unluckily obſerved there were thirteen of us in company. This remark ſtruck a panic terror into ſeveral who were preſent, inſomuch that one or two of the ladies were going to leave the room; but a friend of mine taking notice that one of our female companions was big with child, affirmed there were fourteen in the room, and that, inſtead of portending one of the company ſhould die, it plainly foretold one of them ſhould be born. Had not my friend found out this expedient to break the omen, I queſtion not but half the women in the company would have fallen ſick that very night.

AN old maid, that is troubled with the vapours, produces infinite diſturbances of this kind among her friends and neighbours. I know a maiden aunt, of a great family, who is one of theſe antiquated *Sibyls*, that forebodes and propheſies from one end of the year to the other. She is always ſeeing apparitions, and hearing death-watches; and was the other day almoſt frighted out of her wits by the great houſe-dog, that howled in the ſtable at a time when ſhe lay ill of the tooth-ach. Such an extravagant caſt of mind engages multitudes of people not only in impertinent terrors, but in ſupernumerary duties of life; and ariſes from that fear and ignorance which are natural to the ſoul of man. The

horror with which we entertain the thoughts of death, or indeed of any future evil, and the uncertainty of its approach, fill a melancholy mind with innumerable apprehenſions and ſuſpicions, and conſequently diſpoſe it to the obſervation of ſuch groundleſs prodigies and predictions. For as it is the chief concern of wiſe men to retrench the evils of life by the reaſonings of philoſophy; it is the employment of fools to multiply them by the ſentiments of ſuperſtition.

For my own part, I ſhould be very much troubled were I endowed with this divining quality, though it ſhould inform me truly of every thing that can befal me. I would not anticipate the reliſh of any happineſs, nor feel the weight of any miſery, before it actually arrives.

I know but one way of fortifying my ſoul againſt theſe gloomy preſages and terrors of mind, and that is, by ſecuring to myſelf the friendſhip and protection of that Being who diſpoſes of events, and governs futurity: He ſees, at one view, the whole thread of my exiſtence, not only that part of it which I have already paſſed through, but that which runs forward into all the depths of eternity. When I lay me down to ſleep, I recommend myſelf to his care; when I awake, I give myſelf up to his direction. Amidſt all the evils that threaten me, I will look up to him for help, and queſtion not but he will either avert them, or turn them to my advantage. Though I know neither the time nor the manner of the death I am to die, I am not at all ſolicitous about it; becauſe I am ſure that he knows them both, and that he will not fail to comfort and ſupport me under them.

The Viſion of MIRZA. [Spect. N° 159.]

On the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the cuſtom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having waſhed myſelf, and offered up my morning devotions, I aſcended the high hills of *Bagdat*, in order

order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another, surely, said I, man is but a shadow and life a dream. Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from any thing I had ever heard: they put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in Paradise, to wear out the impressions of the last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius; and that several had been entertained with that music, who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckened to me, and by the waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, *Mirza*, said he, I have heard thee in thy soliloquies: follow me.

He then led me to the highest pinacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, Cast thy eyes eastward, said he, and tell me what thou seest. I see,

ſaid I, a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling thro' it. The valley that thou ſeeſt, ſaid he, is the vale of miſery, and the tide of water that thou ſeeſt is part of the great tide of eternity. What is the reaſon, ſaid I, that the tide I ſee riſes out of a thick miſt at one end, and again loſes itſelf in a thick miſt at the other? What thou ſeeſt, ſaid he, is that portion of eternity which is called time, meaſured out by the ſun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its conſummation. Examine now, ſaid he, this ſea that is bounded with darkneſs at both ends, and tell me what thou diſcovereſt in it. I ſee a bridge, ſaid I, ſtanding in the midſt of the tide. The bridge thou ſeeſt, ſaid he, is human life, conſider it attentively. Upon a more leiſurely ſurvey of it, I found that it conſiſted of threeſcore and ten entire arches, with ſeveral broken arches, which, added to thoſe that were entire, made up the number about an hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me that this bridge conſiſted at firſt of a thouſand arches; but that a great flood ſwept away the reſt, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it: but tell me further, ſaid he, what thou diſcovereſt on it. I ſee multitudes of people paſſing over it, ſaid I, and a black cloud hanging on each end of it. As I looked more attentively, I ſaw ſeveral of the paſſengers dropping through the bridge, into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the paſſengers no ſooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the tide and immediately diſappeared. Theſe hidden pit-falls were ſet very thick at the entrance of the bridge, ſo that throngs of people no ſooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay cloſer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

THERE were indeed ſome perſons, but their number was very ſmall, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and ſpent with ſo long a walk.

I PASSED

I PASSED ſome time in the contemplation of this wonderful ſtructure, and the great variety of objects which it preſented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to ſee ſeveral dropping unexpectedly in the midſt of mirth and jollity, and catching at every thing that ſtood by them to ſave themſelves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful poſture, and in the midſt of a ſpeculation ſtumbled and fell out of ſight. Multitudes were very buſy in the purſuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them; but often when they thought themſelves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they ſunk. In this confuſion of objects, I obſerved ſome with ſcimiters in their hands, and others with urinals, who ran to and fro from the bridge, thruſting ſeveral perſons on trap-doors which did not ſeem to lye in their way, and which they might have eſcaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

THE genius ſeeing me indulge myſelf in this melancholy proſpect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it: take thine eyes off the bridge, ſaid he, and tel me if thou ſeeſt any thing thou doſt not comprehend. Upon looking up, What mean, ſaid I, thoſe great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and ſettling upon it from time to time? I ſee vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and among many other feathered creatures ſeveral little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches. Theſe, ſaid the genius, are envy, avarice, ſuperſtition, deſpair, love, with the like cares and paſſions that infeſt human life,

I HERE fetched a deep ſigh, Alas, ſaid I, man was made in vain! how is he given away to miſery and mortality! tortured in life, and ſwallowed up in death! The genius being moved with compaſſion towards me, bid me quit ſo uncomfortable a proſpect. Look no more, ſaid he, on man in the firſt ſtage of his exiſtence, in his ſetting out for eternity; but caſt thine eye on that thick miſt into which the tide bears the ſeveral generations of mortals that fall into it. I directed my ſight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good

genius ſtrengthened it with any ſupernatural force, or diſſipated part of the miſt that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I ſaw the valley opening at the farther end, and ſpreading forth into an immenſe ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midſt of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds ſtill reſted on one half of it, inſomuch that I could not diſcover nothing in it: but the other appeared to me a vaſt ocean planted with innumerable iſlands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thouſand little ſhining ſeas that ran among them. I could ſee perſons dreſſed in glorious habits with garlands upon their heads, paſſing among the trees, lying down by the ſides of fountains, or reſting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confuſed harmony of ſinging birds, falling waters, human voices, and muſical inſtruments. Gladneſs grew in me upon the diſcovery of ſo delightful a ſcene. I wiſhed for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to thoſe happy ſeats; but the genius told me there was no paſſage to them, except through the gates of death that I ſaw opening every moment upon the bridge. The iſlands, ſaid he, that lye ſo freſh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears ſpotted as far as thou canſt ſee, are more in number than the ſand on the ſea-ſhore; there are myriads of iſlands behind thoſe which thou here diſcovereſt, reaching further than thine eye, or even thine imagination can extend itſelf. Theſe are the manſions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are diſtributed among theſe ſeveral iſlands, which abound with pleaſures of different kinds and degrees, ſuitable to the reliſhes and perfections of thoſe who are ſettled in them; every iſland is a paradiſe accommodated to its reſpective inhabitants. Are not theſe, O *Mirzah*, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miſerable, that gives thee opportunities of earning ſuch a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to ſo happy an exiſtence? Think not man was made in vain, who has ſuch an eternity reſerved for him. I gazed with inexpreſſible pleaſure on theſe

happy

happy iſlands. At length, ſaid I, ſhew me now, I beſeech thee, the ſecrets that lye hid under thoſe dark clouds, which cover the ocean on the other ſide of the rock of adamant. The genius making me no anſwer, I turned about to addreſs myſelf to him a ſecond time, but I found that he had left me; I then turned again to the viſion which I had been ſo long contemplating; but inſtead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy iſlands, I ſaw nothing but the long hollow valley of *Bagdat*, with oxen, ſheep and camels grazing upon the ſides of it.

A Letter to Sir CHARLES EASY *in Town, from the Parſon of his Pariſh in the Country.*

[Beaumont's Moralities, p. 16.]

Dear Sir CHARLES,

YOU will forgive your old friend, who has troubled you, now-and-then, with ſomething like advice, if he ſhould do ſo once more, now there ſeems to be particular occaſion for it. You ſay, in your laſt, that you are two thouſand pound the poorer this year, for play. I am ſorry to hear it, with all my heart! for we people in the country look upon two thouſand pound as a very ſerious matter; and had I not known you ſo well, I ſhould have been much ſurpriſed to find that you could write ſo gaily, on loſing ſuch a vaſt ſum as that is.

I KNOW you gentlemen of the town look on gaming, only as an idle and weak thing, at the worſt; but I have long conſidered it as one of the greateſt *ſins* I know of. You will forgive an old parſon for uſing a *word*, which they tell me is almoſt grown out of faſhion.

WILL you give me leave to tell you, why I look on gaming as ſo very a wicked thing? It is, becauſe I think it may make a very bad Man, of a very good one.

I KNOW

I KNOW your temper very well; and am ſure, that, naturally, you were much inclined to do good, and very deſirous of having a good name in the world. You were of a ſweet diſpoſition, from a boy; and I have ſeen you give ſix-pence to a poor old man, when you had not two-pence more left in your pocket. How then can you go on to be ſo fond of a thing, that may in time render you unwiſe, inglorious, ungenerous, unmerciful, and unjuſt?

I KNOW you will laugh, and ſay, I am preaching to you. Well, that you know is my trade; and I hope, I ſhall never be aſhamed of it. But, how does play do all the things I have been talking of? Why, if you pleaſe, I will tell you; and that in a few words too, though I am ſo old a man.

ANY one's manners muſt be tinged a good deal with the company he keeps: now the groom porter's itſelf, as I take it, is not a place to learn much wiſdom in. The loweſt ſort of gameſters are as weak men, take them out of cards and dice, as ever I met with; and a man who games much, will be apt, ſometimes, to fall in even with theſe, rather than ſtand out; and conſequently into converſations that are far enough from being improving.

AS for reputation, the character of a gameſter will certainly be allowed to be one of the worſt in the world; and though the world is ſo bad, there never yet was a man in it, generally eſteemed for being a gameſter, that I know of. If there has, things are grown worſe ſince I was laſt in town; which was at King *George* I's coronation.

I BEG you to recollect, (for I know your good diſpoſition,) how often you have been willing to relieve ſome worthy perſon, whom you ſaw in diſtreſs, and could not do it, becauſe the dice had a run againſt you a night or two before. In each of thoſe inſtances, it was the dice that made you not generous, where you wanted to have been ſo with all your heart.

WHEN an income is made too little for any gentleman, by play, his poor tenants in the country muſt be driven the harder, to pay in their rents when wanted;

and

and the rents, in general, muſt be racked up as high as poſſible, to ſupply the annual demands of the gaming-table: and both of theſe, I fear, often in a manner, that may too fairly be called unmerciful.

WHERE gaming ſwallows up good part of an income; as gaming debts muſt be paid firſt, moſt other debts will be ſuffered to ſtand till too long. The true value of money in trade conſiſts a good deal in the circulation of it; and if tradeſmens debts are of long continuance, there muſt be an injuſtice ſomewhere. Either they charge no more than they ſhould to a quick payer, and then you are unjuſt to them, in keeping them out of their money ſo long; or they will charge you more than the proper value of the goods, and then you are the occaſion of injuſtice to yourſelf.

SO that all the things that I ſaid, I think, are true: but the point I own which grieves me the moſt is, that ſo excellent a turn of mind, as I know to be in you, ſhould be rendered of no effect, by ſuch pitiful means. I have juſt been computing, what a vaſt deal of good you might have done, the year laſt paſt; all which you have let ſlip out of your hands, without adding any thing, either to your character, or your happineſs. I will juſt tranſcribe the account I have been making, and then be your very humble ſervant:

An Account of what might have been done by SIR CHARLES EASY; *for the Benefit and Happineſs of Mankind, in the Year 1743.*

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To 'prenticing out the two ſons of a ſoldier, that fought bravely, and loſt his life in the battle of *Dettingen.*	40
To a poor clergyman, that had bred up a large family, on a living of 15*l.* a year.	105
To portions for five young maids, on the day of their marriage with honeſt tradeſmen.	100
To cloathing and ſchooling of ten boys.	100
To 'prenticing out fourteen boys, and ſix girls.	200
To ſetting up four young men, juſt out of their time, in their proper trades.	150

Loan

	£
Loan to poor tradeſmen, without intereſt, for 3 years each.	200
To officers children, left in diſtreſs.	250
To a gentleman of birth and merit, that was fallen in the world.	300
To a gentlewoman whoſe father being a gameſter left her without any fortune; to buy her 30 *l.* a year in annuities for her life.	300
To occaſional charities; to perſons known to be in want, and to deſerve help.	255
Sum total	2000

INSTEAD of this, as I apprehend, in your preſent account it muſt ſtand all under one article; thus:

For the YEAR 1743.

	£
To cards and dice.	2000

AH! Sir *Charles*, let me intreat you to compare theſe two very different accounts together; and to weigh the one againſt the other! — Had you had the happineſs to follow the former, what a pleaſure muſt it have given you, every time you looked it over, to conſider how far you had gone in *one year*, toward making ſo many worthy diſtreſſed perſons happy for *their whole life?* What have you in the ſtead of this, but the mortification — I will ſay no more, but leave you to fill it up yourſelf. — Think of it a little, if it is poſſible for you to ſit down and think, good Sir *Charles!* — I have always loved you, as if you were my own ſon. You gave me my living, and have been ever good to me; and I could, methinks, give it all up again, to have the world ſpeak well of you all round, as they do in moſt things already. When I hear any thing good of you, it is the comfort of my grey hairs: and when I hear any thing ill, I feel it here, at my heart! If you ſhould happen to ſend me word, this time twelvemonth, that you had diſpoſed of only the half of the overplus of

your

your income, in doing good, instead of sacrificing it all in this wretched way, I very believe it would comfort me so much, that it might add two or three years to the declining life of,

Dear Sir CHARLES,

Your most faithful, and most obliged humble Servant to command,

PHILIP DE COVERLEY.

On Female Gamesters. [Guard. N° 120.]

I SHOULD ill deserve the name of Guardian, did I not caution all my fair wards against a practice which when it runs to excess, is the most shameful, but one, that the female world can fall into. The ill consequences of it are more than can be contained in this paper. However, that I may proceed in method, I shall consider them. First, as they relate to the mind. Secondly as they relate to the body.

COULD we look into the mind of a female gamester, we should see it full of nothing but trumps and mattadores. Her slumbers are haunted with kings, queens, and knaves. The day lies heavy upon her till the play-season returns, when for half a dozen hours together all her faculties are employed in shuffling, cutting, dealing, and sorting out a pack of cards, and no ideas to be discovered in a soul which calls itself rational, excepting little square figures of painted and spotted paper. Was the understanding, that divine part in our composition, for such an use? Is it thus that we improve the greatest talent human nature is endoved with? What would a superior being think, were he shown this intellectual faculty in a female gamester, and at the same time told, that it was by this she was distinguished from brutes, and allied to angels.

WHEN our women thus fill their imaginations with pips and counters, I cannot wonder at the story I have lately heard of a new-born child that was marked with the five of clubs.

THEIR

THEIR passions suffer no less by this practice than their understandings and imaginations. What hope and fear, joy and anger, sorrow and discontent break out all at once in a fair assembly; upon so noble an occasion as that of turning up a card? Who can consider without a secret indignation that all those affections of the mind which should be consecrated to their children, husbands and parents, are thus vilely prostituted and thrown away upon a hand at Loo? For my own part; I cannot but be grieved when I see a fine woman fretting and bleeding inwardly from such trivial motives: When I behold the face of an angel agitated and discomposed by the heart of an fury.

OUR minds are of such a make, that they naturally give themselves up to every diversion which they are much accustomed to, and we always find that play, when followed with assiduity, engrosses the whole woman. She quickly grows uneasy in her own family, takes but little pleasure in all the domestic innocent endearments of life, and grows more fond of *Pam*, than of her husband. My friend *Theophrastus*, the best of husbands and of fathers, has often complained to me, with tears in his eyes, of the late hours he is forced to keep if he would enjoy his wife's conversation. When she returns to me with joy in her face, it does not arise, says he, from the sight of her husband, but from the good luck she has had at cards. On the contrary, says he, if she has been a looser I am doubly a sufferer by it. She comes home out of humour, is angry with every body, displeased with all I can do or say, and in reality for no other reason, but because she has been throwing away my estate. What charming bed-fellows and companions for life are men likely to meet with that choose their wives out of such women of vogue and fashion? What a race of worthies, what patriots, what heroes, must we expect from mothers of this make?

I COME in the next place to consider the ill consequences which gaming has on the bodies of our female adventurers. It is so ordered that almost every thing which corrupts the soul decays the body. The beauties of the face and mind are generally destroyed by the

same

ſame means. This conſideration ſhould have a particular weight with the female world, who were deſigned to pleaſe the eye and attract the regards of the other half of the ſpecies. Now there is nothing that wears out a fine face like the vigils of the card-table, and thoſe cutting paſſions which naturally attend them. Hollow eyes, hagard looks, and pale complexions, are the natural indications of a female gameſter. Her morning ſleeps are not able to repair her midnight watchings. I have known a woman carried off half dead from Baſſette, and have many a time grieved to ſee a perſon of quality gliding by me in her chair at two o'clock in the morning, and looking like a ſpectre amidſt a glare of flambeaux. In ſhort, I never knew a thorough-paced female gameſter hold her beauty two winters together.

But there is ſtill another caſe in which the body is more endangered than in the former. All play-debts muſt be paid in ſpecie, or by an equivalent. The man that plays beyond his income pawns his eſtate: the woman muſt find out ſomething elſe to mortgage, when her pin-money is gone: the huſband has his lands to diſpoſe of; the wife her perſon. Now when the female body is once *dipped*, if the creditor be very importunate, I leave my readers to conſider the conſequences.

* *

Account of TIM. WILDGOOSE *by himſelf.*

[Advent. N° 98.]

To the ADVENTURER.

DEAR BROTHER,

THE thirſt of glory is I think allowed, even by the dull dogs who can ſit ſtill long enough to write books, to be a noble appetite.

My ambition is to be thought a man of life and ſpirit, who could conquer the world if he was to ſet about it, but who has too much vivacity to give the neceſſary attention to any ſcheme of length.

I AM'

I AM, in ſhort, one of thoſe heroic Adventurers, who have thought proper to diſtinguiſh themſelves by the titles of BUCK, BLOOD, and NERVE. When I am in the country I am always on horſe-back, and I leap or break every hedge and gate that ſtands in my way: when I am in town, I am conſtantly to be ſeen at ſome of the public places, at the proper times for making my appearance; as at Vaux-Hall, or Marybone, about ten, very drunk: for though I don't love wine, I am obliged to be conſumedly drunk five or ſix nights in the week; nay ſometimes five or ſix days together, for the ſake of my character. Wherever I come, I am ſure to make all the confuſion, and do all the miſchief I can; not for the ſake of doing miſchief, but only out of frolic you know to ſhew my vivacity. If there are women near me, I ſwear like a devil to ſhew my courage, and talk bawdy to ſhew my wit. Under the roſe, I am a curſed favourite amongſt them; and have had "bonne fortune" let me tell you. I do love the little rogues helliſhly: but faith I make love for the good of the public: and the town is obliged to me for a dozen or two of the fineſt wenches that were ever brought into its ſeraglios. One, indeed, I loſt; and, poor fond ſoul! I pitied her: but it could not be helped — ſelf-preſervation obliged me to leave her — I could not tell her what was the matter with her, rot me if I could; and ſo it got ſuch a head, that the devil himſelf could not have ſaved her.

THERE'S one thing vexes me: I have much ado to avoid having that inſignificant character, a good natured fellow, fixed upon me; ſo that I am obliged in my own defence to break the boy's head, and kick my whore down ſtairs every time I enter a night houſe: I pick quarrels when I am not offended, break the windows of men I never ſaw, demoliſh lamps, bilk hackney coachmen, overturn wheelbarrows, and ſtorm night cellars: I beat the watchman though he bids me good morrow, abuſe the conſtable, and inſult the juſtice: for theſe feats I am frequently kicked, beaten, pumped, proſecuted and impriſoned; but Tim is no Flincher; and if he does not get fame, blood! he will deſerve it.

I AM

I AM now writing at a coffee houſe, where I am juſt arrived, after a journey of fifty miles which I have rode in four hours. I knocked up my blockhead's horſe two hours ago. The dog whipped and ſpurred at ſuch a rate, that I dare ſay you may track him half the way by the blood; but all would not do. The devil take the hindmoſt, is always my way of travelling. The moment I diſmounted, down dropt Dido, by, Jove: and hear am I all alive and merry, my old boy!

I'LL tell the what; I was a helliſh aſs t'other day. I ſhot a damn'd clean mare through the head, for jumping out of the road to avoid runing over an old woman. But the bitch threw me, and I got a curſed ſlice on the cheek againſt a flint, which put me in a paſſion; who could help it you know? Rot me! I would not have loſt her for five hundred old women, with all their brats, and the brats of their brats to the third generation. — She was a ſweet creature! I would have run her five and twenty miles in an hour, for five hundred pounds. But ſhe's gone! — Poor jade! I did love thee, that I did.

NOW what you ſhall do for me old boy is this, Help to raiſe my name a little d'ye mind: write ſomething in praiſe of us ſprightly pretty fellows. I aſſure you we take a great deal of pains for fame, and 'tis hard we ſhould be bilkt. I would not trouble you, my dear! but only I fear I have not much time before me to do my own buſineſs; for between you and I, both my conſtitution and eſtate are damnably out at elbows. I intend to make them ſpin out together as evenly as poſſible; but if my purſe ſhould happen to leak faſteſt, I propoſe to go with my laſt half crown to Ranelagh gardens, and there, if you approve the ſcheme, I'll mount one of the upper alcoves, and repeat with an heroic air,

" I'll boldly venture on the world unknown;
" It cannot uſe me worſe than this has done."

I'll then ſhoot myſelf thro' the head; and ſo good by'tye.

Yours, as you ſerve me,

TIM. WILDGOOSE.

Gradation from a GREENHORN *to a* BLOOD.

[Advent. N° 100.]

To the ADVENTURER.

SIR,

THOUGH the characters of men have, perhaps, been eſſentially the ſame in all ages, yet their external appearance has changed with other peculiarities of time and place, and they have been diſtinguiſhed by different names as new modes of expreſſion have prevailed: a periodical writer, therefore, who catches the picture of evaneſcent life, and ſhews the deformity of follies which in a few years will be ſo changed as not to be known, ſhould be careful to expreſs the character when he deſcribes the appearance, and to connect it with the name by which it then happens to be called. You have frequently uſed the terms BUCK and BLOOD, and have given ſome account of the characters which are thus denominated; but you have not conſidered them as the laſt ſtages of a regular progreſſion, nor taken any notice of thoſe which procede them. Their dependance upon each other is, indeed, ſo little known, that many ſuppoſe them to be diſtinct and collateral claſſes, formed by perſons of oppoſite intereſts, taſtes, capacities, and diſpoſitions: the ſcale, however, conſiſts of eight degrees; GREENHORN, JEMMY, JESSAMY, SMART, HONEST FELLOW, JOYOUS SPIRIT, BUCK, and BLOOD. As I have myſelf paſſed through the whole ſeries, I ſhall explain each ſtation by a ſhort account of my life, remarking the periods when my character changed its denomination, and the particular incidents by which the change was produced.

MY father was a wealthy farmer in *Yorkſhire;* and when I was near eighteen years of age, he brought me to *London* and put me apprentice to a conſiderable ſhopkeeper in the city. There was an aukward modeſt ſimplicity in my manner, and a reverence of religion

and

and virtue in my converſation. The novelty of the ſcene that was now placed before me, in which there were innumerable objects that I never conceived to exiſt, rendered me attentive and credulous; peculiarities, which, without a provincial accent, a ſlouch in my gait, a long lank head of hair, and a unfaſhionable ſuit of drab coloured cloth, would have denominated me a GREENHORN, or, in other words, a country put very green.

GREEN, then, I continued even in externals, near two years; and in this ſtate I was the object of univerſal contempt and deriſion: but being at length wearied with merriment and inſult, I was very ſedulous to aſſume the manners and appearance of thoſe, who in the ſame ſtation were better treated. I had already improved greatly in my ſpeech; and my father having allowed me thirty pounds a year for apparel and pocket money, the greater part of which I had ſaved, I beſpoke a ſuit of cloaths of an eminent city taylor, with ſeveral waiſtcoats and breeches, and two frocks for a change: I cut off my hair, and procured a brown bob perriwig of WILDING juſt of the ſame colour, with a ſingle row of curls round the bottom, which I wore very nicely combed, and without powder: my hat, which had been cocked with great exactneſs in an equilateral triangle, I diſcarded, and purchaſed one of a more faſhionable ſize, the fore corner of which projected near two inches further than thoſe on each ſide, and was moulded into the ſhape of a ſpout: I alſo furniſhed myſelf with a change of white thread ſtockings, took care that my pumps were varniſhed every morning with the new German blacking ball, and when I went out carried in my hand a little ſwitch, which as it has been long appendant to the character that I had juſt aſſumed, has taken the ſame name, and is called a JEMMY.

I SOON perceived the advantage of this transformation. My manner had not, indeed, kept pace with my dreſs, I was ſtill modeſt and diffident, temperate and ſober, and conſequently ſtill ſubject to ridicule: but I was now admitted into company, from which I had before been excluded by the ruſticity of my appearance;

I was rallied and encouraged by turns; and I was inſtructed both by precept and example. Some offers were made of carrying me to a houſe of private entertainment, which then I abſolutely refuſed; but I ſoon found the way into the play-houſe, to ſee the two laſt acts and the farce: here I learned that by breaches of chaſtity no man was thought to incur either guilt or ſhame; but that on the contrary, they were eſſentially neceſſary to the character of a fine gentleman. I ſoon copied the original, which I found to be univerſally admired, in my morals, and made ſome farther approaches to it in my dreſs: I ſuffered my hair to grow long enough to comb back over the foretop of my wig, which, when I ſallied forth to my evening amuſement, I change to a queüe; I tied the collar of my ſhirt with half an ell of black ribbon, which appeared under my neckloth; the fore corner of my hat was conſiderably elevated and ſhortened, ſo that it no longer reſembled a ſpout, but the corner of a minced pye; my waiſtcoat was edged with a narrow lace, my ſtockings were ſilk, and I never appeared without a pair of clean gloves. My addreſs, from its native maſculine plainneſs, was converted to an exceſs of ſoftneſs and civility, eſpecially when I ſpoke to the ladies. I had before made ſome progreſs in learning to ſwear; I had proceeded by fegs, faith, pox, plague, 'pon my life, 'pon my ſoul, rat it, and zookers, to zauns and the devil. I now advanced to by Jove, 'fore ged, geds curſe it, and demme: but I ſtill uttered theſe interjections in a tremulous tone, and my pronunciation was feminine and vicious. I was ſenſible of my defects, and, therefore, applied with great diligence to remove them. I freqnently practiſed alone, but it was a long time before I could ſwear ſo much to my own ſatisfaction in company, as by myſelf. My labour, however, was not without its reward: it recommended me to the notice of the ladies, and procured me the gentle appellation of JESSAMY.

I NOW learned among other GROWN GENTLEMEN to dance, which greatly enlarged my acquaintance; I entered into a ſubſcription for country dances once a week at a tavern, where each gentleman engaged to

bring

bring a partner: at the ſame time I made conſiderable advances in ſwearing; I could pronounce damme with a tolerable air and accent, give the vowel its full ſound, and look with confidence in the face of the perſon to whom I ſpoke. About this time my father's elder brother died, and left me an eſtate of near five hundred pounds per annum. I now bought out the remainder of my time; and this ſudden acceſſion of wealth and independence gave me immediately an air of greater confidence and freedom. I laid out near one hundred and fifty pounds in cloaths, though I was obliged to go into mourning: I employed a court taylor to make them up; I exchanged my queüe for a bag; I put on a ſword which, in appearance at leaſt, was a Toledo; and in proportion as I knew my dreſs to be elegant, I was leſs ſollicitous to be neat. My acquaintance now increaſed every hour; I was attended, flattered, and careſſed; was often invited to entertainments, ſupped every night at a tavern, and went home in a chair; was taken notice of in public places, and was univerſally confeſſed to be improved into a SMART.

THERE were ſome intervals in which I found it neceſſary to abſtain from wenching; and in theſe, at whatever riſque, I applied myſelf to the bottle: a habit of drinking came inſenſibly upon me, and I was ſoon able to walk home with a bottle and a pint. I had learned a ſufficient number of faſhionable toaſts, and got by heart ſeveral toping and ſeveral bawdy ſongs, ſome of which I ventured to roar out with a friend hanging on my arm as we ſcoured the ſtreet after our nocturnal revel. I now laboured with indefatigable induſtry to increaſe theſe acquiſitions: I enlarged my ſtock of healths; made great progreſs in ſinging, joking, and ſtory telling; ſwore well; could make a company of ſtaunch topers drunk; always collected the rockoning, and was the laſt man that departed. My face began to be covered with red pimples, and my eyes to be weak; I became daily more negligent of my dreſs, and more blunt in my manner; I profeſſed myſelf a foe to ſtarters and milkſops, declared that there was no enjoyment equal to that of a bottle

and a friend, and ſoon gained the appellation of an HONEST FELLOW.

BY this diſtinction I was animated to attempt yet greater excellence; I learned ſeveral feats of mimickry of the under players, could take off known characters, tell a ſtaring ſtory, and humbug with ſo much ſkill as ſometimes to take-in a knowing one. I was ſo ſucceſsful in the practice of theſe arts, to which, indeed, I applied myſelf with unwearied diligence and aſſiduity, that I kept my company roaring with applauſe, till their voices ſunk by degrees, and they were no longer able to laugh, becauſe they were no longer able either to hear or to ſee. I had now aſcended another ſcale in the climax; and was acknowledged by all who knew me, to be a JOVOUS SPIRIT.

AFTER all theſe topics of merriment were exhauſted, and I had repeated my tricks my ſtories my jokes and my ſongs till they grew inſipid, I became miſchievous; and was continually diviſing and executing FROLICS, to the unſpeakable delight of my companions, and the injury of others. For many of them I was proſecuted, and frequently obliged to pay large damages: but I bore all theſe loſſes with an air of jovial indifference, I puſhed on in my career, I was more deſperate in proportion as I had leſs to loſe; and being deterred from no miſchief by the dread of its conſequences, I was ſaid to run at all, and complemented with the name of BUCK.

MY eſtate was at length mortgaged for more than it was worth; my creditors were importunate; I became negligent of myſelf and of others; I made a deſperate effort at the gaming table, and loſt the laſt ſum that I could raiſe; my eſtate was ſeized by the mortgagee; I learned to pack cards and to cog a die; became a bully to whores; paſſed my nights in a brothel, the ſtreet, or the watch-houſe; was utterly inſenſible of ſhame, and lived upon the town as a beaſt of prey in a foreſt. Thus I reached the ſummit of modern glory, and had juſt acquired the diſtinction of a BLOOD, when I was arreſted for an old debt of three hundred pounds, and thrown into the King's Bench priſon.

THESE

THESE characters, Sir, though they are distinct, yet do not all differ, otherwise than as shades of the same colour. And though they are stages of a regular progression, yet the whole progress is not made by every individual: some are so soon initiated in the mysteries of the town, that they are never publicly known in their GREENHORN state; others fix long in the JEMMYHOOD, others are JESSAMYS at fourscore, and some stagnate in each of the higher stages for life. But I request that they may never hereafter be confounded either by you or your correspondents. Of the BLOOD, your brother Adventurer, Mr. WILDGOOSE, though he assumes the character, does not seem to have a just and precise idea as distinct from the BUCK, in which class he should be placed, and will probably die; for he seems determined to shoot himself, just at the time when his circumstances will enable him to assume the higher distinction.

BUT the retrospect upon life, which this letter has made necessary, covers me with confusion, and aggravates despair. I cannot but reflect, that among all these characters, I have never assumed that of a MAN. Man is a REASONABLE BEING, which he ceases to be, who disguises his body with ridiculous fopperies, or degrades his mind by detestable brutality. These thoughts would have been of great use to me, if they had occurred seven years ago. If they are of use to you, I hope you will send me a small gratuity for my labour, to alleviate the misery of hunger and nakedness: but, dear Sir, let your bounty be speedy, lest I perish before it arrive.

I am your humble servant,

Common-side King's Bench, NOMENTANUS.
Oct. 18. 1753.

On the Force of Habit [Spect. N° 447.]

THERE is not a common saying which has a better turn of ſenſe in it, than what we often hear in the mouths of the vulgar, that cuſtom is a ſecond nature. It is indeed able to form the man anew, and to give him inclinations and capacities altogether different from thoſe he was born with. Dr. *Plot*, in his hiſtory of *Staffordſhire*, tells us of an idiot that chancing to live within the ſound of a clock, and always amuſing himſelf with counting the hour of the day whenever the clock ſtruk, the clock being ſpoiled by ſome accident, the idiot continued to ſtrike and count the hour without the help of it, in the ſame manner as he had done when it was intire. Though I dare not vouch for the truth of this ſtory, it is very certain that cuſtom has a mechanical effect upon the body, at the ſame time that it has a very extraordinary influence upon the mind.

I SHALL in this paper conſider one very remarkable effect which cuſtom has upon human nature; and which, if rightly obſerved, may lead us into very uſeful rules of life. What I ſhall here take notice of in cuſtom, is its wonderful efficacy in making every thing pleaſant to us. A perſon who is addicted to play or gaming, though he took but little delight in it at firſt, by degrees contracts ſo ſtrong an inclination towards it, and gives himſelf up ſo intirely to it, that it ſeems the only end of his being. The love of a retired or buſy life will grow upon a man inſenſibly, as he is converſant in the one or the other, till he is utterly unqualified for reliſhing that to which he has been for ſome time diſuſed. Nay, a man may ſmoke, or drink, or take ſnuff, till he is unable to paſs away his time without it; not to mention how our delight in any particular ſtudy, art, or ſcience, riſes and improves in proportion to the application which we beſtow upon it. Thus what was at firſt an exerciſe, becomes at length an entertainment. Our employments are changed into our diverſions.

The mind grows fond of those actions she is accustomed to, and is drawn with reluctancy from those paths in which she has been used to walk.

Nor only such actions as were at first indifferent to us, but even such as were painful, will by custom and practice become pleasant. Sir *Francis Bacon* observes in his natural philosophy, that our taste is never pleased better than with those things which at first created a disgust in it. He gives particular instances of claret, coffee, and other liquors, which the palate seldom approves upon the first taste; but when it has once got a relish of them, generally retains it for life. The mind is constituted after the same manner, and after having habituated herself to any particular exercise or employment, not only loses her first aversion towards it, but conceives a certain fondness and affection for it. I have heard one of the greatest genius's this age has produced, who had been trained up in all the polite studies of antiquity, assure me, upon his being obliged to search into several rolls and records, that notwithstanding such an employment was at first very dry and irksome to him, he at last took an incredible pleasure in it, and preferred it even to the reading of *Virgil* or *Cicero*. The reader will observe, that I have not here considered custom as it makes things easy, but as it renders them delightful; and though others have often made the same reflections, it is possible they may not have drawn those uses from it, with which I intend to fill the remaining part of this paper.

If we consider attentively this property of human nature, it may instruct us in very fine moralities. In the first place, I would have no man discouraged with that kind of life or series of action, in which the choice of others, or his own necessities, may have engaged him. It may perhaps be very disagreeable to him at first: but use and application will certainly render it not only less painful, but pleasing and satisfactory.

In the second place I would recommend to every one that admirable precept which *Pythagoras* is said to have given to his disciples, and which that philosopher must have drawn from the observation I have enlarged

upon

upon. *Optimum vitæ genus eligito, nam conſuetudo faciet jucundiſſimum.* Pitch upon that courſe of life, which is the moſt excellent, and cuſtom will render it the moſt delightful. Men, whoſe circumſtances will permit them to chooſe their own way of life, are excuſable if they do not purſue that which their judgment tells them is the moſt laudable. The voice of reaſon is more to be regarded than the bent of any preſent inclination, ſince, by the rule above-mentioned, inclination will at length come over to reaſon, though we can never force reaſon to comply with inclination,

In the third place, this obſervation may teach the moſt ſenſual and irreligious man, to overlook thoſe hardſhips and difficulties, which are apt to diſcourage him from the perſecution of a virtuous life. *The gods,* ſaid *Heſiod, have placed labour before virtue; the way to her is at firſt rough and difficult, but grows more ſmooth and eaſy the farther you advance in it.* The man who proceeds in it, with ſteadineſs and reſolution, will in a little time find that *her ways are ways of pleaſantneſs, and that all her paths are peace.*

To enforce this conſideration, we may further obſerve, that the practice of religion will not only be attended with that pleaſure, which naturally accompanies thoſe actions to which we are habituated, but with thoſe ſupernumerary joys of heart, that riſe from the conſciouſneſs of ſuch a pleaſure, from the ſatisfaction of acting up to the dictates of reaſon, and from the proſpect of an happy immortality.

In the fourth place, we may learn from this obſervation which we made on the mind of man, to take particular care, when we are once ſettled in a regular courſe of life, how we too frequently indulge ourſelves in any the moſt innocent diverſions and entertainments, ſince the mind may inſenſibly fall off from the reliſh of virtuous actions, and, by degrees, exchange that pleaſure which it takes in the performance of its duty, for delights of a much more inferior and unprofitable nature.

The laſt uſe which I ſhall make of this remarkable property in human nature, of being delighted with thoſe

actions

actions to which it is accuſtomed, is to ſhew how abſolutely neceſſary it is for us to gain habits of virtue in this life, if we would enjoy the pleaſures of the next. The ſtate of bliſs we call heaven will not be capable of affecting thoſe minds, which are not thus qualified for it; we muſt, in this world, gain a reliſh of truth and virtue, if we would be able to taſte that knowledge and perfection, which are to make us happy in the next. The ſeeds of thoſe ſpiritual joys and raptures, which are to riſe up and flouriſh in the ſoul to all eternity, muſt be planted in her, during this her preſent ſtate of probation. In ſhort, heaven is not to be looked upon only as the reward, but as the natural effect of a religious life.

On the other hand, thoſe evil ſpirits, who by long cuſtom, have contracted in the body habits of luſt and ſenſuality, malice and revenge, an averſion to every thing that is good, juſt or laudable, are naturally ſeaſoned and prepared for pain and miſery. Their torments have already taken root in them; they cannot be happy when diveſted of the body, unleſs we may ſuppoſe, that providence will, in a manner, create them anew, and work a miracle in the rectification of their faculties. They may, indeed, taſte a kind of malignant pleaſure in thoſe actions to which they are accuſtomed, whilſt in this life; but when they are removed from all thoſe objects which are here apt to gratify them, they will naturally become their own tormentors, and cheriſh in themſelves thoſe painful habits of mind which are called, in ſcripture phraſe, the worm which never dies. This notion of heaven and hell is ſo very conformable to the light of nature, that it was diſcovered by ſeveral of the moſt exalted heathens. It has been finely improved by many eminent divines of the laſt age, as in particular by Archbiſhop *Tillotſon* and Dr. *Sherlock*: but there is none who has raiſed ſuch noble ſpeculations upon it as Dr. *Scot* in the firſt book of his Chriſtian life, which is one of the fineſt and moſt rational ſchemes of divinity that is written in our tongue, or in any other. That excellent author has ſhewn how every particular cuſtom and habit of virtue will, in its own nature, produce the

heaven,

heaven, or a ſtate of happineſs, in him who ſhall hereafter practiſe it: as on the contrary, how every cuſtom or habit of vice will be the natural hell of him in whom it ſubſiſts.

Directions how to ſpend our Time.

[Spectator, N°. 93.]

WE all of us complain of the ſhortneſs of time, ſaith *Seneca*, and yet have much more than we know what do with. Our lives, ſays he, are ſpent either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the purpoſe, or in doing nothing that we ought to do: we are always complaining our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end of them. That noble philoſopher has deſcribed our inconſiſtency with ourſelves in this particular, by all thoſe various turns of expreſſion and thought which are peculiar to his writings.

I OFTEN conſider mankind as wholly inconſiſtent with itſelf in a point that bears ſome affinity to the former. Though we ſeem grieved at the ſhortneſs of life in general, wo are wiſhing every period of it at an end. The minor longs to be at age, then to be a man of buſineſs, then to make up an eſtate, then to arrive at honours, then to retire. Thus, although the whole of life is allowed by every one to be ſhort, the ſeveral diviſions of it appear long and tedious. We are for lengthening our ſpan in general, but would fain contract the parts of which it is compoſed. The uſurer would be very well ſatisfied to have all the time annihilated that lyes between the preſent moment and next quarter day. The politician would be contented to loſe three years in his life, could he place things in the poſture which he fancies they will ſtand in after ſuch a revolution of time. The lover would be glad to ſtrike out of his exiſtence all the moments that are to paſs away before the happy meeting.

meeting. Thus, as fast as our time runs, we should be very glad in most parts of our lives that it ran much faster than it does. Several hours of the day haug upon our hands, nay, we wish away whole years; and travel through time as through a country filled with many wild and empty wastes; which we would fain hurry over, that we may arrive at those several little settlements or imaginary points of rest which are dispersed up and down in it.

If we may divide the life of most men into twenty parts, we shall find that at least nineteen of them are mere gaps and chasms, which are neither filled with pleasure nor business. I do not however include in this calculation the life of those men who are in a perpetual hurry of affairs, but of those only who are not always engaged in scenes of action; and I hope I shall not do an unacceptable piece of service to these persons, if I point out to them certain methods for the filling up their empty spaces of life. The methods I shall propose to them are as follow.

The first is the exercise of virtue, in the most general acceptation of the word. That particular scheme which comprehends the social virtues, may give employment to the most industrious temper and find a man in business more than the most active station of life. To advise the ignorant, relieve the needy, comfort the afflicted, are duties that fall in our way almost every day of our lives. A man has frequent opportunities of mitigating the fierceness of a party; of doing justice to the character of a deserving man; of softening the envious, quieting the angry, and rectifying the prejudiced; which are all of them employments suited to a reasonable nature, and bring great satisfaction to the person who can busy himself in them with discretion.

There is another kind of virtue that may find employment for those retired hours in which we are altogether left to ourselves, and destitute of company and conversation; I mean that intercourse and communication which every reasonable creature ought to maintain

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with the great Author of his being, The man who lives under an habitual ſenſe of the divine preſence, keeps up a perpetual chearfulneſs of temper, and enjoys every moment the ſatisfaction of thinking himſelf in company with his deareſt and beſt of friends. The time never lyes heavy upon him: it is impoſſible for him to be alone. His thoughts and paſſions are the moſt buſied at ſuch hours when thoſe of other men are the moſt unactive: he no ſooner ſteps out of the world but his heart burns with devotion, ſwells with hope, and triumphs in the conſciouſneſs of that preſence which every where ſurrounds him; or, on the contrary, pours out its fears, its ſorrows, its apprehenſions, to the great Supporter of its exiſtence.

I HAVE here only conſidered the neceſſity of a man's being virtuous, that he may have ſomething to do; but if we conſider further, that the exerciſe of virtue is not only an amuſement for the time it laſts, but that its influence extends to thoſe parts of our exiſtence which lye beyond the grave, and that our whole eternity is to take its colour from thoſe hours which we here employ in virtue or in vice, the argument redoubles upon us, for putting in practice this method of paſſing away our time.

WHEN a man has but a little ſtock to improve, and has opportunities of turning it all to good account, what ſhall we think of him if he ſuffers nineteen parts of it to lye dead, and perhaps employs even the twentieth to his ruin or diſadvantage? but becauſe the mind cannot be always in its fervour, nor ſtrained up to a pitch of virtue, it is neceſſary to find out proper employments for it in its relaxations.

THE next method therefore that I would propoſe to fill up our time, ſhould be uſeful and innocent diverſions. I muſt confeſs I think it is below reaſonable creatures to be altogether converſant in ſuch diverſions as are merely innocent, and have nothing elſe to recommend them but that there is no hurt in them. Whether any kind of gaming has even thus much to ſay for itſelf, I ſhall not determine; but I think it is very wonderful to ſee perſons of the beſt ſenſe paſſing away a dozen together

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in ſhuffling and dividing a pack of cards, with no other converſation but what is made up of a few game phraſes, and no other ideas but thoſe of black or red ſpots ranged together in different figures. Would not a man laugh to hear any one of his ſpecies complaining that life is ſhort?

THE ſtage might be made a perpetual ſource of the moſt noble and uſeful entertainments, were it under proper regulations.

BUT the mind never unbends itſelf ſo agreeably as in the converſation of a well-choſen friend. There is indeed no bleſſing of life that is any way comparable to the enjoyment of a diſcreet and virtuous friend. It eaſes and unloads the mind, clears and improves the underſtanding, engenders thoughts and knowledge, animates virtue and good reſolution, ſooths and allays the paſſions, and finds employment for moſt of the vacant hours of life.

NEXT to ſuch an intimacy with a particular perſon, one would endeavour after a more general converſation with ſuch as are able to entertain and improve thoſe with whom they converſe, which are qualifications that ſeldom go aſunder.

THERE are many other uſeful amuſements of life, which one would endeavour to multiply, that one might on all occaſions have recourſe to ſomething rather than ſuffer the mind to lie idle, or run adrift with any paſſion that chances to riſe in it.

A MAN that has a taſte in muſic, painting, or architecture, is like one that has another ſenſe when compared with ſuch as have no reliſh of thoſe arts. The floriſt, the planter, the gardner, the huſbandman, when they are only as accompliſhments to the man of fortune, are great reliefs to a country life, and many ways uſeful to thoſe who are poſſeſſed of them.

Singularity cenſured. [Advent. N° 131.]

FONTENELLE, in his panegyric on Sir *Iſaac Newton*, cloſes a long enumeration of the great philoſopher's virtues and attainments, with an obſerva-

tion, that "he was not diſtinguiſhed from other men, "by any ſingularity either natural or affected."

IT is an eminent inſtance of *Newton's* ſuperiority to the reſt of mankind, that he was able to ſeparate knowledge from thoſe weakneſſes by which knowledge is generally diſgraced; that he was able to excell in ſcience and wiſdom, without purchaſing them by the neglect of little things; and that he ſtood alone, merely becauſe he had left the reſt of mankind behind him, not becauſe he deviated from the beaten tract.

WHOEVER, after the example of *Plutarch*, ſhould compare the lives of illuſtrious men, might ſet this part of *Newton's* character, to view with great advantage, by oppoſing it to that of *Bacon*, perhaps the only man of later ages, who has any pretenſions to diſpute with him the palm of genius or ſcience.

Bacon, after he had added to a long and careful contemplation of almoſt every other object of knowledge a curious inſpection into common life, and after having ſurveyed nature as a philoſopher, had examined "men's "buſineſs and boſoms" as a ſtateſman; yet failed ſo much in the conduct of domeſtic affairs, that in the moſt lucrative poſt to which a great and wealthy kingdom could advance him, he felt all the miſeries of diſtreſsful poverty, and committed all the crimes to which poverty incites. Such were at once his negligence and rapacity, that, as it is ſaid, he would gain by unworthy practices that money, which, when ſo acquired, his ſervants might ſteal from one end of the table, while he ſat ſtudious and abſtracted at the other.

AS ſcarcely any man has reached the excellence, very few have ſunk to the weakneſs of *Bacon:* but almoſt all the ſtudious tribe, as they obtain any participation of his knowledge, feel likewiſe ſome contagion of his defects; and obſtruct the veneration which learning would procure, by follies greater or leſs to which only learning could betray them.

IT has been formerly remarked by the *Guardian*, that the world puniſhes with too great ſeverity the error of thoſe, who imagine that the ignorance of little things may be compenſated by the knowledge of great; for

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ſo it is, that as more can detect petty failings than can diſtinguiſh or eſteem great qualifications, and as mankind is in general more eaſily diſpoſed to cenſure than to admiration, contempt is often incurred by ſlight miſtakes, which real virtue or uſefulneſs cannot counterbalance.

YET ſuch miſtakes and inadvertencies, it is not eaſy for a man deeply immerſed in ſtudy to avoid; no man can become qualified for the common intercourſes of life, by private meditation; the manners of the world are not a regular ſyſtem, planned by philoſophers upon ſettled principles, in which every cauſe has a congruous effect, and one part has a juſt reference to another. Of the faſhions prevalent in every country, a few have ariſen, perhaps, from particular temperatures of the climate, a few more from the conſtitution of the government; but the greater part have grown up by chance, been ſtarted by caprice, been contrived by affectation, or borrowed without any juſt motives of choice from other countries.

OF all theſe, the ſavage that hunts his prey upon the mountains, and the ſage that ſpeculates in his cloſet, muſt neceſſarily live in equal ignorance; yet by the obſervation of theſe trifles it is, that the ranks of mankind are kept in order, that the addreſs of one to another is regulated, and the general buſineſs of the world carried on with facility and method.

THESE things, therefore, though ſmall in themſelves, become great by their frequency; and he very much miſtakes his own intereſt, who, to the unavoidable unſkilfulneſs of abſtraction and retirement, adds a voluntary neglect of common forms, and increaſes the diſadvantages of a ſtudious courſe of life by an arrogant contempt of thoſe practices, by which others endeavour to gain favour and multiply friendſhips.

A REAL and interior diſdain of faſhion and ceremony, is, indeed, not very often to be found: much the greater part of thoſe who pretend to laugh at foppery and formality, ſecretly wiſh to have poſſeſſed thoſe qualifications which they pretend to deſpiſe; and becauſe they find it difficult to waſh away the tincture

which they have ſo deeply imbibed, endeavour to harden themſelves in a ſullen approbation of their own colour. Neutrality is a ſtate, into which the buſy paſſions of man cannot eaſily ſubſide, and he who is in danger of the pangs of envy, is generally forced to recreate his imagination with an effort of contempt.

SOME, however, may be found, who ſupported by the conſciouſneſs of great abilities and elevated by a long courſe of reputation and applauſe, voluntarily conſign themſelves to ſingularity, affect to croſs the roads of life becauſe they know that they ſhall not be juſtled, and indulge a boundleſs gratification of will becauſe they perceive that they ſhall be quietly obeyed. Men of this kind are generally known by the name of HUMOURISTS, an appellation by which he that has obtained it, and can be contented to keep it, is ſet free at once from the ſhackles of faſhion; and can go in or out, ſit or ſtand, be talkative or ſilent, gloomy or merry, advance abſurdities or oppoſe demonſtration, without any other reprehenſion from mankind, than that it is his way, that he is an odd fellow, and muſt be let alone.

THIS ſeems to many, an eaſy paſſport through the various factions of mankind; and thoſe on whom it is beſtowed, appear too frequently to conſider the patience with which their caprices are ſuffered, as an undoubted evidence of their own importance, of a genius to which ſubmiſſion is univerſally paid, and whoſe irregularities are only conſidered as conſequences of its vigour. Theſe peculiarities, however, are always found to ſpot a character though they may not totally obſcure it, and he who expects from mankind, that they ſhould give up eſtabliſhed cuſtoms in compliance with his ſingle will, and exacts that deference which he does not pay, may be endured, but can never be approved.

SINGULARITY is, I think, in its own nature univerſally and invariably diſpleaſing: in whatever reſpect a man differs from others, he muſt be conſidered by them as either worſe or better. By being better, it is well known that a man gains admiration oftener than love, ſince all approbation of his practice muſt neceſ-

farily condemn him that gives it; and though a man often pleaſes by inferiority, there are few who deſire to give ſuch pleaſure. Yet the truth is, that ſingularity is almoſt always regarded as a brand of ſlight reproach; and where it is aſſociated with acknowledged merit, ſerves as an abatement or an allay of excellence, by which weak eyes are reconciled to its luſtre, and by which though kindneſs is not gained, at leaſt envy is averted.

But let no man be in haſte to conclude his own merit ſo great or conſpicuous, as to require or juſtify ſingularity: it is as hazardous for a moderate underſtanding to uſurp the prerogatives of genius, as for a common form to play over the airs of unconteſted beauty. The pride of men will not patiently endure to ſee one, whoſe underſtanding or attainments are but level with their own, break the rules by which they have conſented to be bound, or forſake the direction which they ſubmiſſively follow. All violation of eſtabliſhed practice, implies in its own nature a rejection of the common opinion, a defiance of common cenſure, and an appeal from general laws to private judgment: he, therefore, who differs from others without apparent advantage, ought not to be angry if his arrogance is puniſhed with ridicule; if thoſe, whoſe example he ſuperciliouſly overlooks, point him out to deriſion, and hoot him back again into the common road.

The pride of ſingularity is often exerted in little things, where right and wrong are indeterminable, and where, therefore, vanity is without excuſe. But there are occaſions on which it is noble to dare to ſtand alone. To be pious among infidels, to be diſintereſted in a time of general venality, to lead a life of virtue and reaſon in the midſt of ſenſualiſts, is a proof of a mind intent on nobler things than the praiſe or blame of men, of a ſoul fixed in the contemplation of the higheſt good, and ſuperior to the tyranny of cuſtom or example.

In moral and religious queſtions only, a wiſe man will hold no conſultations with faſhion, becauſe theſe duties are conſtant and immutable, and depend not on

the notions of men, but the commands of HEAVEN: yet even of theſe, the external mode is to be in ſome meaſure regulated by the prevailing taſte of the age in which we live; for he is certainly no friend to virtue, who neglects to give it any lawful attraction, or ſuffers it to diſpleaſe the eye or alienate the affections for want of innocent compliance with faſhionable decorations.

IT is yet remembered of the learned and pious *Nelſon*, that he was remarkably elegant in his manners, and ſplendid in his dreſs. He knew, that the eminence of his character drew many eyes upon him; and he was careful not to drive the young or the gay away from religion, by repreſenting it as an enemy to any diſtinction or enjoyment, in which human nature may innocently delight.

IN this cenſure of ſingularity, I have, therefore, no intention to ſubject reaſon or conſcience to cuſtom and example. To comply with the notions and practices of mankind, is in ſome degree the duty of a ſocial being; becauſe by compliance only he can pleaſe, and by pleaſing only he can become uſeful: but as the end is not to be loſt for the ſake of the means, we are not to give up virtue to complaiſance; for the end of complaiſance is only to gain the kindneſs of our fellow beings, whoſe kindneſs is deſirable only as inſtrumental to happineſs, and happineſs muſt be always loſt by departure from virtue,

No Life pleaſing to God, that is not uſeful to Man.

An Eaſtern Story. [Advent. N° 38.]

IT pleaſed our mighty ſovereign *Abbas Caraſcan*, from whom the kings of the earth derive honour and dominion, to ſet *Mirza* his ſervant over the province of *Tauris*. In the hand of *Mirza*, the balance of diſtribution was ſuſpended with impartiality; and under his adminiſtration the weak were protected, the learned received honour, and the diligent became rich: *Mirza*, therefore,

therefore, was beheld by every eye with complacency, and every tongue pronounced bleſſings upon his head. But it was obſerved that he derived no joy from the benefits which he diffuſed: he became penſive and melancholy; he ſpent his leiſure in ſolitude; in his palace he ſat motionleſs upon a ſofa; and when he went out, his walk was ſlow, and his eyes were fixed upon the ground: he applied to the buſineſs of ſtate with reluctance; and reſolved to relinquiſh the toil of government, of which he could no longer enjoy the reward.

He, therefore, obtained permiſſion to approach the throne of our ſovereign; and being aſked what was his requeſt, he made this reply; "May the Lord of the "world forgive the ſlave whom he has honoured, if "*Mirza* preſume again to lay the bounty of *Abbas* at "his feet. Thou haſt given me the dominion of a "country, fruitful as the gardens of *Damaſcus*; and a "city glorious above all others, except that only which "reflects the ſplendor of thy preſence. But the longeſt "life is a period ſcarce ſufficient to prepare for death: "all other buſineſs is vain and trivial, as the toil of "emmets in the path of the traveller, under whoſe "foot they periſh for ever; and all enjoyment is un-"ſubſtantial and evaneſcent, as the colours of the bow "that appears in the interval of a ſtorm. Suffer me, "therefore, to prepare for the approach of eternity, let "me give up my ſoul to meditation: let ſolitude and "ſilence acquaint me with the myſteries of devotion; "let me forget the world, and by the world be forgot-"ten, till the moment arrives, in which the veil of "eternity ſhall fall, and I ſhall be found at the bar of "the ALMIGHTY." *Mirza* then bowed himſelf to the earth, and ſtood ſilent.

By the command of *Abbas* it is recorded, that at theſe words he trembled upon the throne, at the foot-ſtool of which the world pays homage: he looked round upon his nobles; but every countenance was pale, and every eye was upon the earth. No man opened his mouth; and the king firſt broke ſilence, after it had continued near an hour.

" MIRZA, terror and doubt are come upon me. I " am alarmed, as a man who ſuddenly perceives that " he is near the brink of a precipice, and is urged for- " ward by an irreſiſtible force: but yet I know not, " whether my danger is a reality or a dream. I am as " thou art, a reptile of the earth; my life is a moment, " and eternity, in which days and years and ages are " nothing, eternity is before me, for which I alſo ſhould " prepare: but by whom them muſt the Faithful be go- " verned? by thoſe only, who have no fear of judg- " ment? by thoſe only, whoſe life is brutal, becauſe " like brutes they do not conſider that they ſhall die? " Or who, indeed, are the Faithful? Are the buſy mul- " titude that crowd the city, in a ſtate of perdition? " and is the cell of the Derviſe alone the gate of Pa- " radiſe? To all; the life of a Derviſe is not poſſible: " to all, therefore, it cannot be a duty. Depart to the " houſe which has in this city been prepared for thy re- " ſidence: I will meditate the reaſon of thy requeſt; " and may he who illuminates the mind of the humble " enable me to determine with wiſdom."

MIRZA departed; and on the third day having received no command, he again requeſted an audience, and it was granted. When he entered the royal preſence, his countenance appeared more chearful; he drew a letter from his boſom, and having kiſſed it he preſented it with his right hand. "My Lord," ſaid he, " I have learned by this letter, which I received from " *Coſrou* the Iman who ſtands now before thee, in " what manner life may be beſt improved. I am en- " abled to look back with pleaſure, and forward with " hope; and I ſhall now rejoice ſtill to be the ſhadow " of thy power at *Tauris*, and to keep thoſe honours " which I ſo lately wiſhed to reſign," The king, who had liſtened to *Mirza* with a mixture of ſurprize and curioſity, immediately gave the letter to *Coſrou*, and commanded that it ſhould be read. The eyes of the court were at once turned upon the hoary ſage, whoſe countenance was ſuffuſed with an honeſt bluſh; and it was not without ſome heſitation that he read theſe words.

"To

" To *Mirza*, whom the wiſdom of *Abbas* our mighty
" Lord has honoured with dominion, be everlaſting
" health! When I heard thy purpoſe to withdraw the
" bleſſings of thy government from the thouſands of
" *Tauris*, my heart was wounded with the arrow of
" affliction, and my eyes became dim with ſorrow. But
" who ſhall ſpeak before the king, when he is troubled;
" and who ſhall boaſt of knowledge, when he is di-
" ſtreſſed by doubt? To thee I will relate the events of
" my youth, which thou haſt renewed before me; and
" thoſe truths which they taught me, may the Prophet
" multiply to thee."

" UNDER the inſtruction of the phyſician *Aluzar*,
" I obtained an early knowledge of his art. To thoſe
" who were ſmitten with diſeaſe, I could adminiſter
" plants, which the ſun has impregnated with the ſpirit
" of health. But the ſcenes of pain, languor, and
" mortality, which were perpetually riſing before me,
" made me often tremble for myſelf. I ſaw the grave
" open at my feet: I determined, therefore, to con-
" template only the regions beyond it, and to deſpiſe
" every acquiſition which I could not keep. I con-
" ceived an opinion, that as there was no merit but in
" voluntary poverty, and ſilent meditation, thoſe who
" deſired money were not proper objects of bounty;
" and that by all who were proper objects of bounty,
" money was deſpiſed. I, therefore, buried mine in
" the earth; and renouncing ſociety, I wandered into
" a wild and ſequeſtered part of the country: my
" dwelling was a cave by the ſide of a hill, I drank
" the running water from the ſpring, and eat ſuch fruits
" and herbs as I could find. To increaſe the auſterity
" of my life, I frequently watched all night, ſitting at
" the entrance of the cave with my face to the eaſt,
" reſigning myſelf to the ſecret influences of the Pro-
" phet, and expecting illuminations from above. One
" morning after my nocturnal vigil, juſt as I perceived
" the horizon glow at the approach of the ſun, the
" power of ſleep became irreſiſtible, and I ſunk under
" it. I imagined myſelf ſtill ſitting at the entrance of
" my cell; that the dawn increaſed; and that as I look-

" ed earneſtly for the firſt beam of day, a dark ſpot
" appeared to intercept it. I perceived that it was in
" motion; it encreaſed in ſize as it drew near, and at
" length I diſcovered it to be an eagle. I ſtill kept
" my eye fixed ſtedfaſtly upon it, and ſaw it alight at
" a ſmall diſtance, where I now deſcried a fox whoſe
" two fore legs appeared to be broken. Before this
" fox the eagle laid part of a kid, which ſhe had
" brought in her talons, and them diſappeared. When
" I awaked I laid my forehead upon the ground, and
" bleſſed the prophet for the inſtruction of the morning.
" I reviewed my dream, and ſaid thus to myſelf:
" *Coſrou*, thou haſt done well to renounce the tumult,
" the buſineſs, and the vanities of life: but thou haſt
" as yet only done it in part: thou art ſtill every day
" buſied in the ſearch of food, thy mind is not wholly
" at reſt, neither is this truſt in PROVIDENCE complete.
" What art thou taught by this viſion? If thou haſt
" ſeen an eagle commiſſioned by HEAVEN to feed a fox
" that is lame, ſhal not the hand of HEAVEN alſo ſup-
" ply thee with food; when that which prevents thee
" from procuring it for thyſelf, is not neceſſity but de-
" votion? I was now confident of a miraculous ſupply,
" that I neglected to walk out for my repaſt, which,
" after the firſt day, I expected with an impatience that
" left me little power of attending to any other object:
" this impatience, however, I laboured to ſuppreſs,
" and perſiſted in my reſolution; but my eyes at length
" began to fail me, and my knees ſmote each other;
" I threw myſelf backward, and hoped my weakneſs
" would ſoon increaſe to inſenſibility. But I was ſud-
" denly rouſed by the voice of an inviſible being who
" pronounced theſe words: *Coſrou*, I am the angel who,
" by the command of the ALMIGHTY, have re-
giſtered the thoughts of thy heart, which I am now
commiſſioned to reprove. While thou waſt attempting
to become wiſe above that which is revealed, thy folly
has perverted the inſtruction which was vouchſafed thee.
Art thou diſabled as the Fox? haſt thou not rather the
powers of the Eagle? Ariſe, let the Eagle be the ob-
ject of thy emulation. To pain and ſickneſs, be thou

again the meſſenger of eaſe and health. Virtue is not reſt, but action. If thou doſt good to man, as an evidence of thy love to GOD, thy virtue will be exalted from moral to divine; and that happineſs which is the pledge of Paradiſe, will be thy reward upon earth.

" At theſe words I was not leſs aſtoniſhed than if " a mountain had been overturned at my feet. I hum- " bled myſelf in the duſt; I returned to the city; I " dug up my treaſure; I was liberal, yet I became rich. " My ſkill in reſtoring health to the body, game me " frequent opportunities of curing the diſeaſes of the " ſoul. I put on the ſacred veſtments; I grew eminent " beyond my merit; and it was the pleaſure of the king " that I ſhould ſtand before him. Now, therefore, be " not offended; I boaſt of no knowledge that I have " not received; as the ſands of the deſart drink up the " drops of rain, or the dew of the morning; ſo do I " alſo who am but duſt, imbibe the inſtructions of the " Prophet. Believe then that it is he who tells thee, " all knowledge is prophane, which terminates in thy- " ſelf; and by a life waſted in ſpeculation, little even " of this can be gained. When the gates of paradiſe " are thrown open before thee, thy mind ſhall be irra- " diated in a moment; here thou canſt little more than " pile error upon error; there thou ſhalt build truth " upon truth. Wait, therefore, for the glorious viſion; " and in the mean time emulate the eagle. Much is " in thy power; and therefore, much is expected of " thee. Though the ALMIGHTY only can give " virtue; yet, as a prince, thou mayſt ſtimulate thoſe " to beneficence, who act from no higher motive than " immediate intereſt: thou canſt not produce the prin- " ciple, but mayſt enforce the practice. The relief of " the poor is equal, whether they receive it from oſten- " tation, or charity; and the effect of example is the " ſame, whether it be intended to obtain the favour " of GOD or man. Let thy virtue be thus diffuſed; " and if thou believeſt with reverence, thou ſhalt be " accepted above. Farewel. May the ſmile of HIM " who reſides in the Heaven of Heavens, be upon thee!

" and

THAT

" and againſt thy name in the volume of HIS will,
" may happineſs be written!"

THE King, whoſe doubts like thoſe of *Mirza* were now removed, looked up with a ſmile that communicated the joy of his mind. He diſmiſſed the prince to his government; and commanded theſe events to be recorded, to the end that poſterity may know, "that no
" life is pleaſing to GOD, but that which is uſeful to
" MANKIND!"

Reflections upon the JEWS [Spect. N° 495.]

AS I am one, who by my profeſſion, am obliged to look into all kinds of men, there are none whom I conſider with ſo much pleaſure, as thoſe who have any thing new or extraordinary in their characters, or ways of living. For this reaſon I have often amuſed myſelf with ſpeculations on the race of people called *Jews*, many of whom I have met with in moſt of the conſiderable towns, which I have paſſed through in the courſe of my travels. They are, indeed, ſo diſſeminated through all the trading parts of the world, that they are become the inſtruments by which the moſt diſtant nations converſe with one another, and by which mankind are knit together in a general correſpondence: they are like the pegs and nails in a great building, which though they are but little valued in themſelves, are abſolutely neceſſary to keep the whole frame together.

THAT I may not fall into any common beaten tracts of obſervation, I ſhall conſider this people in three views: firſt, with regard to their number; ſecondly, their diſperſion; and thirdly, their adherence to their religion; and afterwards endeavour to ſhew, firſt, what natural reaſons, and ſecondly, what providential reaſons may be aſſigned for theſe three remarkable particulars.

THE *Jews* are looked upon by many to be as numerous at preſent, as they were formerly in the land of *Canaan*.

THIS

THIS is wonderful, conſidering the dreadful ſlaughter made of them under ſome of the *Roman* emperors, which hiſtorians deſcribe by the death of many hundred thouſands in a war; and the innumerable maſſacres and perſecutions they have undergone in *Turkey*, as well as in all Chriſtian nations of the world. The *Rabbins*, to expreſs the great havock which has been ſometimes made of them, tell us, after their uſual manner of hyperbole, that there were ſuch torrents of holy blood ſhed, as carried rocks of an hundred yards in circumference above three miles into the ſea.

THEIR diſperſion is the ſecond remarkable particular in this people. They ſwarm over all the *Eaſt*; and are ſettled in the remoteſt parts of *China*: they are ſpread thro' moſt of the nations of *Europe* and *Afric*, and many families of them are eſtabliſhed in the *Weſt-Indies*: not to mention whole nations bordering on *Preſter-John's* country, and ſome diſcovered in the inner parts of *America*, if we may give any credit to their own writers.

THEIR firm adherence to their religion, is no leſs remarkable than their numbers and diſperſion, eſpecially conſidering it as perſecuted or contemned over the face of the whole earth. This is likewiſe the more remarkable, if we conſider the frequent apoſtaſies of this people, when they lived under their kings, in the land of *Promiſe*, and within ſight of their temple.

IF in the next place we examine, what may be the natural reaſons for theſe three particulars which we find in the *Jews*, and which are not to be found in any other religion or people, I can, in the firſt place, attribute their numbers to nothing but their conſtant employment, their abſtinence, their exemption from wars, and above all, their frequent marriages; for they look on celibacy as an accurſed ſtate, and generally are married before twenty, as hoping the *Meſſiah* may deſcend from them.

THE diſperſion of the *Jews* into all the nations of the earth, is a ſecond remarkable particular of that people, tho' not ſo hard to be accounted for. They were always in rebellions and tumults while they had the temple and holy city in view, for which reaſon they

have

have often been driven out of their old habitations in the land of *Promiſe*. They have as often been baniſhed out of moſt other places where they have ſettled, which muſt very much diſperſe and ſcatter a people, and oblige them to ſeek a livelihood where they can find it. Beſides, the whole people is now a race of ſuch merchants as are wanderers by profeſſion, and at the ſame time are in moſt, if not all, places incapable of either lands or offices, that might engage them to make any part of the world their home.

THIS diſperſion would probably have loſt their religion, had it not been ſecured by the ſtrength of its conſtitution: for they are to live all in a body, and generally within the ſame incloſure; to marry among themſelves, and to eat no meats that are not killed or prepared their own way. This ſhuts them out from all table-converſation, and the moſt agreeable intercourſes of life; aud by conſequence, excludes them from the moſt probable means of converſion.

IF, in the laſt place, we conſider what providential reaſon may be aſſigned for theſe three particulars, we ſhall find that their numbers, diſperſion, and adherence to their religion, have furniſhed every age, and every nation of the world, with the ſtrongeſt arguments for the Chriſtian faith; not only as theſe very particulars are foretold of them, but as they themſelves are the depoſitaries of theſe and all the other propheſies, which tend to their own confuſion. Their number furniſhes us with a ſufficient cloud of witneſſes that atteſt the truth of the Old Bible. Their diſperſion ſpreads theſe witneſſes through all parts of the world. The adherence to their religion makes their teſtimony unqueſtionable. Had the whole body of the *Jews* been converted to Chriſtianity, we ſhould certainly have thought all the propheſies of the Old Teſtament, that relate to the coming and hiſtory of our Bleſſed Saviour, forged by Chriſtians, and have looked upon them, with the propheſies of the *Sibyls*, as made many years after the events they pretended to foretel.

Virtue

Virtue, in Diſtreſs, repreſented in the Story of AMANDA. [Spect. N° 375.]

I HAVE more than once had occaſion to mention a noble ſaying of *Seneca* the philoſopher, that a virtuous perſon ſtruggling with misfortunes, and riſing above them, is an object on which the gods themſelves may look down with delight. I ſhall therefore ſet before my reader a ſcene of this kind of diſtreſs in private life, for the ſpeculation of this day.

AN eminent citizen, who had lived in good faſhion and credit, was by a train of accidents, and by an unavoidable perplexity in his affairs, reduced to a low condition. There is a modeſty uſually attending faultleſs poverty, which made him rather chooſe to reduce his manner of living to his preſent circumſtances, than ſolicit his friends, in order to ſupport the ſhew of an eſtate, when the ſubſtance was gone. His wife, who was a woman of ſenſe and virtue, behaved herſelf on this occaſion with uncommon decency, and never appeared ſo amiable in his eyes as now. Inſtead of upbraiding him with the ample fortune ſhe had brought, or the many great offers ſhe had refuſed for his ſake, ſhe redoubled all the inſtances of her affection, while her huſband was continually pouring out his heart to her in complaint, that he had ruined the beſt woman in the world. He ſometimes came home at a time when ſhe did not expect him, and ſurpriſed her in tears; which ſhe endeavoured to conceal, and always put on an air of chearfulneſs to receive him. To leſſen their expence, their eldeſt daughter, (whom I ſhall call *Amanda*) was ſent into the country, to the houſe of an honeſt farmer, who had married a ſervant of the family. This young woman was apprehenſive of the ruin which was approaching, and had privately engaged a friend in the neigh-bourhood to give her an account of what paſſed from time to time in her father's affairs. *Amanda* was in the bloom of her youth and beauty, when the Lord of the manor, who often called in at the farmer's houſe as he followed his country ſports,

fell

fell paſſionately in love with her. He was a man of great generoſity, but from a looſe education had contracted a hearty averſion to marriage. He therefore entertained a deſign upon *Amanda's* virtue, which at preſent he thought fit to keep private. The innocent creature, who never ſuſpected his intentions, was pleaſed with his perſon; and having obſerved his growing paſſion for her, hoped, by ſo advantageous a match, ſhe might quickly be in a capacity of ſupporting her impoveriſh'd relations. One day as he called to ſee her, he found her in tears over a letter ſhe had juſt received from her friend, which gave an account that her father had lately been ſtripped of every thing by an execution. The lover, who with ſome difficulty found out the cauſe of her grief, took this occaſion to make her a propoſal. It is impoſſible to expreſs *Amanda's* confuſion when ſhe found his pretenſions were not honourable. She was now deſerted of all her hopes, and had no power to ſpeak; but ruſhing from him in the utmoſt diſturbance, locked herſelf up in her chamber. He immediately diſpatched a meſſenger to her father with the following letter.

SIR,

'I HAVE heard of your misfortune, and have offered your daughter, if ſhe will live with me, to ſettle 'on her four hundred pounds a year, and to lay down 'the ſum for which you are now diſtreſſed. I will be 'ſo ingenuous, as to tell you that I do not intend mar-'riage: but if you are wiſe, you will uſe your autho-'rity with her not to be too nice, when ſhe has an op-'portunity of ſaving you and your family, and of mak-'ing herſelf happy.

I am, &c.

THIS letter came to the hands of *Amanda's* mother; ſhe opened and read it with great ſurpriſe and concern. She did not think it proper to explain herſelf to the meſſenger; but deſiring him to call again the next morning, ſhe wrote to her daughter as follows.

Deareſt

Dearest Child,

'YOUR father, and I have just now received a 'letter from a gentleman who pretends love to 'you, with a proposal that insults our misfortunes, and 'would throw us to a lower degree of misery than any 'thing which is come upon us. How could this bar- 'barous man think that the tendereſt of parents would 'be tempted to ſupply their want, by giving up the beſt 'of children to infamy and ruin? It is a mean and cruel 'artifice to make this propoſal at a time when he thinks 'our neceſſities muſt compel us to any thing; but we 'will not eat the bread of ſhame; and therefore we 'charge thee not to think of us, but to avoid the ſnare 'which is laid for thy virtue. Beware of pitying us: 'it is not ſo bad as you have perhaps been told. All 'things will yet be well, and I ſhall write my child 'better news.

'I HAVE been interrupted. I know not how I was 'moved to ſay things would mend. As I was going on 'I was ſtartled by a noiſe of one that knocked at the 'door and had brought us an unexpected ſupply of a 'debt which had long been owing. Oh! I will now tell 'thee all. It is ſome days I have lived almoſt without 'ſupport, having conveyed what little money I could 'raiſe to your poor father. — Thou wilt weep to think 'where he is, yet be aſſured he will ſoon be at liberty. 'That cruel letter would have broke his heart, but I 'have concealed it from him. I have no companion at 'preſent beſides little *Fanny*, who ſtands watching my 'looks as I write, and is crying for her ſiſter: ſhe ſays 'ſhe is ſure you are not well, having diſcovered that 'my preſent trouble is about you. But do not think I 'would thus repeat my ſorrows, to grieve thee. No, it 'is to intreat thee not to make them inſupportable, by 'adding what would be whorſe than all. Let us bear 'chearfully an affliction, which we have not brought 'on ourſelves, and remember there is a power who can 'better deliver us out of it, than by the loſs of thy in- 'nocence. Heaven preſerve my dear child.

Thy affectionate Mother —

THE meſſenger, notwithſtanding he promiſed to deliver this letter to *Amanda*, carried it firſt to his maſter, who he imagined would be glad to have an opportunity of giving it into her hands himſelf. His maſter was impatient to know the ſucceſs of his propoſal, and therefore broke open the letter privately, to ſee the contents. He was not a little moved at ſo true a picture of virtue in diſtreſs; but at the ſame time was infinitely ſurpriſed to find his offers rejected. However he reſolved not to ſuppreſs the letter, but carefully ſealed it up again, and carried in to *Amanda*. All his endeavours to ſee her were in vain, till ſhe was aſſured he brought a letter from her mother. He would not part with it but upon condition that ſhe ſhould read it without leaving the room. While ſhe was peruſing it, he fixed his eyes on her face with the deepeſt attention: her concern gave a new ſoftneſs to her beauty, and when ſhe burſt into tears, he could no longer refrain from bearing a part in her ſorrow, and telling her, that he too had read the letter, and was reſolved to make reparation for having been the occaſion of it. My reader will not be diſpleaſed to ſee the ſecond epiſtle which he now wrote to *Amanda's* mother.

MADAM.

'I AM full of ſhame, and will never forgive myſelf, if I have not your pardon for what I lately wrote. 'It was far from my intention to add trouble to the 'afflicted; nor could any thing but my being a ſtanger 'to you, have betrayed me into a fault, for which, if I 'life, I ſhall endeavour to make you amends, as a ſon. 'You cannot be unhappy while *Amanda* is your daugh-'ter: nor ſhall be, if any thing can prevent it, which 'is in the power of,

MADAM,

Your moſt obedient,

humble Servant. —

THIS letter he ſent by his ſteward, and ſoon after went up to town himſelf to complete the generous act he had now reſolved on. By his friendſhip and aſſiſtance

tance *Amanda's* father was quickly in a condition of retrieving his perplexed affairs. To conclude, he married *Amanda*, and enjoyed the double satisfaction of having restored a worthy family to their former prosperity, and of making himself happy by an alliance to their virtues.

The WHISPERERS *and* GIGGLERS *among the fair Sex complained of.*

[Connoiſ. N° 14.]

SIR,

AS the ladies are naturally become the immediate objects of your care, will you permit a complaint to be inſerted in your paper, which is founded upon a matter of fact? They will pardon me, if by laying before you a particular inſtance I was lately witneſs to of their improper behaviour, I endeavour to expoſe a reigning evil, which ſubjects them to many ſhameful imputations.

I RECEIVED laſt week a dinner-card from a friend, with an intimation that I ſhould meet ſome very agreeable ladies. At my arrival, I found that the company conſiſted chiefly of females, who indeed did me the honour to riſe, but quite diſconcerted me in paying my reſpects, by their whiſpering each other, and appearing to ſtifle a laugh. When I was ſeated, the ladies grouped themſelves up in a corner, and entered into a private cabal, ſeemingly to diſcourſe upon points of great ſecrecy and importance, but of equal merriment and diverſion.

THE ſame conduct of keeping cloſe to their ranks was obſerved at table, where the ladies ſeated themſelves together. Their converſation was here alſo confined wholly to themſelves, and ſeemed like the myſteries of the *Bona Dea*, in which men were forbidden to have any ſhare. It was a continued laugh and a whiſper from the beginning to the end of dinner. A whole ſentence was ſcarce ever ſpoken aloud. Single

words, indeed, now and then broke forth; ſuch as *odious*, *horrible*, *deteſtable*, *ſhocking*, HUMBUG. This laſt new-coined expreſſion, which is only to be found in the nonſenſical vocabulary, ſounds abſurd and diſagreeable, whenever it is pronounced; but from the mouth of a lady it is "ſhocking, deteſtable, horrible, and odious."

MY friend ſeemed to be in an uneaſy ſituation at his own table: but I was far more miſerable. I was mute, and ſeldom dared to lift up my eyes from my plate, or turn my head to call for ſmall beer, leſt by ſome awkward poſture I might draw upon me a whiſper or a laugh. *Sancho*, when he was forbid to eat of a delicious banquet ſet before him, could ſcarce appear more melancholy. The rueful length of my face might poſſibly encreaſe the mirth of my tormenters: at leaſt their joy ſeemed to riſe in exact proportion with my miſery. At length, however, the time of my delivery approached. Dinner ended, the ladies made their exit in pairs, and went off hand in hand whiſpering, like the two kings of *Brentford*.

MODEST men, Mr. TOWN, are deeply wounded, when they imagine themſelves the objects of ridicule or contempt: and the pain is the greater, when it is given by thoſe whom they admire, and from whom they are ambitious of receiving any marks of countenance and favour. Yet we muſt allow, that affronts are pardonable from ladies, as they are often prognoſtics of future kindneſs. If a lady ſtrikes our cheek, we can very willingly follow the precept of the Goſpel, and turn the other cheek to be ſmitten. Even a blow from a fair hand conveys pleaſure. But this battery of whiſpers is againſt all legal rights of war; — poiſoned arrows, and ſtabs in the dark, are not more repugnant to the general laws of humanity.

MODERN writers of comedy often introduce a pert witling into their pieces, who is very ſevere upon the reſt of the company; but all his waggery is ſpoken *aſide*. Theſe gigglers and whiſperers ſeem to be acting the ſame part in company, that this arch rogue does in the play. Every word or motion produces a train of whiſpers; the dropping of a ſnuff-box, or ſpilling the

tea,

tea, is ſure to be accompanied with a titter; and upon the entrance of any one with ſomething particular in his perſon or manner, I have ſeen a whole room in a buzz like a bee-hive.

THIS practice of whiſperimg, if it is any where allowable, may perhaps be indulged the fair ſex at church, where the converſation can only be carried on by the ſecret ſymbols of a curtſy, an ogle, or a nod. A whiſper in this place is very often of great uſe, as it ſerves to convey the moſt ſecret intelligence, which a lady would be ready to burſt with, if ſe could not find vent for it by this kind of auricular confeſſion. A piece of ſcandal tranſpires in this manner from one pew to the other, then preſently whizzes along the chancel, from whence it crawls up to the galleries, 'till at laſt the whole church hums with it.

IT were alſo to be wiſhed, that the ladies would be pleaſed to confine themſelves to whiſpering, in their *tête á tête* conferences at an opera or the play-houſe; which would be a proper deference to the reſt of the audience. In *France*, we are told, it is common for the *parterre* to join with the performers in any favourite air: but we ſeem to have carried this cuſtom ſtill further, as the company in our boxes, without concerning themſelves in the leaſt with the play, are even louder than the players. The wit and humour of a *Vanbrugh* or a *Congreve* is frequently interrupted by a brilliant dialogue between two perſons of faſhion; and a love-ſcene in the ſide-box has often been more attended to, than that on the ſtage. As to their loud burſts of laughter at the theatre, they may very well be excuſed, when they are excited by any lively ſtrokes in a comedy: but I have ſeen our ladies titter at the moſt diſtreſsful ſcenes in *Romeo* and *Juliet*, grin over the anguiſh of a *Monimia* or *Belvidera*, and fairly laugh King *Lear* off the ſtage.

THUS the whole behaviour of theſe ladies is in direct contradiction to good manners. They laugh when they ſhould cry, are loud when they ſhould be ſilent, and are ſilent when their converſation is deſirable. If a man in a ſelect company was thus to laugh or whiſper me out of countenance, I ſhould be apt to conſtrue

it as an affront, and demand an explanation. As to the ladies, I would desire them to reflect how much they would suffer, if their own weapons were turned against them, and the gentlemen should attack them with the same arts of laughing and whispering. But, however free they may be from our resentment, they are still open to ill-natured suspicions. They do not consider, what strange constructions may be put on these laughs and whispers. It were, indeed, of little consequence, if we only imagined, that they were taking the reputations of their acquaintance to pieces, or abusing the company round; but when they indulge themselves in this behaviour, some perhaps may be led to conclude, that they are discoursing upon topics, which they are ashamed to speak of in a less private manner.

If the misconduct, which I have described, had been only to be found, Mr. Town, at my friend's table, I should not have troubled you with this letter: But the same kind of ill-breeding prevails too often, and in too many places. The gigglers and the whisperers are innumerable; they beset us wherever we go; and it is observable, that after a short murmur of whispers out comes the burst of laughter: like a gun-powder serpent, which, after hissing about for some time, goes off in a bounce.

Some excuse may perhaps be framed for this ill-timed merriment in the fair sex. *Venus*, the goddess of beauty, is frequently called the *laughter-loving dame*; and by laughing our modern ladies may possibly imagine, that they render themselves like *Venus*. I have indeed remarked, that the ladies commonly adjust their laugh to their persons, and are merry in proportion as it sets off their particular charms. One lady is never further moved than to a smile or a simper, because nothing else shews her dimples to so much advantage; another, who has a very fine set of teeth, runs into the broad grin; while a third, who is admired for a well-turned neck and graceful chest, calls up all her beauties to view by breacking into violent and repeated peals of laughter.

I would not be understood to impose gravity or too great a reserve on the fair sex. Let them laugh at a

feather; but let them declare openly, that it is a feather which occaſions their mirth. I muſt confeſs, that laughter becomes the young, the gay, and the handſome: but a whiſper is unbecoming at all ages and in both ſexes; nor ought it ever to be practiſed, except in the round gallery at St. *Paul's*, or in the famous whiſpering place in *Glouceſter* cathedral, where two whiſperers hear each other at the diſtance of five and twenty yards.

I am, SIR,

Your humble Servant.

On BETS, *and the Cuſtom of* PITTING, *as practiſed at* White's.

[Connoiſ. N° 15.]

A FRIEND of mine, who belongs to the Stamp-Office, aquaints me, that the revenue ariſing from the duty on cards and dice continues to increaſe every year; and that it now brings in near ſix times more than it did at firſt. This will not appear very wonderful, when we conſider, that gaming is now become rather the buſineſs than amuſement of our perſons of quality; and that they are more concerned about the tranſactions of the two clubs at *White's*, than the proceedings of both houſes of parliament. Thus it happens, that eſtates are now almoſt as frequently made over by whiſt and hazard, as by deeds and ſettlements; and the chariots of many of our nobility may be ſaid (like *Baſſet's* in the play) to roll upon the four aces."

THIS love of gaming has taken ſuch entire poſſeſſion of their ideas, that it infects their common converſation. The management of a diſpute was formerly attempted by reaſon and argument; but the new way of

adjuſting all difference of opinion is by the ſword or a wager: ſo that the only genteel method of diſſenting is to riſk a thouſand pounds, or take your chance of being run through the body. The ſtrange cuſtom of deciding every thing by a wager is ſo univerſal, that if (in imitation of *Swift*) any body was to publiſh a ſpecimen of *Polite Converſation*, inſtead of old ſayings and trite repartees, he would in all probability fill his dialogues with little more than bet after bet, or now and then a calculation of the odds.

WHITE'S, the preſent grand ſcene of theſe tranſactions, was formerly diſtinguiſhed by gallantry and intrigue. During the publication of the TATLER, Sir *Richard Steel* thought proper to date all his love-news from that quarter: but it would now be as abſurd to pretend to gather any ſuch intelligence from *White's*, as to ſend to *Batſon's* for a lawyer, or to the *Roll's* coffee-houſe for a man-midwife.

THE gentlemen, who now frequent this place, profeſs a kind of univerſal ſcepticiſm; and as they look upon every thing as dubious, put the iſſue upon a wager. There is nothing, however trivial or ridiculous, which is not capable of producing a bet. Many pounds have been loſt upon the colour of a coach-horſe, an article in the news, or the change of the weather. The birth of a child has brought great advantages to perſons not in the leaſt related to the family it was born in; and the breaking off a match has affected many in their fortunes, beſides the parties immediately concerned.

BUT the moſt extraordinary part of this faſhionable practice is, what in the gaming dialect is called PITTING *one man againſt another*; that is, in plain *Engliſh*, wagering which of the two will live longeſt. In this manner, people of the moſt oppoſite characters make up the ſubject of a bet. A player perhaps is pitted againſt a duke, an alderman againſt a biſhop, or a pimp with a privy-counſellor. There is ſcarce one remarkable perſon, upon whoſe life there are not many thouſand pounds depending; or one perſon of quality, whoſe death will not leave ſeveral of theſe kinds of mortgages

upon

upon his eſtate. The various changes in the health of one, who is the ſubject of many bets, occaſion very ſerious reflections in thoſe, who have ventured large ſums on his life and death. Thoſe, who would be gainers by his deceaſe, upon every ſlight indiſpoſition, watch all the ſtages of his illneſs, and are as impatient for his death, as the undertaker who expects to have the care of his funeral; while the other ſide are very ſollicitous about his recovery, ſend every hour to know how he does, and take as much care of him, as a clergyman's wife does of her huſband, who has no other fortune than his living. I remember a man with the conſtitution of a porter, upon whoſe life very great odds were laid; but when the perſon he was pitted againſt, was expected to die every week, this man ſhot himſelf through the head, and the knowing ones were taken in.

THOUGH moſt of our follies are imported from *France*, this has had it's riſe and progreſs entirely in *England*. In the laſt illneſs of *Louis* the fourteenth, lord *Stair* laid a wager on his death; and we may gueſs what the *French* thought of it, from the manner in which *Voltaire* mentions it in his *Siécle de Louis XIV*. "Le "Roi fut attaquè vers le milieu du mois d'Août. Le "Comte de Stair Ambaſſadeur d'Angleterre PARIA, "*ſelon le genie de ſa nation*, que le Roi ne paſſeroit pas "le mois de Septembre." "The King (ſays he) was "taken ill about the middle of Auguſt; when Lord "*Stair*, the ambaſſador from *England*, BETTED, *ac-* "*cording to the genius of his nation*, that the King would "not live beyond September."

I AM in ſome pain, leſt this cuſtom ſhould get among the ladies. They are at preſent very deep in cards and dice; and while my lord is gaming abroad, her ladyſhip has her route at home. I am inclined to ſuſpect, that our women of faſhion will alſo learn to divert themſelves with this polite practice of laying wages. A birth-day ſuit, the age of a beauty, who invented a particular faſhion, or who were ſuppoſed to be together at the laſt maſquerade, would frequently give occaſion for bets. This would afford them a new method for the ready propagation of ſcandal; as the truth of ſeveral ſtories,

which are continually flying about the town, would naturally be brought to the ſame teſt. Should they proceed further to ſtake the lives of their acquaintance againſt each other, they would doubtleſs bet with the ſame fearleſs ſpirit, as they are known to do at brag: one huſband perhaps would be pitted againſt another, or a woman of the town againſt a maid of honour. In a word, if this once becomes faſhionable among the ladies, we may ſoon ſee the time, when an allowance for *bet-money* will be ſtipulated in the marriage articles.

As the vices and the follies of perſons of diſtinction are very apt to ſpread, I am álſo much afraid, leſt this branch of gaming ſhould deſcend to the common people. Indeed, it ſeems already to have got among them. We have frequent accounts in the daily papers of tradeſmen riding, walking, eating and drinking, for a wager. The conteſted election in the city has occaſioned ſeveral extraordinary bets: I know a butcher in *Leaden Hall* market, who laid an ox to a ſhin of beef, on the ſucceſs of Sir *John Barnard* againſt the field; and have been told of a publican in *Thames-ſtreet*, who ventured an hogſhead of entire butt, on the candidate who ſerves him with beer.

We may obſerve, that the ſpirit of gaming diſplays itſelf with as much variety among the loweſt, as the higheſt order of people. It is the ſame thing, whether the dice rattle in an orange barrow, or at the hazard table. A couple of chairman in a night-cellar are as eager at put or all-fours, as a party at St. *James's* at a rubber of whiſt; and the E O table is but an higher ſort of *Merry go-round*, where you may get ſix half-pence for one, ſix pence for one, and ſix two-pences for one. If the practice of pitting ſhould be alſo propagated among the vulgar, it will be common for prize-fighters to ſtake their lives againſt each other; and two pickpockets may lay, which of them ſhall firſt go to the gallows.

To give the reader a full idea of a perſon of faſhion wholly employed in this manner, I ſhall conclude my paper with the character of *Montano*. *Montano* was born heir to a nobleman remarkable for deep play; from whom

he very early imbibed the principles of gaming. When he firſt went to ſchool, he ſoon became the moſt expert of any of his play-fellows: he was ſure to win all their marbles at taw, and would often ſtrip them of their whole week's allowance at chuck. He was afterwards at the head of every match at foot-ball or cricket; and when he was captain, he took in all the big boys by making a lottery, but went away without drawing the prizes. He is ſtill talked of at the ſchool, for a famous diſpute he had with another of his own caſt about their ſuperiority in learning; which they decided, by toſſing up heads or tails who was the beſt ſcholar. Being too great a genius for our univerſities at home, he was ſent abroad on his travels, but never got further than *Paris*; where having loſt a conſiderable bet of four to one concerning the taking a town in *Flanders*, he was obliged to come back with a few guineas he borrowed to bring him over. Here he ſoon became univerſally known by frequenting every gaming-table, and attending every horſe-race in the kingdom. He firſt reduced betting into an art, and made *White's* the grand market for wagers. He is at length ſuch an adept in this art, that whatever turn things take, he can never loſe: this he has effected, by what has he taught the world to call *hedging a bet*. There is ſcarce a conteſted election in the kingdom, which will not end to his advantage; and he has lately ſent over commiſſions to *Paris* to take up bets on the recall of the parliament. He was the firſt, that ſtruck out the above-mentioned practice of pitting; in which he is ſo thoroughly verſed, that the death of every perſon of quality may be ſaid to bring him a legacy; and he has ſo contrived the bets on his own life, that (live or die) the odds are in his favour.

On

On the AMUSEMENTS *of* SUNDAY.

[Connoiſ. N° 26.]

A GENTLEMAN of my acquaintance lately laid before me an eſtimate of the conſumption of bread and cheeſe, cakes, ale, &c. in all the little towns near *London* every Sunday. It is incredible how many thouſand buns are devoured in that one day at *Chelſea* and *Paddington*; and how much beer is ſwallowed at *Iſlington* and *Mile End*. Upon the whole I was vaſtly entertained with a review of this eſtimate, and could not help approving the obſervation of *Tom Brown*, "that "the Sabbath is a very fine inſtitution, ſince the very "breaking it is the ſupport of half the villages about "our metropolis."

OUR common people are very obſervant of that part of the commandment, which enjoins them to do no manner of work on that day, which they alſo ſeem to underſtand as a licence to devote it to pleaſure. They take this opportunity of thruſting their heads into the pillory at *Georgia*, being ſworn at *Highgate*, and rolling down *Flamſtead-Hill* in the park at *Greenwich*. As they all aim at going into the country, nothing can be a greater misfortune to the meaner part of the inhabitants of *London* and *Weſtminſter* than a rainy Sunday; and how many honeſt people would be baulked of a rid once a week, if the legiſlature was to limite the hired one-horſe chaiſes working on that day to a certain number as well as the hackney coaches.

THE ſubſtantial tradeſman is carried to his ſnug box, which has nothing rural about it except the ivy that over-runs the front, and is placed as near to the road ſide as poſſible, where the pleaſure of ſeeing carriages paſs under his window amply compenſates for his being almoſt ſmothered with duſt. The few ſmart prentices, who are able to ſit an horſe, may be ſeen ſpurring their broken-winded hacks up the hills; and the good-natured huſband together with his mate is dragged along the road to the envy and admiration of the foot-paſſenger,

who

who (to compleat the Sunday picture) trudges patiently with a child in one arm, while his beloved doxy leans on the other, and waddles at his ſide ſweltering beneath the unuſual weight of an hoop-petticoat.

It is not to be ſuppoſed, that the country has in itſelf any peculiar attractive charms to thoſe who think themſelves out of the world, if they are not within the found of *Bow Bell*. To moſt of our cockneys it ſerves only as an excuſe for eating and drinking; and they get out of town, merely becauſe they have nothing to do at home: a brick-kiln ſmells as ſweet to them as a farm yard; they would paſs by a barn or an hay-ſtack without notice; but they rejoice at the ſight of every hedge alehouſe, that promiſes good home brew'd. As the reſt of a cit's life is regular and uniform, his Sunday diverſions have as little variety; and if he was to take a journal of them, we might ſuppoſe that it would run much in the following manner.

Sunday — Overſlept myſelf — Did not riſe 'till nine — Was a full hout in pulling on my new double channel'd pumps — Could get no breakfaſt, my wife being buſy in dreſſing herſelf for church.

At ten — Family at church — Self walked to Mother *Redcap's* — Smoked half a pipe, and drank a pint of the Alderman's. *N. B.* The beer not ſo good as at the *Adam and Eve* at *Pancras*.

Dined at one — Pudding not boiled enough, ſuet muſty — Wife was to drive me in an one horſe-chaiſe to ſee mother *Well's* at *Endfield-Waſh*, but it looked likely to rain — Took a nap, and poſted ſeven pages from my day-book 'till five. *Mem* Colonel *Promiſe* has loſt his election, and is turned out of his place — To arreſt him to morrow.

At ſix Mrs. Deputy to drink tea with my wife — I hate their ſlip-ſlops — Called on my neighbour the Common-Council-Man, and took a walk with him to *Iſlington*.

From ſeven to eight — Smoked a pipe at the *Caſtle*, eat an heart-cake, and drank two pints of cyder. *N. B.* To drink cyder often, becauſe neighbour tells me it is good for the ſtone and gravel.

At

At nine — Got to town again, very much fatigued with the journey — Pulled off my claret-coloured coat, and blue ſattin waiſtcoat — Went to club, ſmoked three pipes, came home at twelve, and ſlept very ſoundly, till the prentice called me to go and take out a writ againſt Colonel *Promiſe*.

As to perſons of quality, like Lady *Loverule* in the farce, they cannot ſee why one day ſhould be more holy than another: therefore Sunday wears the ſame face with them, as the reſt of the week. Accordingly, for ſome part of this ſummer *Ranelagh* was opened on Sunday evenings; and I cannot help wondering that the cuſtom did not continue. It muſt have been very convenient to paſs away the time there, 'till the hour of meeting at the card-table; and it was certainly more decent to fix aſſignations there, than at church.

Going to church may, indeed, be reckoned among our Sunday amuſements, as it is made a mere matter of diverſion among many well-meaning people, who are induced to appear in a place of worſhip from the ſame motives, that they frequent other public places. To ſome it anſwers all the purpoſes of a rout or aſſembly, — to ſee and be ſeen by their acquaintance; and from their bows, nods, curt'ſies, and loud converſations, one might conclude that they imagined themſelves in a drawing-room. To others it affords the cheap opportunity of ſhewing their taſte for dreſs: Not a few, I believe, are drawn together in our cathedrals and larger churches by the influence of the muſic rather than the prayers, and are kept awake by a jig from the organ-loft, though they are lulled to ſleep by the harrangue from the pulpit. A well diſpoſed chriſtian will go a mile from his own houſe to the Temple-church, not becauſe a *Sherlock* is to preach, but to hear a Solo from *Stanley*.

But though going to church may be deemed a kind of amuſement, yet upon modern principles it appears ſuch a very odd one, that I am at a loſs to account for the reaſons, which induced our anceſtors to give into that method of paſſing their Sunday. At leaſt it is ſo wholly incompatible with the polite ſyſtem of life, that a perſon of faſhion (as affairs are now managed) finds

it

it abſolutely impoſſible to comply with this practice. Then again the ſervice always begins at ſuch unfaſhionable hours, that in the morning a man muſt huddle on his cloaths like a boy to run to ſchool, and in an afternoon muſt inevitably go without his dinner. In order to remove all theſe objections, and that ſome ritual may be eſtabliſhed in this kingdom agreeable to our inclinations and conſiſtent with our practice, the following SCHEME has been lately ſent me in order to ſubmit it to the ſerious conſideration of the public.

Imprimis, IT is humbly propoſed, that Chriſtianity be entirely aboliſhed by Act of Parliament, and that no other religion be impoſed on us in it's ſtead; but as the age grows daily more and more enlightened, we may at laſt be quite delivered from the influence of ſuperſtition and bigotry.

Secondly, THAT in order to prevent our ever relapſing into pious errors, and that the common people may not loſe their holiday, every Sunday be ſet apart to commemorate our victory over all religion; that the Churches be turned into Free-thinking Meeting-Houſes, and diſcourſes read in them to confute the doctrine of a future ſtate, the immortality of the ſoul, and other abſurd notions, which ſome people now regard as objects of belief.

Thirdly, THAT a Ritual be compiled exactly oppoſite to our preſent Liturgy; and that inſtead of reading portions of Scripture, the firſt and ſecond leſſons ſhall conſiſt of a ſection of the Poſthumous Works of Lord *Bolingbroke*, or of a few pages from the writings of *Spinoza*, *Chubb*, *Maundeville*, *Hobbes*, *Collins*, *Tindal*, *&c.* from which writers the preachers ſhall alſo take their text.

Fourthly, THAT the uſual Feaſts and Faſts, *viz.* Chriſtmas Day, Eaſter Sunday, Trinity Sunday, &c. be ſtill preſerved; but that on thoſe days diſcourſes be delivered ſuitable to the occaſion, containing a refutation of the nativity, the Reſurrection, the Trinity, &c.

Fifthly, THAT inſtead of the vile melody of a clerk bawling out two ſtaves of *Sternhold* and *Hopkins*, or a cathedral choir ſinging anthems from the pſalter, ſome

of

of the moſt faſhionable cantatas, opera-airs, ſongs, or catches, be performed by the beſt voices for the entertainment of the company.

Laſtly, THAT the whole ſervice be conducted with ſuch taſte and elegance, as may render theſe Free-thinking Meeting-Houſes as agreeable as the Theatres; and that they may be even more judiciouſly calculated for the propagation of atheiſm and infidelity, than the *Robin Hood* Society or the Oratory in *Clare Market*.

On CLEANLINESS. [Spect. N° 631.]

I HAD occaſion to go a few miles out of town, ſome days ſince, in a ſtage coach, where I had for my fellow-travellers a dirty beau, and a pretty young quaker-woman. Having no inclination to talk much at that time, I placed myſelf backward, with a deſign to ſurvey them, and pick a ſpeculation out of my two companions. Their different figures were ſufficient of themſelves to draw my attention. The gentleman was dreſſed in a ſuit, the ground whereof had been black, as I perceived from ſome few ſpaces that had eſcaped the powder, which was incorporated with the greateſt part of his coat: his periwig, which coſt no ſmall ſum, was after ſo ſlovenly a manner caſt over his ſhoulders, that it ſeemed not to have been combed ſince the year 1712; his linen, which was not much concealed, was daubed with plain *Spaniſh* from the chin to the loweſt button, and the diamond upon his finger (which naturally dreaded the water) put me in mind how it ſparkled amidſt the rubbiſh of the mine, where it was firſt diſcovered. On the other hand, the pretty quaker appeared in all the elegance of cleanlineſs. Not a ſpeck was to be found on her. A clear clean oval face, juſt edged about with little thin plaits of the pureſt cambric, received great advantages from the ſhade of her black hood; as did the witheneſs of her arms from that ſober coloured ſtuff, in which ſhe had clothed herſelf. The

plainneſs of her dreſs was very well ſuited to the ſimplicity of her phraſes, all which put together, tho' they could not give me a great opinion of her religion, they did of her innocence.

THIS adventure occaſioned my throwing together a few hints upon *cleanlineſs*, which I ſhall conſider as one of the *half-virtues*, as *Ariſtotle* calls them, and ſhall recommend it under the three following heads. As it is a mark of politeneſs; as it produces love; and as it bears analogy to purity of mind.

Firſt, IT is a mark of politeneſs. It is univerſally agreed upon, that no one, unadorned with this virtue, can go into company without giving a manifeſt offence. The eaſier or higher any one's fortune is, this duty riſes proportionably. The different nations of the world are as much diſtinguiſhed by their cleanlineſs, as by their arts and ſciences. The more any country is civilized, the more they conſult this part of politeneſs. We need but compare our ideas of a female *Hottentot* and an *Engliſh* beauty to be ſatisfied of the truth of what hath been advanced.

IN the next place, cleanlineſs may be ſaid to be the foſter-mother of love. Beauty indeed moſt commonly produces that paſſion in the mind, but cleanlineſs preſerves it. An indifferent face and perſon, kept in perpetual neatneſs, hath won many a heart from a pretty flattern. Age itſelf is not unamiable, while it is preſerved clean and unſullied: like a piece of metal conſtantly kept ſmooth and bright, we look on it with more pleaſure than on a new veſſel that is canker'd with ruſt.

I MIGHT obſerve further, that as cleanlineſs renders us agreeable to others, ſo it makes us eaſy to ourſelves; that it is an excellent preſervative of health; and that ſeveral vices, deſtructive both to mind and body, are inconſiſtent with the habit of it. But theſe reflections I ſhall leave to the leiſure of my readers, and ſhall obſerve in the third place, that it bears a great analogy with purity of mind, and naturally inſpires refined ſentiments and paſſions,

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We find from experience, that through the prevalence of cuſtom, the moſt vicious actions loſe their horror, by being made familiar to us. On the contrary, thoſe who live in the neighbourhood of good examples, fly from the firſt appearances of what is ſhocking. It fares with us much after the ſame manner, as our ideas. Our ſenſes, which are the inlets to all the images conveyed to the mind, can only tranſmit the impreſſion of ſuch things as uſually ſurround them. So that pure and unſullied thoughts are naturally ſuggeſted to the mind, by thoſe objects that perpetually encompaſs us, when they are beautiful and elegant in their kind.

In the Eaſt, where the warmth of the climate makes cleanlineſs more immediately neceſſary than in colder countries, it is made one part of their religion: the *Jewiſh* law, (and the *Mahometan*, which in ſome things copies after it) is filled with bathings, purifications, and other rites of the like nature. Though there is the above-named convenient reaſon to be aſſigned for theſe ceremonies, the chief intention undoubtedly was to typify inward purity and cleanneſs of heart by thoſe outward waſhings. We read ſeveral injunctions of this kind in the book of *Deuteronomy*, which confirm this truth; and which are but ill accounted for by ſaying as ſome do, that they were only inſtituted for convenience in the deſert, which otherways could not have been habitable for ſo many years.

I shall conclude this eſſay, with a ſtory which I have ſome where read in an account of *Mahometan* ſuperſtitions.

A *Derviſe* of great ſanctity one morning had the misfortune as he took up a cryſtal cup, which was conſecrated to the prophet, to let it fall upon the ground, and daſh it in pieces. His ſon coming in, ſometime after, he ſtretched out his hand to bleſs him, as his manner was every morning; but the youth going out ſtumbled over the threſhold and broke his arm. As the old man wondered at theſe events, a caravan paſſed by in its way from *Mecca*. The *Derviſe* approached it to beg a bleſſing; but as he ſtroked one of the holy camels, he received a kick from the beaſt, that

ſorely

ſorely bruiſed him. His ſorrow and amazement increaſed upon him, till he recollected that thro' hurry and inadvertency he had that morning come abroad without waſhing his hands.

The Story of ABDALLAH *and* BALSORA.

[Guard. N° 167]

THE following ſtory is lately tranſlated out of an Arabian manuſcript, which I think has very much the turn of an oriental tale; and as it has never before been printed, I queſtion not but it will be highly acceptable to my reader.

THE name of Helim is ſtill famous through all the eaſtern parts of the world. He is called among the Perſians, even to this day, Helim the great phyſician. He was acquainted with all the powers of ſimples, underſtood all the influences of the ſtars, and knew the ſecrets that were engraved on the ſeal of Solomon the ſon of David. Helim was alſo governor of the Black Palace, and chief of the phyſicians to Alnareſchin the great king of Perſia.

ALNARESCHIN was the moſt dreadful tyrant that ever reigned in this country. He was of a fearful, ſuſpicious, and cruel nature, having put to death upon very ſlight jealouſies and ſurmiſes five and thirty of his queens, and above twenty ſons whom he ſuſpected to have conſpired againſt his life. Being at length wearied with the exerciſe of ſo many cruelties in his own family, and fearing leſt the whole race of Caliphs ſhould be entirely loſt, he one day ſent for Helim and ſpoke to him after this manner. "Helim," ſaid he, "I have long admired thy great wiſdom, and retired "way of living. I ſhall now ſhew thee the entire "confidence which I place in thee. I have only two "ſons remaining, who are as yet but infants. It is "my deſign that thou take them home with thee, and

" educate them as thy own. Train them up in the " humble unambitious purſuits of knowledge. By this " means ſhall the line of Caliphs be preſerved, and my " children ſucceed after me, without aſpiring to my " throne whilſt I am yet alive." The words of my lord the king ſhall be ever obeyed, ſaid Helim. After which he bowed, and went out of the kings preſence. He then received the children into his own houſe, and from that time bred them up with him in the ſtudies of knowledge and virtue, The young princes loved and reſpected Helim as their father, and made ſuch improvements under him, that by the age of one and twenty they were inſtructed in all the learning of the Eaſt. The name of the eldeſt was Ibrahim, and of the youngeſt Abdallah. They lived together in ſuch a perfect friendſhip, that to this day it is ſaid of intimate friends, that they live together like Ibrahim and Abdallah. Helim had an only child, who was a girl of a fine ſoul, and a moſt beautiful perſon. Her father omitted nothing in her education, that might make her the moſt accompliſhed woman of her age. As the young princes were in a manner excluded from the reſt of the world, they frequently converſed with this lovely virgin, who had been brought up by her father in the ſame courſe of knowledge and of virtue. Abdallah, whoſe mind was of a ſofter turn than that of his brother, grew by degrees ſo enamoured of her converſation, that he did not think he lived, when he was not in company with his beloved Balſora, for that was the name of the maid. The fame of her beauty was ſo great, that at length it came to the ears of the king, who pretending to viſit the young princes his ſons, demanded of Helim the ſight of Balſora his fair daughter. The king was ſo inflamed with her beauty and behaviour, that he ſent for Helim the next morning, and told him it was now his deſign to recompenſe him for all his faithful ſervices; and that in order to it, he intended to make his daughter queen of Perſia. Helim, who knew very well the fate of all thoſe unhappy women who had been thus advanced, and could not but be privy to the ſecret love which Abdallah bore his daughter, " Far be it," ſays

he,

he, "from the king of Perſia to contaminate the blood " of the Caliphs, and join himſelf in marriage with the " daughter of his phyſician." The king however, was impatient for ſuch a bride, that without hearing any excuſes, he immediately ordered Balſora to be ſent for into his preſence, keeping the father with him, in order to make her ſenſible of the honour which he deſigned her. Balſora, who was too modeſt and humble to think her beauty had made ſuch an impreſſion on the king, was a few moments after brought into his preſence as he had commanded.

She appeared in the king's eye as one of the virgins of paradiſe. But upon hearing the honour which he intended her, ſhe fainted away, and fell down as dead at his feet. Helim wept, and after having recovered her out of the trance into which ſhe was fallen, repreſented to the king, that ſo unexpected an honour was too great to have been communicated to her all at once; but that, if he pleaſed, he would himſelf prepare her for it. The king bid him take his own way, and diſmiſſed him. Balſora was conveyed again to her father's houſe, where the thoughts of Abdallah renewed her affliction every moment; inſomuch that at length ſhe fell into a raging fever. The king was informed of her condition by thoſe that ſaw her. Helim finding no other means of extricating her from the difficulties ſhe was in, after having compoſed her mind, and made her acquainted with his intentions, gave her a certain potion, which he knew would lay her aſleep for many hours; and afterwards in all the ſeeming diſtreſs of a diſconſolate father informed the king ſhe was dead. The king, who never let any ſentiments of humanity come too near his heart, did not much trouble himſelf about the matter; however, for his own reputation, he told the father, that ſince it was known through the empire that Balſora died at a time when he deſigned her for his bride, it was his intention that ſhe ſhould he honoured as ſuch after her death, that her body ſhould be laid in the Black Palace, among thoſe of his deceaſed queens.

In the mean time Abdallah, who had heard of the king's deſign, was not leſs afflicted than his beloved Balſora. As for the ſeveral circumſtances of his diſtreſs, as alſo how the king was informed of an irrecoverable diſtemper into which he was fallen, they are to be found at length in the hiſtory of Helim. It ſhall ſuffice to acquaint the reader, that Helim, ſome days after the ſuppoſed death of his daughter, gave the prince a potion of the ſame nature with that which had laid aſleep Balſora.

It is the cuſtom among the Perſians, to convey in a private manner the bodies of all the royal family, a little after their death, into the Black Palace; which is the repoſitory of all who are deſcended from the Caliphs, or any way allied to them. The chief phyſician is always governor of the Black Palace; it being his office to embalm and preſerve the holy family after they are dead, as well as to take care of them while they are yet living. The Black Palace is ſo called from the colour of the building, which is all of the fineſt poliſhed black marble. There are always burning in it five thouſand everlaſting lamps. It has alſo a hundred folding doors of ebony, which are each of them watched day and night by a hundred negroes, who are to take care that no body enters, beſides the governor.

Helim, after having conveyed the body of his daughter into this repoſitory, and at the appointed time received her out of the ſleep into which ſhe was fallen, took care ſome time after to bring that of Abdallah into the ſame place. Balſora watched over him till ſuch time as the doſe he had taken loſt its effect. Abdallah was not acquainted with Helim's deſign when he gave him this ſleepy potion. It is impoſſible to deſcribe the ſurpriſe, the joy, the tranſport he was in at his firſt awaking. He fancied himſelf in the retirements of the bleſt, and that the ſpirit of his dear Balſora, who he thought was juſt gone before him, was the firſt who came to congratulate his arrival. She ſoon informed him of the place he was in, which, notwithſtanding all its horrors, appeared to him more ſweet than the bower of Mahomet, in the company of his Balſora.

HELIM, who was ſuppoſed to be taken up in the embalming of the bodies, viſited the place very frequently. His greateſt perplexity was how to get the lovers out of it, the gates being watched in ſuch a manner as I have before related. This conſideration did not a little diſturb the two interred lovers. At length Helim bethough himſelf, that the firſt day of the full moon of the month Tizpa was near at hand. Now it is a received tradition among the Perſians, that the ſouls of thoſe of the royal family, who are in a ſtate of bliſs, do, on the firſt full moon after their deceaſe, paſs through the eaſtern gate of the Black Palace, which is therefore called the gate of Paradiſe, in order to take their flight for that happy place. Helim therefore having made due preparation for this night, dreſſed each of the lovers in a robe of azure ſilk, wrought in the fineſt looms of Perſia, with a long train of linen whiter than ſnow, that floated on the ground behind them. Upon Abdalla's head he fixed a wreath of the greeneſt myrtle, and on Balſora's a garland of the richeſt perfumes of Arabia. Having thus prepared every thing, the full moon was no ſooner up, and ſhining in all its brightneſs but he privately opened the gate of paradiſe, and ſhut it after the ſame manner, as ſoon as they had paſſed through it. The band of negroes who were poſted at a little diſtance from the gate, ſeeing two ſuch beautiful apparitions, that ſhowed themſelves to advantage by the light of the full moon, and being raviſhed with the odour that flowed from their garments, immediately concluded them to be the ghoſts of the two perſons lately deceaſed. They fell upon their faces as they paſſed thro' the midſt of them, and continued proſtrate on the earth till ſuch time as they were out of ſight. They reported the next day what they had ſeen, but this was looked upon by the king himſelf, and moſt others, as the compliment that was uſually paid to any of the deceaſed of his family. Helim had placed two of his own mules at about a mile's diſtance from the Black Temple, on the ſpot which they had agreed upon for their rendezvous. Here he met them, and conducted them to one of his own houſes, which was

ſituated on mount Khacan. The air of this mountain was ſo very healthful, that Helim had formerly tranſported the king tither, in order to recover him out of a long fit of ſickneſs; which ſucceeded ſo well that the king made him a preſent of the whole mountain, with a beautiful houſe and gardens that were on the top of it. In this retirement lived Abdallah and Balſora. They were both ſo fraught with all kinds of knowledge, and poſſeſt with ſo conſtant and mutual a paſſion for each other, that their ſolitude never lay heavy on them. Abdallah applied himſelf to thoſe arts which were agreeable to his manner of living, and the ſituation of the place; inſomuch that in a few years he converted the whole mountain into a kind of garden, and covered every part of it with plantations of ſpots of flowers. Helim was too good a father to let him want any thing that might conduce to make his retirement pleaſant.

In about ten years after their abode in this place the old king died, and was ſucceded by his ſon Ibrahim, who, upon the ſuppoſed death of his brother, had been called to court, and entertained there as heir to the Perſian empire. Though he was ſome years inconſolable for the death of his brother, Helim durſt not truſt him with the ſecret, which he knew would have fatal conſequences, ſhould it by any means come to the knowledge of the old king. Ibrahim was no ſooner mounted to the throne, but Helim ſought after a proper opportunity of making a diſcovery to him, which he knew would be very agreeable to ſo good natured and generous a prince. It ſo happened, that before Helim found ſuch an opportunity as he deſired, the new king Ibrahim, having been ſeparated from his company in a chace, and almoſt fainting with heat and thirſt, ſaw himſelf at the foot of mount Khacan. He immediately aſcended the hill, and coming to Helim's houſe demanded ſome refreſhments. Helim was very luckily there at that time; and after having ſet before the king the choiceſt of wines and fruits, finding him wonderfully pleaſed with ſo ſeaſonable a treat, told him that the beſt part of his entertainment was to come.

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Upon which he opened to him the whole history of what had passed. The king was at once astonished and transported at so strange a relation, and seeing his brother enter the room with Balsora in his hand, he leaped off from the Sofa on which he sat, and cried out, "It is he! it is my Abdallah!" — Having said this, he fell upon his neck, and wept. The whole company, for some time, remained silent, and shedding tears of joy. The king at length, having kindly reproached Helim for depriving him so long of such a brother, embraced Balsora with the greatest tenderness, and told her that she should now be a queen indeed, for that he would immediately make his brother king of all the conquered nations on the other side the Tigris. He easily discovered in the eyes of our two lovers, that instead of being transported with the offer, they preferred their present retirement to empire. At their request therefore he changed his intentions, and made them a present of all the open country as far as they could see from the top of mount Khacan. Abdallah continuing to extend his former improvements, beautified this whole prospect with groves and fountains, gardens and seats of pleasure, till it became the most delicious spot of ground within the empire, and is therefore called the garden of Persia. This Caliph, Ibrahim, after a long and happy reign, died without children, and succeded by Abdallah, a son of Abdallah and Balsora. This was that king Abdallah, who afterwards fixed the imperial residence upon mount Khacan, which continues at this time to be the favourite palace of the Persian empire.

The Adventures of Theodosius *and* Constantia.

[Spect. N° 164.]

CONSTANTIA was a woman of extraordinary wit and beauty, but very unhappy in a father, who having arrived at great riches by his own industry, took delight in nothing but his money. *Theodosius* was the younger son of a decayed family, of great parts and learning, improved by a genteel and virtuous education. When he was in the twentieth year of his age he became acquainted with *Constantia*, who had not then passed her fifteeth. As he lived but a few miles distant from her father's house, he had frequent opportunities of seeing her; and by the advantages of a good person and a pleasing conversation, made such an impression in her heart as it was impossible for time to efface: he was himself no less smitten with *Constantia*. A long acquaintance made them still discover new beauties in each other, and by degrees raised in them that mutual passion which had an influence on their following lives. It unfortunately happened, that in the midst of this intercourse of love and friendship between *Theodosius* and *Constantia*, there broke out an irreparable quarrel between their parents, the one valuing himself too much upon his birth, and the other upon his possessions. The father of *Constantia* was so incensed at the father of *Theodosius*, that he contracted an unreasonable aversion towards his son, insomuch that he forbad him his house, and charged his daughter upon her duty never to see him more. In the mean time, to break off all communication between the two lovers, whom he knew entertained secret hopes of some favourable opportunity that should bring them together, he found out a young gentleman of a good fortune and an agreeable person, whom he pitched upon as a husband for this daughter. He soon concerted this affair so well, that he told *Constantia* it was his design to marry her to such a gentleman, and that her wedding should be celebrated on such a day. *Constantia*, who was over awed with the authority of her father, and unable to object any thing against so advantageous a match,

match, received the propoſal with a profound ſilence, which her father commended in her, as the moſt decent manner of a virgin's giving her conſent to an overture of that kind. The noiſe of this intended marriage ſoon reached *Theodoſius*, who after a long tumult of paſſions which naturally riſe in a lover's heart on ſuch an occaſion, writ the following letter to *Conſtantia*.

" THE thought of my *Conſtantia*, which for
" ſome years has been my only happineſs, is
" now become a greater torment to me than I am able to
" bear. Muſt I then live to ſee you another's? The
" ſtreams, the fields and meadows, where we have ſo
" often talked together, grow painful to me; life itſelf is
" become a burden. May you long be happy in the world,
" but forget that there was ever ſuch a man in it as.

THEODOSIUS.

THIS letter was conveyed to *Conſtantia* that very evening, who fainted at the reading of it; and the next morning ſhe was much more alarmed hy two or three meſſengers, that came to her father's houſe, one after another, to enquire if they had heard any thing of *Theodoſius*, who it ſeems had left his chamber about midnight, and could no where be found. The deep melancholy, which had hung upon his mind ſometime before, made them apprehend the worſt that could befal him. *Conſtantia*, who knew that nothing but the report of her marriage could have driven him to ſuch extremities, was not to be comforted: ſhe now accuſed herſelf for having ſo tamely given an ear to the propoſal of a huſband, and looked upon the new lover as the murderer of *Theodoſius:* in ſhort, ſhe reſolved to ſuffer the utmoſt effects of her father's diſpleaſure, rather than comply with a marriage which appeared to her ſo full of guilt and horror. The father ſeeing himſelf entirely rid of *Theodoſius*, and likely to keep a conſiderable portion in his family, was not very much concerned at the obſtinate refuſal of his daughter; and did not find it very difficult to excuſe himſelf upon that account to his intended ſon-in-law, who had all along regarded this

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alliance rather as a marriage of convenience than of love. *Conſtantia* had now no relief but in her devotions and exerciſes of religion, to which her afflictions had ſo entirely ſubjected her mind, that after ſome years had abated the violence of her ſorrows, and ſettled her thoughts in a kind of tranquillity, ſhe reſolved to paſs the remainder of her days in a convent. Her father was not diſpleaſed with a reſolution, which would ſave money in his family, and readily complied with his daughter's intentions. Accordingly in the twenty fifth year of her age, while her beauty was yet in all its height and bloom, he carried her to a neighbouring city, in order to look out a ſiſterhood of nuns among whom to place his daughter. There was in this place a father of a convent who was very much renowned for his piety and exemplary life; and as it is uſual in the *Romiſh* church for thoſe who are under any great affliction, or trouble of mind, to apply themſelves to the moſt eminent confeſſors for pardon and conſolation, our beautiful votary took the opportunity of confeſſing herſelf to this celebrated father.

We muſt now return to *Theodoſius*, who, the very morning that the above mentioned inquiries had been made after him, arrived at a religious houſe in the city, where now *Conſtantia* reſided; and deſiring that ſecrecy and concealment of the fathers of the convent, which is very uſual upon any extraordinary occaſion, he made himſelf one of the order, with a private vow never to inquire after *Conſtantia*, whom he looked upon as given away to his rival upon the day on which, according to common fame, their marriage was to have been ſolemnized. Having in his youth made a good progreſs in learning, that he might dedicate himſelf more entirely to religion, he entered into holy orders, and in a few years became renowned for his ſanctity of life, and thoſe pious ſentiments which he inſpired into all who converſed with him. It was this holy man to whom *Conſtantia* had determined to apply herſelf in confeſſion, tho' neither ſhe nor any other, beſides the prior of the convent, knew any thing of his name or family. The gay, the amiable *Theodoſius* had now taken upon him the

name

name of father *Francis*, and was ſo far concealed in a long beard' a ſhaven head, and a religious habit, that it was impoſſible to diſcover the man of the world in the venerable conventual.

As he was one morning ſhut up in his confeſſional, *Conſtantia* kneeling by him opened the ſtate of her ſoul to him; and after having given him the hiſtory of a life full of innocence, ſhe burſt out in tears, and entered upon that part of her ſtory in which he himſelf had ſo great a ſhare. My behaviour, ſays ſhe, has I fear been the death of a man who had no other fault but that of loving me too much. Heaven only knows how dear he was to me whilſt he lived, and how bitter the remembrance of him has been to me ſince his death. She here pauſed, and lifted up her eyes that ſtreamed with tears towards the father; who was ſo moved with the ſenſe of her ſorrows, that he could only command his voice, which was broke with ſighs and ſobbings, ſo far as to bid her proceed. She followed his directions, and in a flood of tears poured out her heart before him. The father could not forbear weeping aloud, inſomuch that in the agonies of his grief the ſeat ſhook under him. *Conſtantia*, who thought the good man was thus moved by his compaſſion towards her, and by the horror of her guilt, proceeded with the utmoſt contrition to acquaint him with that vow of virginity in which ſhe was going to engage herſelf, as the proper atonement for her ſins, and the only ſacrifice ſhe could make to the memory of *Theodoſius*. The father, who by this time had pretty well compoſed himſelf, burſt out again in tears upon hearing that name to which he had been ſo long diſuſed, and upon receiving this inſtance of an unparalleled fidelity from one who he thought had ſeveral years ſince given herſelf up to the poſſeſſion of another. Amidſt the interruptions of his ſorrow, ſeeing his penitent overwhelmed with grief, he was only able to bid her from time to time be comforted — To tell her that her ſins were forgiven her — That her guilt was not ſo great as ſhe apprehended — That ſhe ſhould not ſuffer herſelf to be afflicted above meaſure. After which he recovered himſelf enough to give her the abſolution in-

form;

form; directing her at the ſame time to repair to him again the next day, that he might encourage her in the pious reſolutions ſhe had taken, and give her ſuitable exhortations for her behaviour in it. *Conſtantia* retired, and the next morning renewed her application. *Theodoſius* having manned his ſoul with proper thoughts and reflexions, exerted himſelf on this occaſion in the beſt manner he could to animate his penitent in the courſe of life ſhe was entering upon, and wear out of her mind thoſe groundleſs fears and apprehenſions which had taken poſſeſſion of it; concluding with a promiſe to her, that he would from time to time continue his admonitions when ſhe ſhould have taken upon her the holy veil. The rules of our reſpective orders, ſays he, will not permit that I ſhould ſee you, but you may aſſure yourſelf not only of having a place in my prayers, but of receiving ſuch frequent inſtructions as I can convey to you by letters. Go on chearfully in the glorious courſe you have undertaken, and you will quickly find ſuch a peace and ſatisfaction in your mind, which is not in the power of the world to give.

CONSTANTIA's heart was ſo elevated with the diſcourſe of father *Francis*, that the very next day ſhe entered upon her vow. As ſoon as the ſolemnities of her reception were over, ſhe retired, as it is uſual, with the abbeſs into her own apartment.

THE abbeſs had been informed the night before of all that had paſſed between her noviciate and father *Francis*; from whom ſhe now delivered to her the following letter.

"AS the firſt-fruits of thoſe joys and conſolations
" which you may expect from the life you are
" now engaged in, I muſt acquaint you that *Theodoſius*,
" whoſe death ſits ſo heavy upon your thoughts, is ſtill
" alive; and that the father, to whom you have con-
" feſſed yourſelf, was once that *Theodoſius* whom you ſo
" much lament. The love which we had for one ano-
" ther will make us more happy in its diſappointment
" than it could have done in its ſucceſs. Providence
" has diſpoſed of us for our advantage, tho' not accord-
" ing

" ing to our wiſhes. Conſider your *Theodoſius* ſtill as
" dead, but aſſure yourſelf of one who will not ceaſe
" to pray for you in father

FRANCIS.

CONSTANTIA ſaw that the hand-writing agreed with the contents of the letter: and upon reflecting on the voice of the perſon, the behaviour, and above all the extreme ſorrow of the father during her confeſſion, ſhe diſcovered *Theodoſius* in every particular. After having wept with tears of joy, It is enough, ſays ſhe; *Theodoſius* is ſtill in being: I ſhall live with comfort and die in peace.

THE letters which the father ſent her afterwards are yet extant in the nunnery where ſhe reſided; and are often read to the young religious, in order to inſpire them with good reſolutions and ſentiments of virtue. It ſo happened, that after *Conſtantia* had lived about ten years in the cloiſter, a violent fever broke out in the place, which ſwept away great multitudes, and among others *Theodoſius.* Upon his death-bed he ſent his benediction in a very moving manner to *Conſtantia;* who, at that time was herſelf ſo far gone in the ſame fatal diſtemper, that ſhe lay delirious. Upon the interval which generally precedes death in ſickneſſes of this nature, the abbeſs, finding that the phyſicians had given her over, told her that *Theodoſius* was juſt gone before her, and that he had ſent her his benediction in his laſt moments. *Conſtantia* received it with pleaſure, and now, ſays ſhe, If I do not aſk any thing improper let me be buried by *Theodoſius.* My vow reaches no farther than the grave. What I aſk is, I hope, no violation of it — She died ſoon after, and was interred according to her requeſt.

THEIR tombs are ſtill to be ſeen, with a ſhort *Latin* inſcription over them to the following purpoſe:

HERE lye the bodies of father *Francis* and ſiſter *Conſtance. They were lovely in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided.*

On Oeconomy. [Spect. N° 114.]

OECONOMY in our affairs has the ſame effect upon our fortunes which good-breeding has upon our converſations. There is a pretending behaviour in both caſes, which inſtead of making men eſteemed, renders them both miſerable and contemptible. We had yeſterday at Sir *Roger's* a ſet of country gentlemen, who dined with them: and after dinner the glaſs was taken, by thoſe who pleaſed, pretty plentifully. Among others I obſerved a perſon of a tolerable good aſpect, who ſeemed to be more greedy of liquor than any of the company, and yet, methought, he did not taſte it with delight. As he grew warm, he was ſuſpicious of every thing that was ſaid; and as he advanced towards being fuddled, his humour grew worſe. At the ſame time his bitterneſs ſeemed to be rather an inward diſſatisfaction in his own mind, than any diſlike he had taken to the company. Upon hearing his name, I knew him to be a gentleman of a conſiderable fortune in this county, but greatly in debt. What gives the unhappy man this peeviſhneſs of ſpirit, is, that his eſtate is dipped, and is eating out with uſury; and yet he has not the heart to ſell any part of it. His proud ſtomach, at the coſt of reſtleſs nights, conſtant inquietudes, danger of affronts, and a thouſand nameleſs inconveniencies, preſerves this canker in his fortune, rather than it ſhall be ſaid he is a man of fewer hundreds a year than he has been commonly reputed. Thus he endures the torment of poverty, to avoid the name of being leſs rich. If you go to his houſe you ſee great plenty; but ſerved in a manner that ſhews it is all unnatural, and that the maſter's mind is not at home. There is a certain waſte and careleſneſs in the air of every thing, and the whole appears but a covered indigence, a magnificent poverty. That neatneſs and chearfulneſs, which attends the table of him who lives within compaſs, is wanting, and exchanged for a libertine way of ſervice in all about him.

THIS gentleman's conduct, tho' a very common way of management, is as ridiculous as that officer's would be,

be, who had but few men under his command, and ſhould take the charge of an extent of country rather than of a ſmall paſs. To pay for, perſonate, and keep in a man's hands, a greater eſtate than he really has, is of all others the moſt unpardonable vanity, and muſt in the end reduce the man who is guilty of it to diſhonour. Yet if we look round us in any county of *Great-Britain*, we ſhall ſee many in this fatal error; if that may be called by ſo ſoft a name, which proceeds from a falſe ſhame of appearing what they really are, when the contrary behaviour would in a ſhort time advance them to the condition which they pretend to.

LAERTES has fifteen hundred pounds a year; which is mortgaged for ſix thouſand pounds; but it is impoſſible to convince him that if he ſold as much as would pay off that debt, he would ſave four ſhillings in the pound, which he gives for the vanity of being the reputed maſter of it. Yet if *Laertes* did this, he would perhaps be eaſier in his own fortune; but then *Irus*, a fellow of yeſterday, who has but twelve hundred a year, would be his equal. Rather than this ſhall be, *Laertes* goes on to bring well-born beggars into the world, and every twelvemonth charges his eſtate with at leaſt one year's rent more by the birth of a child.

LAERTES and *Irus* are neighbours, whoſe way of living are an abomination to each other. *Irus* is moved by the fear of poverty, and *Laertes* by the ſhame of it. Tho' the motive of action is of ſo near affinity in both, and may be reſolved into this, "that to each of them "poverty is the greateſt of all evils," yet are their manners very widely different. Shame of poverty makes *Laertes* launch into unneceſſary equipage, vain expence, and laviſh entertainments; fear of poverty makes *Irus* allow himſelf only plain neceſſaries, appear without a ſervant, fell his own corn, attend his labourers, and be himſelf a labourer. Shame of poverty makes *Laertes* go every day a ſtep nearer to it: and fear of poverty ſtirs up *Irus* to make every day ſome further progreſs from it.

THESE different motives produce the exceſſes which men are guilty of in the negligence of and proviſion for themſelves. Uſury, ſtock-jobbing, extortion, and op-

preſſion, have their ſeed in the dread of want; and vanity, riot, and prodigality, from the ſhame of it: but both theſe exceſſes are infinitely below the purſuit of a reaſonable creature. After we have taken care to command ſo much as is neceſſary for maintaining ourſelves in the order of men ſuitable to our character, the care of ſuperfluities is a vice no leſs extravagant, than the neglect of neceſſaries would have been before.

CERTAIN it is, that they are both out of nature, when ſhe is followed with reaſon and good ſenſe. It is from this reflection that I always read Mr. *Cowley* with the greateſt pleaſure: his magnanimity is as much above that of other conſiderable men, as his underſtanding; and it is a true diſtinguiſhing ſpirit in the elegant author who publiſhed his works, to dwell ſo much upon the temper of his mind, and the moderation of his deſires: by this means he has rendered his friend as amiable as famous. That ſtate of life which bears the face of poverty with Mr. *Cowley's Great Vulgar*, is admirably deſcribed; and it is no ſmall ſatisfaction to thoſe of the ſame turn of deſire, that he produces the authority of the wiſeſt men of the beſt age of the world, to ſtrengthen his opinion of the ordinary purſuits of mankind.

IT would, methinks, be no ill maxim of life, if according to that anceſtor of Sir *Roger*, whom I lately mentioned, every man would point to himſelf what ſum he would reſolve not to exceed. He might, by this means, cheat himſelf into a tranquillity on this ſide of that expectation, or convert what he ſhould get above it to nobler uſes than his own pleaſures or neceſſities. This temper of mind would exempt a man from an ignorant envy of reſtleſs men above him, and a more inexcuſable contempt of happy men below him. This would be ſailing by ſome compaſs, living with ſome deſign: but to be eternally bewildered in proſpects of future gain, and putting on unneceſſary armour againſt improbable blows of fortune, is a mechanic being which has not good ſenſe for its direction, but is carried on by a ſort of acquired inſtinct towards things below our conſideration und unworthy our eſteem. It is poſſible that the tranquiility I now enjoy at Sir *Roger's* may have

created

created in me this way of thinking, which is so abstracted from the common relish of the world: but as I am now in a pleasing arbour, surrounded with a beautiful landskip, I find no inclination so strong as to continue in these mansions, so remote from the ostentatious scenes of life; and am, at this present writing, philosopher enough to conclude with Mr. *Cowley*.

If e'er ambition did my fancy cheat
With any wish so mean as to be great;
Continue, heav'n, still from me to remove
The humble blessings of that life I love.

On Pride. [Guard. N° 153.]

THERE is no passion which steals into the heart more imperceptibly, and covers itself under more disguises, than pride. For my own part, I think if there is any passion or vice which I am wholly a stranger to, it is this; though at the same time, perhaps this very judgment which I form of myself, proceeds in some measure from this corrupt principle.

I have been always wonderfully delighted with that sentence in holy writ, "Pride was not made for man." There is not indeed any single view of human nature under its present condition, which is not sufficient to extinguish in us all the secret seeds of pride; and, on the contrary, to sink the soul into the lowest state of humility, and what the school-men call self-annihilation. Pride was not made for man, as he is,

1. A sinful,
2. An ignorant,
3. A miserable being.

THERE is nothing in his understanding, in his will, or in his present condition, that can tempt any considerate creature to pride or vanity.

THESE three very reasons why he should not be proud; are notwithstanding the reasons why he is so. Were not he a sinful creature, he would not be subject to a passion which rises from the depravity of his nature;

were he not an ignorant creature, he would ſee that he has nothing to be proud of; and were not the whole ſpecies miſerable, he would not have thoſe wretched objects of compariſon before his eyes, which are the occaſions of his paſſion, and which make one man value himſelf more than another.

A WISE man will be contented that his glory be deferred till ſuch time as he ſhall be truly glorified; when his underſtanding ſhall be cleared, his will rectified, and his happineſs aſſured; or in other words, when he ſhall be neither ſinful, nor ignorant, nor miſerable.

IF there be any thing which makes human nature appear *ridiculous* to Beings of ſuperior faculties, it muſt be pride. They know ſo well the vanity of thoſe imaginary perfections that ſwell the heart of man, and of thoſe little ſupernumerary advantages, whether in birth, fortune, or title, which one man enjoys above another, that it muſt certainly very much aſtoniſh, if it does not very much divert them, when they ſee a mortal puffed up, and valuing himſelf above his neighbours on any of theſe accounts, at the ſame time that he is obnoxious to all the common calamities of the ſpecies.

TO ſet this thought in its true light, we will fancy, if you pleaſe, that yonder mole-hill is inhabited by reaſonable creatures, and that every piſmire (his ſhape and way of life only excepted) is endowed with human paſſions. How ſhould we ſmile to hear one give us an account of the pedigrees, diſtinctions, and titles that reign among them? Obſerve how the whole ſwarm divide and make way for the piſmire that paſſes through them! you muſt underſtand he is an emmet of quality, and has better blood in his veins than any piſmire in the mole-hill. Don't you ſee how ſenſible he is of it, how ſlow he marches forward, how the whole rabble of ants keep their diſtance? Here you may obſerve one placed upon a little eminence, and looking down on a long row of labourers. He is the richeſt inſect on this ſide the hillock, he has a walk of half a yard in length and a quarter of an inch in breadth, he keeps an hundred menial ſervants, and has at leaſt fifteen barley-corns in his granary. He is now chiding and beſlaving the emmet that

ſtands before him, and who, for all that we can diſcover, is as good an emmet as himſelf.

But here comes an inſect of figure! Don't you take notice of a little white ſtraw that he carries in his mouth? That ſtraw, you muſt underſtand, he would not part with for the longeſt tract about the mole-hill: did you but know what he has undergone to purchaſe it! See how the ants of all qualities and conditions ſwarm about him. Should this ſtraw drop out of his mouth, you would ſee all this numerous circle of attendants follow the next that took it up, and leave the diſcarded inſect, or run over his back to come at his ſucceſſor.

If now you have a mind to ſee all the ladies of the mole-hill, obſerve firſt the piſmire that liſtens to the emmet on her left hand, at the ſame time that ſhe ſeems to turn away her head from him. He tells this poor inſect that ſhe is a goddeſs, that her eyes are brighter than the ſun, that life and death are at her diſpoſal. She believes him, and gives herſelf a thouſand little airs upon it. Mark the vanity of the piſmire on your left hand. She can ſcarce crawl with age; but you muſt know ſhe values herſelf upon her birth; and if you mind, ſpurns at every one that comes within her reach. The little nimble conquette that is running along by the ſide of her, is a wit. She has broke many a piſmire's heart. Do but obſerve what a drove of lovers are running after her.

We will here finiſh this imaginary ſcene; but firſt of all, to draw the parallel cloſer, will ſuppoſe, if you pleaſe, that death comes down upon the mole-hill, in the ſhape of a cock-ſparrow, who picks up, without diſtinction, the piſmire of quality and his flatterers, the piſmire of ſubſtance and day-labourers, the white-ſtraw officer and his ſycophants, with all the goddeſſes, wits, and beauties of the mole-hill.

May we not imagine that beings of ſuperior natures and perfections regard all the inſtances of pride and vanity, among our own ſpecies, in the ſame kind of view, when they take a ſurvey of thoſe who inhabit the earth; or, in the language of a ingenuous *French*

poet, of thoſe piſmires that people this heap of dirt, which human vanity has divided into climates and regions.

An allegorical Letter from TO-DAY.

[Advent. N° 11.]

To the ADVENTURER,

SIR,

IT is the fate of all who do not live in neceſſary or accidental obſcurity, who neither paſs undiſtinguiſhed through the vale of poverty, nor hide themſelves in the groves of ſolitude, to have a numerous acquaintance and few friends.

AN acquaintance is a being who meets us with a ſmile and a ſalute, who tells us in the ſame breath that he is glad and ſorry for the moſt trivial good and ill that befals us, and yet who turns from us without regret, who ſcarce wiſhes to ſee us again, who forſakes us in hopeleſs ſickneſs or adverſity, and when we die remembers us no more. A friend is he with whom our intereſt is united, upon whoſe participation all our pleaſures depend; who ſooths us in the fretfulneſs of diſeaſe, and chears us in the gloom of a priſon; to whom when we die even our remains are ſacred, who follows them with tears to the grave, and preſerves our image in his heart. A friend our calamities may grieve, and our wants may impoveriſh, but neglect only can offend and unkindneſs alienate. Is it not therefore aſtoniſhing that a friend ſhould ever be alienated or offended? and can there be a ſtronger inſtance of the folly and caprice of mankind, than their with-holding from thoſe upon whom their happineſs is confeſſed to depend, that civility which they laviſh upon others, without hope of any higher reward than a trivial and momentary gratification of their vanity, by an echo of their compliments and a return of their obeyſance?

OF this caprice there are none who have more cauſe to complain than myſelf. That I am a perſon of ſome impor-

importance, has never yet been disputed: I am allowed to have great power to please and to instruct; I always contribute to the felicity of those by whom I am well treated; and I must confess, that I am never abused without leaving marks of my resentment behind me.

I AM generally regarded as a friend; and there are few who could think of parting with me for the last time, without the utmost regret, sollicitude and reluctance. I know, wherever I come, that I have been the object of desire and hope; and that the pleasure which I am expected to diffuse, has, like all others, been enjoyed by anticipation. By the young and gay, those who are entering the world either as a scene of business or pleasure, I am frequently desired with such impatience, that although every moment brings on wrinkles and decrepitude with irresistible rapidity, that they will be willing that the time of my absence should be annihilated, and the approach of wrinkles and decrepitude rendered yet more precipitate. There cannot surely be stronger evidence than this of my influence upon their happiness, or of their affection for me: and yet the transport with which I am at first received quickly subsides; they appear to grow weary of my company, they would again shorten life to hasten the hour of my departure, and they reflect upon the length of my visit with regret.

To the aged I confess I am not able to procure equal advantages; and yet there are some of these who have been remarkable for their virtue, among whom I experience more constant reciprocations of friendship. I never heard that they expressed any impatient expectation of me when absent, nor do they receive me with rapture when I come; but while I stay they treat me with complacency and good humour; and in proportion as their first address is less violent, the whole tenour of their conduct is more equal: they suffer me to leave them in an evening without importunity to prolong my visit, and think of my departure with indifference.

You will, perhaps, imagine, that I am distinguished by some strange singularity, of which the uncommon treatment that I receive is a consequence. As few can judge with impartially of their own character, none are believed

merely upon their own evidence who affirm it to be good: I will, therefore, deſcribe to you the manner in which I am received by perſons of very different ſtations, capacities and employments. The facts ſhall be exhibited without falſe colouring; I will neither ſuppreſs, ſoften nor exaggerate any circumſtance, by which the natural and genuine ſtate of theſe facts may be diſcovered, and I know that your ſagacity will do me juſtice.

In ſummer I riſe very early; and the firſt perſon that I ſee is a peaſant at his work, who generally regards me with a ſmile, though he ſeldom participates of my bounty. His labour is ſcarce ever ſuſpended while I am with him; yet he always talks of me with complacency, and never treats me with neglect or indecorum, except perhaps on a holiday, when he has been tippling; and this I can eaſily overlook, though he commonly receives a hint of his fault the next morning, that he may be the more upon his guard for the future.

But though in the country I have reaſon to be beſt ſatisfied with the behaviour of thoſe whom I firſt ſee, yet in my early walks in town I am almoſt ſure to be inſulted. As ſoon as the wretch, who has paſſed the night at a tavern, or a gaming-table, perceives me at a diſtance, he begins to mutter curſes againſt me, though he knows they will be fulfilled upon himſelf, and is impatient till he can bar his door, and hide himſelf in bed.

I have one ſiſter, and though her complexions is very dark, yet ſhe is not without her charms: ſhe is, I confeſs, ſaid to look beſt by candlelight, in her jewels, and at a public place, where the ſplendor of her dreſs and the multiplicity of other objects prevent too minute an examination of her perſon. Some good judges have fancied, though perhaps a little whimſically, that there is ſomething inexpreſſibly pleaſing in her by moonlight, a kind of placid eaſe, a gentle languor which ſoftens her features, and gives new grace to her manner: they ſay too, that ſhe is beſt diſpoſed to be agreeable company in a walk, under the checquered ſhade of a grove, along the green banks of a river, or upon the ſandy beach by the ſea.

My ſiſter's principles in many particulars differ from mine; but there has been always ſuch a harmony between us, that ſhe ſeldom ſmiles upon thoſe who have ſuffered me to paſs with a contemptuous negligence; much leſs does ſhe uſe her influence, which is very great, to procure any advantage for thoſe who drive me from their preſence with outrage and abuſe; and yet none are more aſſiduous in their addreſſes, nor intrude longer upon her privacy, than thoſe who are moſt implacably my enemies.

She is generally better received by the poor than the rich; and indeed ſhe ſeldom viſits the indigent and the wretched, without bringing ſomething for their relief; yet thoſe who are moſt ſollicitous to engage her in parties of pleaſure, and are ſeen longeſt in her company, are always ſuſpected of ſome evil deſign.

You will, perhaps, think there is ſomething enigmatical in all this; and leſt you ſhould not yet be able to diſcover my true character ſufficiently to engage you in my intereſt, I will give you a ſhort hiſtory of the incidents that have happened to me during the laſt eight hours.

It is now four o'clock in the afternoon: about ſeven I roſe; ſoon after, as I was walking by the dial in *Covent-Garden*, I was perceived by a man well dreſſed, who appeared to have been ſleeping under one of the ſheds, and whom a watchman had juſt told that I was approaching: after attempting to ſwear ſeveral oaths, and ſtaggering a few paces, he ſcowled at me under his hat, and inſulted me directly, by telling the watchman as well as he could, that he had ſet in company with my ſiſter till he became too drunk to find his way home, which nevertheleſs he had attempted; and that he hated the ſight of me as he hated the devil: he then deſired that a coach or a chair might be immediately called to carry him from my preſence.

About nine, I viſited a young lady who could not ſee me, becauſe ſhe was but juſt returned from a rout. I went next to a ſtudent in the *Temple*, who received me with great joy; but told me, that he was going to dine with a gentleman, whoſe daughter he had long courted, and who at length, by the interpoſition of friends, had

been perſuaded to conſent to the match, though ſeveral others had offered a larger ſettlement. From this interview I had no deſire to detain him; and about twelve I found a young prodigal, to whom I had afforded many opportunities of felicity, which he neglected to improve; and whom I had ſcarce ever left without having convinced him, that he was waſting life in the ſearch of pleaſure which he could never find: he looked upon me with a countenance full of ſuſpicion, dread and perplexity, and ſeemed to wiſh that I had delayed my viſit or been excluded by his ſervant; imagining, as I have ſince heard, that a bailiff was behind me. After dinner, I again met my friend the ſtudent; but he who had ſo lately received me with extaſy, now leered at me with a ſullen diſcontent, and if it had been in his power would have deſtroyed me, for no other reaſon than becauſe the old gentleman whom he had viſited had changed his mind.

YOU may, perhaps, be told, that I am myſelf inconſtant and capricious, that I am never the ſame perſon eight and forty hours together, and that no man knows whether at my next viſit I ſhall bring him good or evil: but identity of perſon might with equal truth be denied of the ADVENTURER, and of every other being upon earth; for all animal bodies are in a ſtate of perpetual decay and renovation: ſo ridiculous a ſlander does not indeed deſerve a ſerious reply: and I believe you are now ready to anſwer every other cavil of my enemies, by convincing the world that it is their own fault if I do not always leave them wiſer and better than I find them; and whoever has through life continued to become gradually wiſer and better, has obtained a ſource of divine felicity, a well of living water, which like the widow's oil ſhall increaſe as it is poured out, and which, though it was ſupplied by time, eternity ſhall not exhauſt.

I HOPE, Sir, your paper will be a means of procuring me better treatment; and that you will yourſelf be ſolicitous to ſecure the friendſhip of

Your humble Servant

TO-DAY.

The Ladies directed in the Choice of a Husband.

[Advent. N° 30.]

THOUGH I devote this lucubration to the ladies, yet there are some parts of it which I hope will not be wholly useless to the gentlemen: and, perhaps, both may expect to be addressed upon a subject, which to both is of equal importance; especially after I have admitted the public recommendation of it by my correspondent Mr. *Townly*.

IT has been universally allowed, and with great reason, that between persons who marry there should be some degree of equality, with respect to age and condition. Those who violate a known truth, deserve the infelicity they incur: I shall, therefore, only labour to preserve innocence by detecting error.

WITH the ladies it is a kind of general maxim, that "the best husband is a reformed RAKE;" a maxim which they have probably derived from comedies and novels, in which such a husband is commonly the reward of female merit. But the belief of this maxim is an incontestible proof, that with the true character of a RAKE the ladies are wholly unacquainted. "They "have," indeed, "heard of a wild young gentleman, "who would rake about the town, and take up his "lodging at a bagnio; who had told many a girl a "pretty story, that was fool enough to believe him; "and had a right to many a child that did not call him "father: but that in some of these frolicks he thought "no harm, and for others he had sufficiently suffered." But let the ADVENTURER be believed, these are words of dreadful import, and should always be thus understood.

"To rake about town and lodge at a bagnio, is to "associate with the vilest and most abandoned of human "beings; it is to become familiar with blasphemy and "lewdness, and frequently to sport with the most de-"plorable misery: to tell pretty stories to credulous girls, "is to deceive the simplicity of innocence by cunning

"and

" and falſhood: to be the father of a nameleſs progeny,
" is to deſert thoſe, whoſe tears only can implore the
" protection to which of all others they have the ſtrongeſt
" and the tendereſt claim; it is more than to be a man
" without affection, it is to be a brute without inſtinct.
" To think no harm in ſome of theſe frolics, is to have
" worn out all ſenſibility of the difference between right
" and wrong; and to have ſuffered for others, is to have
" a body contaminated with diſeaſes, which in ſome
" degree are certainly tranſmitted to poſterity."

It is to be hoped, that the mere exhibition of this picture, will be ſufficient to deter the ladies from precluding happineſs by marrying the original; and from diſcouraging virtue, by making vice neceſſary to the character which they prefer,

But they frequently act upon another principle, which tho' not equally fatal and abſurd, may yet produce great infelicity.

When the Rake is excluded, it will be generally ſuppoſed, that ſuperior intellectual abilities ought always to determine the choice. "A man of fine ſenſe," is, indeed, a character of great dignity; and the ladies have always been adviſed to prefer this to every other, as it includes a capacity to beſtow "that refined, exalted
" and permanent felicity, which alone is worthy of a
" rational being." But I think it probable, that this advice, however ſpecious, has been often given for no other reaſon, than becauſe to give it flattered the vanity of the writer, who fondly believed he was drawing his own character, and exciting the envy and admiration of his readers. This advice, however, the ladies univerſally affect to approve, and probably for a ſimilar reaſon; ſince every one imagines, that to hold intellectual excellence in high eſtimation, is to demonſtrate that ſhe poſſeſſes it.

As he that would perſuade, ſhould be ſcrupulouſly careful not to offend, I will not inſinuate that there are any ladies, by whom the peculiar beauties of an exalted underſtanding cannot be diſcerned; and who have not, therefore, a capacity for half the pleaſure which it can beſtow. And yet I think there is another excellence

which

which is much more essential to conjugal felicity, GOOD NATURE.

I KNOW that GOOD NATURE, has like *Socrates*, been ridiculed in the habit of FOLLY; and that FOLLY has been dignified by the name of GOOD NATURE. But by GOOD NATURE, I do not mean that flexible imbecility of mind which complies with request, and inclines a man at once to accompany an acquaintance to a brothel at the expence of his health, and to keep an equipage for a wife at the expence of his estate. Persons of this disposition have seldom more benevolence than fortitude, and frequently perpetrate deliberate cruelty.

IN true GOOD NATURE, there is neither the acrimony of spleen, nor the sullenness of malice; it is neither clamorous nor fretful, neither easy to be offended, nor impatient to revenge; it is a tender sensibility, a participation of the pains and pleasures of others; and is, therefore, a forcible and constant motive, to communicate happiness, and alleviate misery.

AS human nature is, from whatever cause, in a state of great imperfection, it is surely to be desired, that a person whom it is most our interest to please, should not see more of this imperfection than we do ourselves.

I SHALL, perhaps, be told, that "a man of sense "can never use a woman ill." The latter part of this proposition is a phrase of very extensive and various signification: whether a man of sense can "use a wo- "man ill," I will not enquire, but I shall endeavour to shew, that he may make her extremely wretched.

PERSONS of keen penetration and great delicacy of sentiment, as they must necessarily be more frequently offended than others; so as a punishment for the offence, they can inflict more exquisite pain, because they can wound with more poignant reproach: and by him whom GOOD NATURE does not restrain from retaliating the pain that he feels, the offence, whether voluntary or not, will always be thus punished.

IF this punishment is suffered with silence, confusion, and tears, it is possible that the tyrant may relent; but this, like the remorse of a murderer, is too late; the

dread

dread of incurring the ſame anguiſh by a like fault, will ſubſtitute for the ſmile of chearfulneſs, that ſunſhine of beauty, the glooms of doubt, ſollicitude, and anxiety: the offence will notwithſtanding be again repeated; the puniſhment, the diſtreſs, and the remorſe, will again return; becauſe error is involuntary, and anger is not reſtrained. If the reproach is retorted, and whether it was deſerved becomes the ſubject of debate, the conſequences are yet more dreadful: after a vain attempt to ſhew an incongruity, which can no more be perceived than ſounds by the deaf, the huſband will be inſulted for cauſeleſs and capricious diſpleaſure, and the wife for folly, perverſeneſs, and obſtinacy. In theſe circumſtances, what will become of "the refined, the exalted, and the permanent felicity, which alone is worthy "of reaſonable beings, and which elevated genius only "can beſtow?"

THAT this conduct is by a man of ſenſe known to be wrong, I am content to allow: but it muſt alſo be granted, that the diſcernment of wrong is not always a propenſity to right; and that if pain was never inflicted, but when it was known to produce ſalutary effects, mankind would be much more happy than they are.

GOOD NATURE, therefore, if intellectual excellence cannot atone for the want of it, muſt be admitted as the higheſt perſonal merit. If, without it, wiſdom is not kind; without it, folly muſt be brutal. Let it, therefore, be once more repeated. "The quality moſt eſſential "to conjugal felicity, is GOOD NATURE." And, ſurely, whatever accidental difference there may happen to be in the conceptions or judgment of a huſband and wife, if neither can give pain or pleaſure without feeling it themſelves, it is eaſy to perceive which ſenſation they will concur to produce.

IT may now be expected, that I ſhould give ſome general rules, by which the ladies may diſcover the diſpoſition of thoſe, by whom they are addreſſed: but it is extremely difficult to detect malevolence amidſt the aſſiduities of courtſhip, and to diſtinguiſh the man under that almoſt inſcrutable diſguiſe the lover. GOOD NATURE, however, is not indicated by the fulſome fawning

ing of a perpetual grin, the loud laughter which almoſt anticipates the jeſt, or the conſtant echo of every ſentiment; neither is it ſafe to truſt the appearance of profuſe liberality, or buſy officiouſneſs. Let it rather be remarked, how the lover is affected by incidents, in which the lady is not concerned; what is his behaviour to his immediate dependants, and whether they approach him with a ſlaviſh timidy, or with the chearful reverence of voluntary ſervitude. Is he ever merry at the expence of another; or does he ever attempt thus to excite mirth in his miſtreſs? Does he mention the abſent with candour, and behave to thoſe who are preſent with a manly complacency? By a diligent attendance to theſe circumſtances, perhaps a probable judgment may be formed of his character.

To conclude with a general remark, GOOD NATURE is not of leſs importance to ourſelves than to others. The moroſe and petulant firſt feel the anguiſh that they give: reproach, revilings, and invective, are but the overflowings of their own infelicity, and are conſtantly again forced back upon their ſource. Sweetneſs of temper is not, indeed, an acquired but a natural excellence; and, therefore, to recommend it to thoſe who have it not, may be deemed rather an inſult than advice. But let that which in happier natures is inſtinct, in theſe be reaſon; let them purſue the ſame conduct, impelled by a nobler motive. As the ſourneſs of the crab inhances the value of the graft, ſo that which on its parent plant is GOOD NATURE, will on a leſs kindly ſtock be improved into VIRTUE. No action by which others receive pleaſure or pain, is indifferent: the Sacred rule, "Do that to others which ye would that others ſhould "do to you," extends to every deed; and "every "word ſhall be brought into judgment."

Benevolence urged from the miſery of Solitude.

An Eaſtern Story. [Advent. N° 132.]

CARAZAN, the merchant of *Bagdat*, was eminent throughout all the Eaſt for his avarice and his wealth: his origin was obſcure, as that of the ſpark which by the colliſion of ſteel and adamant is ſtruck out of darkneſs; and the patient labour of perſevering diligence alone had made him rich. It was remembered, that when he was indigent he was thought to be generous; and he was ſtill acknowledged to be inexorably juſt. But whether, in his dealings with men, he diſcovered a perfidy which tempted him to put his truſt in gold, or whether in proportion as he accumulated wealth he diſcovered his own importance to increaſe, *Carazan* prized it more as he uſed it leſs: he gradually loſt the inclination to do good, as he acquired the power; and as the hand of time ſcattered ſnow upon his head, the freezing influence extended to his boſom.

BUT though the door of *Carazan* was never opened by hoſpitality, nor his hand by compaſſion, yet fear led him conſtantly to the moſque at the ſtated hours of prayer; he performed all the rites of devotion with the moſt ſcrupulous punctuality, and had thrice paid his vows at the temple of the PROPHET. That devotion which ariſes from THE LOVE OF GOD, and neceſſarily includes THE LOVE OF MAN, as it connects gratitude with beneficence, and exalts that which was moral to divine, confers new dignity upon goodneſs, and is the object not only of affection but reverence. On the contrary, the devotion of the ſelfiſh, whether it be thought to avert the puniſhment which every one wiſhes to be inflicted, or to inſure it by the complication of hypocriſy with guilt, never fails to excite indignation and abhorrence. *Carazan*, therefore, when he had locked his door, and turning round with a look of circumſpective ſuſpicion proceeded to the moſque, was followed by every eye with ſilent malignity; the poor ſuſpended their ſupplication when he paſſed by; and though he was known by every man, yet no man ſaluted him.

SUCH

SUCH had long been the life of *Carazan*, and such was the character which he had acquired, when notice was given by proclamation, that he was removed to a magnificent building in the centre of the city, that his table ſhould be ſpread for the public, and that the ſtranger ſhould be welcome to his bed. The multitude ſoon ruſhed like a torrent to his door, where they beheld him diſtributing bread to the hungry and apparel to the naked, his eye ſoftened with compaſſion, and his cheek glowing with delight. Every one gazed with aſtoniſhment at the prodigy; and the murmur of innumerable voices increaſing like the ſound of approaching thunder, *Carazan* beckoned with his hand; attention ſuſpended the tumult in a moment, and he thus gratified the curioſity which had procured him audience.

TO HIM who touches the mountains and they ſmoke, THE ALMIGHTY and THE MOST MERCIFUL, be everlaſting honour! He has ordained ſleep to be the miniſter of inſtruction, and his viſions have reproved me in the night. As I was ſitting alone in my Haram, with my lamp burning before me, computing the product of my merchandize and exulting in the increaſe of my wealth, I fell into a deep ſleep, and the hand of HIM who dwells in the third heaven was upon me. I beheld the Angel of death coming forward like a whirlwind, and he ſmote me before I could deprecate the blow. At the ſame moment I felt myſelf lifted from the ground, and tranſported with aſtoniſhing rapidity through the regions of the air. The earth was contracted to an atom beneath; and the ſtars glowed round me with a luſtre that obſcured the ſun. The gate of PARADISE was now in ſight; and I was intercepted by a ſudden brightneſs which no human eye could behold: the irrevocable ſentence was now to be pronounced; my day of probation was paſt; and from the evil of my life nothing could be taken away, nor could any thing be added to the good. When I reflected that my lot for eternity was caſt, which not all the powers of nature could reverſe, my confidence totally forſook me; and while I ſtood trembling and ſilent, covered with

confuſion and chilled with horror, I was thus addreſſed by the radiance that flamed before me.

" CARAZAN, thy worſhip has not been accepted, be-
" cauſe it was not prompted by LOVE OF GOD; nei-
" ther can thy righteouſneſs be rewarded, becauſe it was
" not produced by LOVE OF MAN; for thy own ſake
" only, haſt thou rendered to every man his due; and
" thou haſt approached the ALMIGHTY only for
" thyſelf. Thou haſt not looked up with gratitude, nor
" round thee with kindneſs. Around thee, thou haſt,
" indeed, beheld vice and folly; but if vice and folly
" could juſtify thy parſimony, would they not con-
" demn the bounty of HEAVEN? If not upon the
" fooliſh and the vicious, where ſhall the ſun diffuſe its
" light, or the clouds diſtill their dew? where ſhall the
" lips of the ſpring breathe fragrance, or the hand of
" autumn diffuſe plenty? Remember, *Carazan*, that
" thou haſt ſhut compaſſion from thine heart, and
" graſped thy treaſures with a hand of iron: thou haſt
" lived for thyſelf; and therefore, hencefort for ever
" thou ſhalt ſubſiſt alone. From the light of heaven,
" and from the ſociety of all beings, ſhalt thou be dri-
" ven; ſolitude ſhall protract the lingering hours of
" eternity, and darkneſs aggravate the horrors of
" deſpair." At this moment I was driven by ſome ſecret and irreſiſtible power through the glowing ſyſtem of creation, and paſſed innumerable worlds in a moment. As I approached the verge of nature, I perceived the ſhadows of total and boundleſs vacuity deepen before me, a dreadful region of eternal ſilence, ſolitude and darkneſs! Unutterable horror ſeized me at the proſpect, and this exclamation burſt from me with all the vehemence of deſire: " O! that I had been doomed
" for ever to the common receptacle of impenitence
" and guilt! there ſociety would have alleviated the
" torment of deſpair, and the rage of fire could not
" have excluded the comfort of light. Or if I had
" been condemned to reſide on a comet, that would
" return but once in a thouſand years to the regions
" of light and life; the hope of theſe periods, how-
ever diſtant, would chear me in the dreary inter-

" val of cold and darkneſs, and the viciſſitude would " divide eternity into time." While this thought paſſed over my mind, I loſt ſight of the remoteſt ſtar, and the laſt glimmering of light was quenched in utter darkneſs. The agonies of deſpair every moment increaſed, as every moment augmented my diſtance from the laſt habitable world. I reflected with intolerable anguiſh, that when ten thouſand thouſand years had carried me beyond the reach of all but that POWER who fills infinitude, I ſhould ſtill look forward into an immenſe abyſs of darkneſs, through which I ſhould ſtill drive without ſuccour and without ſociety, farther and farther ſtill, for ever and for ever. I then ſtretched out my hands towards the regions of exiſtence, with an emotion that awaked me. Thus have I been taught to eſtimate ſociety, like every other bleſſing, by its loſs. My heart is warmed to liberality; and I am zealous to communicate the happineſs which I feel, to thoſe from whom it is derived; for the ſociety of one wretch, whom in the pride of proſperity I would have ſpurned from my door, would, in the dreadful ſolitude to which I was condemned, have been more highly prized, than the gold of *Afric*, or the gems of *Golconda*.

AT this reflection upon his dream, *Carazan* became ſuddenly ſilent, and looked upward in an extacy of gratitude and devotion. The multitude were ſtruck at once with the precept and example; and the *Caliph*, to whom the event was related, that he might be liberal beyond the power of gold, commanded it to be recorded for the benefit of poſterity.

Socrates's *Allegory of the Origin of Love.*

[Tatler N° 90.]

THE paſſion of love happened to be the ſubject of diſcourſe between two or three of us at the table of the poets this evening; and among other obſervations, it was remarked, that the ſame ſentiment

on this paſſion had run through all languages and nations. *Memmius*, who has a very good taſte, fell into a little ſort of diſſertation on this occaſion. It is (ſaid he) remarkable, that no paſſion has been treated by all who have touch'd upon it with the ſame bent of deſign but this. The poets, the moraliſts, the painters, in all their deſcriptions, allegories, and pictures, have repreſented it as a ſoft torment, a bitter ſweet, a pleaſing pain, or an agreeable diſtreſs, and have only expreſſed the ſame thought in a different manner.

THE joining of pleaſure and pain together in ſuch devices, ſeems to me the only pointed thought I ever read which is natural; and it muſt have proceeded from its being the univerſal ſenſe and experience of mankind, that they have all ſpoken of it in the ſame manner. I have in my own reading remarked an hundred and three epigrams, fifty odes, and ninety-one ſentences, tending to this ſole purpoſe.

IT is certain, there is no other paſſion which does produce ſuch contrary effects in ſo great a degree: but this may be ſaid for love, that if you ſtrike it out of the ſoul, life would be inſipid, and our being but half animated. Human nature would ſink into deadneſs and lethargy, if not quickened with ſome active principle; and as for all others, whether ambition, envy, or avarice, which are apt to poſſeſs the mind in the abſence of this paſſion, it muſt be allowed that they have greater pains, without the compenſation of ſuch exquiſite pleaſures as thoſe we find in love. The great ſkill is to heigthen the ſatisfactions, and deaden the ſorrows of it, which has been the end of many of my labours, and ſhall continue to be ſo for the ſervice of the world in general, and in particular of the fair ſex, who are always the beſt or the worſt part of it. It is pity that a paſſion, which has in it a capacity of making life happy, ſhould not be cultivated to the utmoſt advantage. Reaſon, prudence, and good nature, rightly applied, can thoroughly accompliſh this great end, provided they have always a real and conſtant love to work upon. But this ſubject I ſhall treat more at large in the hiſtory of my married ſiſter, and in the mean

time ſhall conclude my reflections on the pains of pleaſures which attend this paſſion, with one of the fineſt allegories which I think I have ever read. It is invented by the divine *Plato*, and to ſhew the opinion he himſelf had of it, aſcrib'd by him to his admired *Socrates*, whom he repreſents as diſcourſing with his friends, and giving the hiſtory of love in the following manner.

AT the birth of *Beauty* (ſays he) there was a great feaſt made, and many gueſts invited: among the reſt, was the god *Plenty*, who was the ſon of the goddeſs *Prudence*, and inherited many of his mother's virtues. After a full entertainment, he retired into the garden of *Jupiter*, which was hung with a great variety of ambroſial fruits, and ſeems to have been a very proper retreat for ſuch a gueſt. In the mean time an unhappy female called *Poverty*, having heard of this great feaſt, repaired to it in hopes of finding relief. The firſt place ſhe lights upon was *Jupiter's* garden, which generally ſtands open to people of all conditions. *Poverty* enters, and by chance finds the god *Plenty* aſleep in it. She was immediately fired with his charms, laid herſelf down by his ſide, and managed matters ſo well, that ſhe conceived a child by him. The world was very much in ſuſpence upon the occaſion, and could not imagine to themſelves what would be the nature of an infant that was to have its original from two ſuch parents. At the laſt, the child appears; and who ſhould it be but *Love*. This infant grew up, and proved in all his behaviour, what he really was, a compound of oppoſite beings. As he is the ſon of *Plenty*, (who was the offſpring of *Prudence*) he is ſubtle, intriguing, full of ſtratagems, and devices; as the ſon of *Poverty*, he is fawning, begging, ſerenading, delighting to lie at a threſhold, or beneath a window. By the father, he is audacious, full of hopes, conſcious of merit, and therefore quick of reſentment: by the mother, he is doubtful, timorous, mean-ſpirited, fearful of offending, and abject in ſubmiſſions. In the ſame hour you may ſee him tranſported with raptures, talking of immortal pleaſures, and appearing ſatisfied as a god; and im-

mediately after, as the mortal mother prevails in his compoſition, you beheld him pining, languiſhing, deſpairing, dying.

I HAVE been always wonderfully delighted with fables, allegories, and the like inventions, which the politeſt and the beſt inſtructors of mankind have always made uſe of: they take off from the ſeverity of inſtruction, and inforce it at the ſame time that they conceal it. The ſuppoſing *Love* to be conceived immediately after the birth of *Beauty*, the parentage of *Plenty*, and the inconſiſtency of this paſſion with its ſelf ſo naturally derived to it, are great maſter-ſtrokes in this fable; and if they fell into good hands, might furniſh out a more pleaſing canto than any in *Spencer*.

The Advantages of repreſenting Human Nature in its proper Dignity.

[Tatler, N° 108.]

IT is not to be imagined, how great an effect well-diſpoſed lights, with proper forms and orders in aſſemblies, have upon ſome tempers. I am ſure I feel it in ſo extraordinary a manner, that I cannot in a day or two get out of my imagination any very beautiful or diſagreeable impreſſion which I receive on ſuch occaſions. For this reaſon I frequently look in at the play-houſe, in order to enlarge my thoughts, and warm my mind with ſome new ideas, that may be ſerviceable to me in my lucubrations.

IN this diſpoſition I entered the theatre the other day, and placed myſelf in a corner of it, very convenient for ſeeing, without being myſelf obſerved. I found the audience huſhed in a very deep attention, and did not queſtion but ſome noble tragedy was juſt then in its criſis, or that an incident was to be unravelled which would determine the fate of an hero. While I was in this ſuſpence, expecting every moment to ſee my old friend Mr. *Betterton* appear in all the majeſty of diſtreſs, to my unſpeakable amazement, there

came

came up a monſter with a face between his feet; and as I was looking on, he raiſed himſelf on one leg in ſuch a perpendicular poſture, that the other grew in a direct line above his head. If afterwards twiſted itſelf into the motions and wreathings of ſeveral different animals; and after great variety of ſhapes and transformations went off the ſtage in the figure of an human creature. The admiration, the applauſe, the ſatisfaction of the audience, during this ſtrange entertainment, is not to be expreſſed. I was very much out of countenance for my dear countrymen, and looked about with ſome apprehenſion, for fear any foreigner ſhould be preſent. Is it poſſible (thought I) that human nature can rejoice in its diſgrace, and take pleaſure in ſeeing its own figure turned to ridicule, and diſtorted into forms that raiſe horror and averſion? There is ſomething diſingenuous and immoral in the being able to bear ſuch a ſight. Men of elegant and noble minds, are ſhocked at the ſeeing characters of perſons who deſerve eſteem for their virtue, knowledge, or ſervices to their country, placed in wrong lights, and by miſrepreſentation made the ſubject of buffoonery. Such a nice abhorrence is not indeed to be found among the vulgar; but methinks it is wonderful, that thoſe, who have nothing but the outward figure to diſtinguiſh them as men, ſhould delight in ſeeing it abuſed, vilified and diſgraced.

I MUST confeſs, there is nothing that more pleaſes me, in all that I read in books, or ſee among mankind, than ſuch paſſages as repreſent human nature in its proper dignity. As man is a creature made up of different extremes, he has ſomething in him very great and very mean: a ſkilful artiſt may draw an excellent picture of him in either of theſe views. The fineſt authors of an antiquity have taken him on the more advantageous ſide. They cultivate the natural grandeur of the ſoul, raiſe in her a generous ambition, feed her with hopes of immortality and perfection, and do all they can to widen the partition between the virtuous and the vicious, by making the difference betwixt them as great as between gods and brutes. In ſhort, it

is impoſſible to read a page in *Plato*, *Tully*, and a thouſand other antient moraliſts, without being a greater and a better man for it. On the contrary, I could never read any of our modiſh *French* authors, or thoſe of our own country, who are the imitators and admirers of that trifling nation, without being for ſome time out of humour with myſelf, and at every thing about me. Their buſineſs is, to depreciate human nature, and conſider it under its worſt appearances. They give mean interpretations and baſe motives to the worthieſt actions: they reſolve virtue and vice into conſtitution. In ſhort, they endeavour to make no diſtinction between man and man, or between the ſpecies of men and that of brutes. As an inſtance of this kind of authors, among many others, let any one examine the celebrated *Rochefaucault*, who is the great philoſopher for adminiſtring of conſolation to the idle, the envious, and worthleſs part of mankind.

I remember a young gentleman of moderate underſtanding but great vivacity, who by dipping into many authors of this nature, had got a little ſmattering of knowledge, juſt enough to make an atheiſt or a free-thinker, but not a philoſopher or a man of ſenſe. With theſe accompliſhments, he went to viſit his father in the country, who was a plain, rough, honeſt man, and wiſe, tho' not learned. The ſon, who took all opportunities to ſhew his learning, began to eſtabliſh a new religion in the family, and to enlarge the narrowneſs of their country notions; in which he ſucceeded ſo well, that he had ſeduced the butler by his table-talk, and ſtaggered his eldeſt ſiſter. The old gentleman began to be alarmed at the ſchiſms that aroſe among his children, but did not yet believe his ſon's doctrine to be ſo pernicious as it really was, till one day talking of his ſetting dog, the ſon ſaid, he did not queſtion but *Trey* was as immortal as any one of the family; and in the heat of the argument told his father, that for his own part, he expected to die like a dog. Upon which, the old man ſtarting up in a very great paſſion, cried out, Then, ſirrah, you ſhall live like one; and taking his cane in his hand, cudgelled him out of his ſyſtem.

This

This had ſo good an effect upon him, that he took up from that day, fell to reading good books, and is now a bencher in the *Middle Temple*.

I DO not mention this cudgelling part of the ſtory with a deſign to engage the ſecular arm in matters of this nature; but certainly, if it ever exerts itſelf in affairs of opinion and ſpeculation, it ought to do it on ſuch ſhallow and deſpicable pretenders to knowledge, who endeavour to give man dark and uncomfortable proſpects of his being, and deſtroy thoſe principles which are the ſupport, happineſs, and glory of all publick ſocieties, as well as private perſons.

I THINK it is one of *Pythagoras's* golden ſayings, *that a man ſhould take care above all things to have a due reſpect for himſelf:* and it is certain, that this licentious ſort of authors, who are for depreciating mankind, endeavour to diſappoint and undo what the moſt refined ſpirits have been labouring to advance ſince the beginning of the world. The very deſign of dreſs, good-breeding, outward ornaments and ceremony, were to lift up human nature, and ſet it off to an advantage. Architecture, painting, and ſtatuary, were invented with the ſame deſign; as indeed every art and ſcience contributes to the embelliſhment of life, and to the wearing off and throwing into ſhades the mean and low parts of our nature. Poetry carries on this great end more than all the reſt, as may be ſeen in the following paſſage, taken out of Sir *Francis Bacon's Advancement of Learning*, which gives a truer and better account of this art than all the volumes that were ever written upon it.

" POETRY, eſpecially heroical, ſeems to be raiſed
" altogether from a noble foundation, which makes
" much for the dignity of man's nature. For ſeeing
" this ſenſible world is in dignity inferior to the ſoul of
" man, poeſy ſeems to endow human nature with that
" which hiſtory denies; and to give ſatisfaction to the
" mind, with at leaſt the ſhadow of things, where the
" ſubſtance cannot be had. For if the matter be
" thoroughly conſidered, a ſtrong argument may be
" drawn from poeſy, that a more ſtately greatneſs of

" things, a more perfect order, and a more beautiful " variety, delights the soul of man, than any way can " be found in nature since the fall. Wherefore seeing " the acts and events, which are the subjects of true " history, are not of that amplitude as to content the " mind of man; poesy is ready at hand to feign acts " more heroical. Because true history reports the suc- " cesses of business not proportionable to the merit of " virtues and vices, poesy corrects it; and presents " events and fortunes according to desert, and accord- " ing to the law of providence: because true history, " through the frequent satiety and similitude of things " works a distaste and misprision in the mind of man; " poesy cheareth and refresheth the soul, chanting " things rare and various, and full of vicissitudes. So " as poesy serveth and conferreth to delectation, mag- " nanimity and morality; and therefore it may seem " deservedly to have some participation of divineness, " because it doth raise the mind, and exalt the spirit " with high raptures, by proportioning the shews of " things to the desires of the mind, and not submitting " the mind to things as reason and history do. And " by these allurements and congruities, whereby it " cherisheth the soul of man, joined also with consort " of musick, whereby it may more sweetly insinuate " itself; it hath won such access, that it hath been in " estimation even in rude times, and barbarous nations, " when our learning stood excluded."

But there is nothing which favours and falls in with this natural greatness and dignity of human nature so much as religion, which does not only promise the entire refinement of the mind, but the glorifying of the body, and the immortality of both.

The

The Efficacy of Poetry upon the Mind.

[Tatler, N° 98.]

AN ingenious and worthy gentleman, my ancient friend, fell into diſcourſe with me this evening, upon the force and efficacy which the writings of good poets have on the minds of their intelligent readers, and recommended to me his ſenſe of the matter, thrown together in the following manner, which he deſired me to communicate to the youth of *Great Britain* in my eſſays; which I chuſe to do in his own words.

I HAVE always been of opinion (ſays he) that virtue ſinks deepeſt into the heart of man, when it comes recommended by the powerful charms of poetry. The moſt active principle in our mind is the imagination: to it a good poet makes his court perpetually, and by this faculty takes care to gain it firſt. Our paſſions and inclinations come over next; and our reaſon ſurrenders itſelf with pleaſure, in the end. Thus the whole ſoul is inſenſibly betrayed into morality, by bribing the fancy with beautiful and agreeable images of thoſe very things, that in the books of the philoſophers appear auſtere, and have at the beſt but a kind of forbidden aſpect. In a word, the poets do, as it were, ſtrew the rough paths of virtue ſo full of flowers, that we are not ſenſible of the uneaſineſs of them, and imagine ourſelves in the midſt of pleaſures, and the moſt bewitching allurements, at the time we are making a progreſs in the ſevereſt duties of life.

ALL men agree, that licentious poems do of all writings ſooneſt corrupt the heart: and why ſhould we not be as univerſally perſwaded, that the grave and ſerious performances of ſuch as write in the moſt engaging manner, by a kind of divine impulſe, muſt be the moſt effectual perſwaſives to goodneſs? If therefore I were bleſſed with a Son, in order to the forming of

his

his manners, (which is making him truly my ſon) I ſhould be continually putting into his hand ſome fine poet. The graceful ſentences, and the manly ſentiments ſo frequently to be met with in every great and ſublime writer, are, in my judgment, the moſt ornamental and valuable furniture that can be for a young gentleman's head; methinks they ſhew like ſo much rich embroidery upon the brain. Let me add to this, that humanity and tenderneſs, (without which there can be no true greatneſs in the mind) are inſpired by the muſes in ſuch pathetical language, that all we find in proſe-authors towards the raiſing and improving of theſe paſſions, is in compariſon but cold, or lukewarm, at the beſt. There is beſides a certain elevation of ſoul, a ſedate magnanimity, and a noble turn of virtue, that diſtinguiſhes the hero from the plain, honeſt man, to which verſe can only raiſe us. The bold methaphors and ſounding numbers, peculiar to the poets, rouze up all our ſleeping faculties, and alarm the whole powers of the ſoul, much like that excellent trumpeter mentioned by *Virgil:*

—Quo non præſtantior alter
Ære ciere Viros, Martemque accendere Cantu.

I FELL into this train of thinking this evening, upon reading a paſſage in a maſk writ by *Milton*, where two brothers are introduced ſeeking after their ſiſter, whom they had loſt in a dark night and thick wood. One of the brothers is apprehenſive leſt the wandering virgin ſhould be overpowered with fears through the darkneſs and loneneſs of the time and place. This gives the other occaſion to make the following reflections, which, as I read them, made me forget my age, and renewed in me the warm deſires after virtues, ſo natural to uncorrupted youth.

I do not think my ſiſter ſo to ſeek
Or ſo unprincipled in Virtue's book,
And the ſweet peace that goodneſs boſoms ever,
As that the ſingle want of light and noiſe

(*Nay*

(Not being in danger, as I truſt ſhe is not)
Could ſtir the conſtant mood of her calm thoughts,
And put them into miſbecoming plight.
Virtue could ſee to do what virtue would,
By her own radiant light, tho' ſun and moon
Were in the flat ſea ſunk. And wiſdoms ſelf
Oft ſeeks to ſweet retired ſolitude:
Where, with her beſt nurſe, contemplation,
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings;
That in the various buſtle of reſort
Were all too ruffled, and ſometimes impair'd:
He that has light within his own clear breaſt,
May ſit i' th' center, and enjoy bright day:
But he that hides a dark ſoul and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day ſun;
Himſelf is his own dungeon.

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therefore want of good ſenſe as well as good nature, to ſay, *Simplicius* has a better judgment, but not ſo much wit as *Latius;* for that theſe have not each other's capacities, is no more a diminution to either, than if you ſhould ſay, *Simplicius* is not *Latius*, or *Latius* not *Simplicius.* The heathen world had ſo little notion that perfection was to be expected amongſt men, that among them any one quality or endowment in an heroic degree made a god. *Hercules* had ſtrength; but it was never objected to him that he wanted wit. *Apollo* preſided over wit, and it was never aſked whether he had ſtrength. We hear no exceptions againſt the beauty of *Minerva*, or the wiſdom of *Venus.* Theſe wiſe heathens were glad to immortalize any one ſerviceable gift, and overlook all imperfections in the perſon who had it: but with us it is far otherwiſe, for we reject many eminent virtues, if they are accompained with one apparent weakneſs. The reflecting after this manner, made me account for the ſtrange delight men take in reading lampoons and ſcandal, with which the age abounds, and of which I receive frequent complaints. Upon mature conſideration, I find it is principally for this reaſon, that the worſt of mankind, the libellers, receive ſo much encouragement in the world. The low race of men take a ſecret pleaſure in finding an eminent character levelled to their condition by a report of its defects, and keep themſelves in countenance, though they are excelled in a thouſand virtues, if they believe they have in common with a great perſon any one fault. The libeller falls in with this humour, and gratifies this baſeneſs of temper, which is naturally an enemy to extraordinary merit. It is from this, that libel and ſatire are promiſcuouſly joined together in the notions of the vulgar, though the ſatiriſt and libeller differ as much as the magiſtrate, and the murderer. In the conſideration of human life, the ſatiriſt never falls upon perſons who are not glaringly faulty, and the libeller on one but who are conſpicuouſly commendable. Were I to expoſe any vice in a good or great man, it ſhould certainly be by correcting it in ſome one where that crime was the moſt diſtinguiſhing part of the character;

racter; as pages are chaſtized for the admonition of princes. When it is performed otherwiſe, the vicious are kept in credit, by placing men of merit in the ſame accuſation. But all the paſquils lampoons and libels, we meet with now a days, are a ſort of playing with the four and twenty letters, and throwing them into names and characters, without ſenſe, truth or wit. In this caſe, I am in great perplexity to know whom they mean, and ſhould be in diſtreſs for thoſe they abuſe, if I did not ſee their judgment and ingenuity in thoſe they commend. This is the true way of examining a libel; and when men conſider, that no one man living thinks the better of their heroes and patrons for the panegyrick given them, none can think themſelves leſſened by their invective. The hero or patron in a libel, is but a ſcavenger to carry off the dirt, and by that very employment is the filthieſt creature in the ſtreet. Dedications and panegyricks are frequently ridiculous, let them be addreſſed where they will; but at the front, or in the body of a libel, to commend a man, is ſaying to the perſons applauded, "My lord, "or Sir, I have pulled down all men that the reſt of "the world think great and honourable, and here is "a clear ſtage; you may as you pleaſe be valiant or "wiſe; you may chooſe to be on the military or civil "liſt; for there is no one brave who commands, or "juſt who has power: You may rule the world now it "is empty, which exploded you when it was full: "I have knocked out the brains of all whom mankind "thought good for any thing; and I doubt not, but "you will reward that invention, which found out the "only expedient to make your lordſhip, or your wor-"ſhip, of any conſideration."

HAD I the honour to be in a libel, and had eſcaped the approbation of the author, I ſhould look upon it exactly in this manner. But tho' it is a thing thus perfectly indifferent, who is exalted or debaſed in ſuch performances, yet it is not ſo with relation to the authors of them: therefore I ſhall, for the good of my country,

country, hereafter take upon me to punish these wretches. What is already pass'd, may die away according to its Nature, and continue in its present oblivion; but for the future, I shall take notice of such enemies to honour and virtue, and preserve them to immortal infamy: their names shall give fresh offence many ages hence, and be detested a thousand years after the commission of their crime. It shall not avail, that these children of infamy publish their works under feigned names, or under none at all; for I am so perfectly well acquainted with the styles of all my contemporaries, that I shall not fail of doing them justice, with their proper names, and at their full length. Let therefore these miscreants enjoy their present act of oblivion, and take care how they offend hereafter.

But to avert our eyes from such objects, it is methinks but requisite to settle our opiuion in the case of praise and blame: and I believe, the only true way to cure that sensibility of reproach, which is a common weakness with the most virtuous men, is to fix their regard firmly upon only what is strictly true, in relation to their advantage, as well as diminution. For if I am pleased with commendation which I do not deserve, I shall from the same temper be concerned at scandal I do not deserve. But he that can think of false applause with as much contempt as false detraction, will certainly be prepared for all adventures, and will become all occasions. Undeserved praise can please only those who want merit, and undeserved reproach frighten only those who want sincerity. I have thought of this with so much attention, that I fancy there can be no other method in nature found for the cure of that delicacy, which gives good men pain under calumny, but placing satisfaction no where but in a just sense of their own integrity, without regard to the opinion of others. If we have not such a foundation as this, there is no help against scandal, but being in obscurity, which to noble minds is not being at all. The truth of it is, this love of praise dwells most in great and heroic spirits; and those who best deserve it, have generally

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the moſt exquiſite reliſh of it. Methinks I ſee the renowned *Alexander*, after a painful and laborious march, amidſt the heats of a parched ſoil and a burning climate, ſitting over the head of a fountain, and after a draught of water pronounce that memorable ſaying, Oh *Athenians!* How much do I ſuffer that you may ſpeak well of me? The *Athenians* were at that time the learned of the world, and their libels againſt *Alexander* were written as he was a profeſſed enemy of their ſtate: but how monſtrous would ſuch invectives have appear'd in *Macedonians.*

As love of reputation is a darling paſſion in great men, ſo the defence of them in this particular is the buſineſs of every man of honour and honeſty. We ſhould run on ſuch an occaſion (as if a publick building was on fire) to the relief; and all who ſpread or publiſh ſuch deteſtable pieces as traduce their merit, ſhould be uſed like incendiaries. It is the common cauſe of our country to ſupport the reputation of thoſe who preſerve it againſt invaders; and every man is attacked in the perſon of that neighbour who deſerves well of him.

On the Uſe of ſocial Intercourſe between Perſons of different Ages and Profeſſions.

[Connoiſ. N° 78.]

To Mr. *TOWN.*

SIR,

NOTHING is more neceſſary, in order to wear off any particularities in our behaviour, or to root out any perverſeneſs in our opinions, than mixing with perſons of ages and occupations different from our own. Whoſoever confines himſelf entirely to the ſociety of thoſe who are engaged in the ſame perſuits, and whoſe thoughts naturally take the ſame turn with his own, acquires a certain ſtiffneſs and pedantry of behaviour, which is ſure to make him difagreeable, except in one

particular ſet of company. Inſtead of cramping the mind by keeping it within ſo narrow a circle, we ſhould endeavour to enlarge it by every worthy notion and accompliſhment; and temper each qualification with it's oppoſite, as the four elements are compounded in our natural frame.

THE neceſſity of this free converſation, to open and improve the mind, is evident from the conſequences, which always follow a neglect of it. The employment each man is engaged in, wholly engroſſes his attention, and tinges the mind with a peculiar die, which ſhews itſelf in all the operations of it, unleſs prevented by natural good ſenſe or a liberal education. The phyſician, the lawyer, and the tradeſmen will appear in company, though none of thoſe occupations are the ſubject of diſcourſe; and the clergyman will grow moroſe and ſevere, who ſeldom or never converſes with the laity. If no particular profeſſion has this influence over us, ſome darling paſſion or amuſement gives a colour to our thoughts and actions, and makes us odious or at leaſt ridiculous. Fine ladies for inſtance, by deſpiſing the converſation of ſenſible men, can talk of nothing but routs, balls, aſſemblies, birth-day ſuits, and intrigues; and fine gentlemen, for the ſame reaſon, of almoſt nothing at all. In like manner, the furious partizan, who has not been weaned from a mad attachment to particular principles, is weak enough to imagine every man of a different way of thinking a fool and a ſcoundrel; and the ſectary or zealot devotes to eternal damnation all thoſe, who will not go to heaven in the ſame road with himſelf, under the guidance of *Whitefield*, *Weſley*, or Count *Zinzendorff*. To the ſame cauſe we owe the rough country ſquire, whoſe ideas are wholly bent on guns, dogs, horſes, and game; and who has every thing about him of a piece with his diverſions. His hall muſt be adorned with ſtags heads, inſtead of buſts and ſtatues; and in the room of family pictures, you will ſee prints of the moſt famous ſtallions and race-horſes: all his doors open and ſhut with foxes feet; and even the buttons of his cloaths are impreſſed with the figures of dogs, foxes, ſtags, and horſes. To this

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abſurd practice of cultivating only one ſet of ideas, and ſhutting ourſelves out from any intercourſe with the reſt of the world, is owing that narrowneſs of mind, which has infected the converſation of the polite world with inſipidity, made roughneſs and brutality the characteriſtics of a mere country gentleman, and produced the moſt fatal conſequences in politics and religion.

But if this commerce with the generality of mankind is ſo neceſſary to remove any impreſſions, which we may be liable to receive from any particular employment or darling amuſement, what precautions ought to be uſed, in order to remedy the inconveniencies naturally brought on us by the different ages of life! it is not certain, that a perſon will be engaged in any profeſſion, or given up to any peculiar kind of pleaſure; but the mind of every man is ſubject to the inclinations ariſing from the ſeveral ſtages of his exiſtence, as well as his body to chronical diſtempers. This, indeed, Mr. *Town*, is the principal cauſe of my writing to you: for it has often given me great concern to ſee the preſent diviſion between the young and the old; to obſerve elderly men forming themſelves into clubs and ſocieties, that they may be more ſecurely ſeparated from youth; and to ſee young men running into diſſipation and debauchery, rather than aſſociate with age. If each party would labour to conform to the other, from ſuch a coalition many advantages would accrue to both. Our youth would be inſtructed by the experience of age, and loſe much of that levity, which they retain too long: while at the ſame time the wrinkled brow of the aged would be ſmoothed by the ſprightly chearfulneſs of youth; by which they might ſupply the want of ſpirits, forget the loſs of old friends, and bear with eaſe all their wordly misfortunes. It is remarkable, that thoſe young men are the moſt worthy and ſenſible, who have kept up any intercourſe with the old; and that thoſe old men are of the moſt chearful and amiable diſpoſition, who have not been aſhamed to converſe with the young.

I will not pretend to decide, which party is moſt blameable in neglecting this neceſſary commerce with each other; which, if properly managed, would be at once ſo beneficial and delightful: but it undoubtedly ariſes

from a certain ſelfiſhneſs and obſtinacy in both, which will not ſuffer them to make a mutual allowance for the natural difference of their diſpoſitions. Their inclination are, indeed, as different as their years; yet each expects the other to comply, though neither will make any advances. How rarely do we ſee the leaſt degree of ſociety preſerved between a father and a ſon! a ſhocking reflection, when we conſider that nature has endeavoured to unite them by parental affection on one ſide, and filial gratitude on the other. Yet a father and ſon as ſeldom live together with any tolerable harmony, as an huſband and wife; and chiefly for the ſame reaſon: for though they are both joined under the ſame yoke, yet they are each tugging different ways. A father might as well expect his ſon to be as gouty and infirm as himſelf, as to have the diſpoſition which he has contracted from age; and a ſon might as reaſonably deſire the vigour and vivacity of five and twenty, as his own love of gaiety and diverſions in his father. It is therefore evident, that a mutual endeavour to conform to each other is abſolutely requiſite to keep together the cement of natural affection, which an untractable ſtubbornneſs ſo frequently diſſolves; or at leaſt, if it does not diſturb the affection, it conſtantly deſtroys the ſociety between father and ſon.

THIS unhappy and unnatural diviſion is often the ſubject of complaint in perſons of both ages; but is ſtill unremedied, becauſe neither reflect on the cauſe whence it proceeds. Old men are perpetually commenting on the extreme levity of the times, and blaming the young, becauſe they do not admire and court their company: which, indeed, is no wonder, ſince they generally treat their youthful companions as mere children, and expects ſuch a ſlaviſh deference to their years, as deſtroys that equality by which chearfulneſs and ſociety ſubſiſts. Young men do not like to be chid by a proverb, or reproved by a wrinkle: but tho' they do not chuſe to be corrected by their grave ſeniors like ſchool-boys, they would be proud to conſult them as friends; which the injudicious ſeverity of old age ſeldom will permit, not deigning to indulge them with ſo great a degree of free-

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dom and familiarity. Youth, on the other hand, ſhun the company of age, complaining of the ſmall regard and reſpect paid to them, though they often act with ſo little reſerve and ſuch unbecoming confidence, as not to deſerve it. Suppoſe the old were pleaſed with the natural flow of ſpirits and lively converſation of youth, ſtill ſome reſpect may be challenged as due to them; nor ſhould the decency and ſobriety of their characters ever be inſulted by any improper or immodeſt converſation.

I AM an old man myſelf, Mr. *Town*, and I have an only boy, whoſe behaviour to me is unexceptionable: permit me, therefore, to dwell a moment longer on my favourite ſubject, and I will conclude. With what harmony might all parents and children live together, if the father would ſtrive to ſoften the rigour of age, and remember that his ſon muſt naturally poſſeſs thoſe qualities, which ever accompany youth; and if the ſon would in return endeavour to ſuit himſelf to thoſe infirmities, which his father received from old age! If they would reciprocally ſtudy to be agreeable to each other, the father would inſenſibly ſubſtitute affection in the room of authority, and loſe the churliſh ſeverity and peeviſhneſs incident to his years: while the ſon would curb the unbecoming impetuoſity of his youth, change his reluctance to obey into a conſtant attention to pleaſe, and remit much of his extreme gaiety in conformity to the gravity of his father. Wherever ſuch a turn of mind is encouraged, there muſt be happineſs and agreeable ſociety: and the contrary qualities of youth and age, thus blended, compoſe the ſureſt cement of affection; as colours of the moſt oppoſite tints, by a ſkilful mixture, each giving and receiving certain ſhades, will form a picture, the moſt heightened and exquiſite in it's colouring.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt humble Servant,

JOHN BEVIL.

Letter of Advice to a YOUNG ACADEMIC.

[Connoiſ. N° 82.]

DEAR SIR,

AS you are now going to the Univerſity, I would not be thought to pay ſo ill a compliment to your own natural good ſenſe, as to ſuppoſe, that you will not (like many young gentlemen of fortune) in ſome meaſure apply yourſelf to ſtudy: otherwiſe the time you ſpend there will be entirely loſt; for (as *Swift* very juſtly remarks) "all ornamental parts of education are "better taught in other places." At the ſame time I do not mean, that you ſhould commence Pedant, and be continually poring on a book; ſince that will rather puzzly, than inform the underſtanding. And though I know many ſprightly young gentlemen of lively and quick parts affect to deſpiſe it altogether, it will be neceſſary to learn ſomething of Logic; I mean in the ſame manner one would learn Fencing — not to attack others, but to defend one's ſelf. In a word, you will find it a great unhappineſs, when you return hither, if you do not bring with you ſome taſte for reading: for a mere country gentleman, who can find no ſociety in books, will have little elſe to do, beſides following his ſprots, but to ſit, as ſquire of the company, tippling among a parcel of idle wretches, whoſe underſtandings are nearly on a level with his dogs and horſes.

IT has been an eſtabliſhed maxim, that the world will always form an opinion of perſons according to the company they are known to keep. In the Univerſity, as well as in other places, there are people, whom we ought to avoid, as we would the plague: and as it is of the utmoſt conſequence, whether you plunge at once into extravagance and debauchery, or ſink gradually into indolence and ſtupidity, I ſhall point out ſome of theſe peſts of ſociety in as few words as poſſible.

THE first perſon I would caution you againſt, is the wretch that takes a delight to turn religion indo ridicule: one who employs that ſpeech, which was given him by GOD to celebrate his praiſe, in queſtioning his very being. This, at it is impious in itſelf, is likewiſe the height of ill manners. It is hoped, there are but few of them to be met with in a place of ſound doctrine and religious education: but wherever they are, they ought to be avoided as much poſſible; and if they will force themſelves into our company, they ſhould be uſed with the ſame contempt, with which they have the hardineſs to treat their Maker. And this, I can aſſure you, may be done ſafely: for I never knew any body who pretended to be above the fear of GOD, but was under the moſt terrible apprehenſions, whenever attacked by man.

THE next character, whom I would adviſe you to ſhun, is the GAMESTER, in ſome reſpects not unlike the former. The gaming-table is his ſhrine, and fortune his deity; nor does he ever ſpeak or think of any other, unleſs by way of blaſphemy, oaths and curſes, when he has had a bad run at cards or dice. He has not the leaſt notion of friendſhip; but would ruin his own brother, if it might be of any advantage to himſelf. He, indeed, profeſſes himſelf your friend; but that is only with a deſign to draw you in: for his trade is inconſiſtent with the principles of honour or juſtice, without which there can be no real friendſhip. It ſhould, therefore, be the care of every gentleman, not to hold any commerce with ſuch people, whoſe acquaintance he cannot enjoy, without giving up his eſtate.

THE next perſon, whom we ought to beware of, is a DRUNKARD; one that takes an unaccountable pleaſure in ſapping his conſtitution, and drowing his underſtanding. He conſtantly goes ſenſeleſs to bed, and riſes maukiſh in the morning; nor can he be eaſy in body or mind, 'till he has renewed his doſe, and again put himſelf beyond the reach of reflection. I would, therefore, entreat you by all means to avoid an habit, which will at once ruin your health, and impair your intellect. It is a misfortune, that ſociety ſhould be eſteemed dull and inſipid without the aſſiſtance of the bottle to enliven it:

ſo that a man cannot entirely refrain from his glaſs, if he keeps any company at all. But let it be remembered, that in drinking, as well as in talking, we ought always to "keep a watch over the doors of our lips."

A LOWNGER is a creature, that you will often ſee lolling in a coffee houſe, or ſauntering about the ſtreets, with great calmneſs, and a moſt inflexible ſtupidity in his countenance. He takes as much pains as the Sot, to fly from his own thoughts; and is at length happily arrived at the higheſt pitch of indolence both in mind and body. He would be as inoffenſive, as he is dull, if it were not that his idleneſs is contagious; for, like the *torpedo*, he is ſure to benumb and take away all ſenſe of feeling from every one, with whom he happens to come in contact.

IT were alſo beſt to forbear the company of a WRANGLER, or a perſon of a litigious temper. This ſometimes ariſes, not from any great ſhare of ill-nature, but from a vain pride of ſhewing one's parts, or ſkill in argumentation. It is frequently obſerved of young Academics in particular, that they are very apt impertinently to engage people in a diſpute, whether they will or not. But this is contrary to all the rules of good-breeding, and is never practiſed by any man of ſenſe, that has ſeen much of the world. I have ſometimes known a perſon of great faucineſs and volubility of expreſſion, confuted by the *Argumentum Baculinum*, and both his head and his ſyllogiſm broken at the ſame time.

I need not point out to you the profligate RAKE or the affected COXCOMB, as perſons from whoſe company you can reap no ſort of benefit. From the firſt the good principles, already inſtilled into you, will doubtleſs preſerve you; and I am ſure you have too much real ſenſe, not to deſpiſe the abſurd fopperies of the latter. Noted LYARS are no leſs to be avoided, as the common peſts of ſociety. They are often of a miſchievous diſpoſition, and by their calumnies and falſe ſuggeſtions take a pleaſure in ſetting the moſt intimate friends at variance. But if they only deal in harmleſs and improbable lies their acquaintance muſt frequently be out of countenance for them; and if we ſhould venture to re-

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peat after them, I am ſure it is the way to be out of countenance for ourſelves.

BUT above all I muſt adviſe you never to engage, at leaſt not with any degree of violence, in any PARTY. Be not tranſported by the clamorous jollity of talking patriots beyond the ſober dictates of reaſon and juſtice; nor let the inſinuating voice of corruption tempt you to barter your integrity and peace of mind for the paltry ſatisfaction of improving your fortune. If you behave with honour and prudence, you will be regarded and courted by all parties; but if otherwiſe, you will certainly be deſpiſed by all. Perhaps indeed, if you ſhould hereafter engage in elections, and ſpend your own money to ſupport another's cauſe, the perſon, in whoſe intereſt you are, may ſhake you by the hand, and ſwear you are a very honeſt gentleman: — juſt as butchers treat their bull dogs, who ſpit in their mouths, clap them on the back, and then halloo them on to be toſſed and torn by the horns of their antagoniſt.

AFTER having guarded you againſt the evil influence of your own ſex, I cannot conclude without throwing in a word or two concerning the Ladies. But that I may not be thought unmannerly to the fair, I ſhall paſs over their faults; only hoping, that their excellencies will not tempt you to precipitate a match with one much your inferior in birth and fortune, though "endowed with "every accompliſhment requiſite to make the marriage "ſtate happy." In theſe haſty and unequal matches it ſometimes happens, that mutual love gives way to mutual reproaches. We may perhaps too late repent of our bargain: and though Repentance be an excellent viſiting friend, when ſhe reminds us of our paſt miſcarriages, and preſcribes rules how to avoid them for the future, yet ſhe is a moſt troubleſome companion, when fixed upon us for life.

I am, dear Sir,

Your ſincere friend, &c.

H. A.

On TASTE. [World, N° 67.]

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

ALL the fashionable part of mankind set out with the ambition of being thought men of TASTE.

THIS is the present universal passion: but the misfortune is, that like sportsmen, who lose their hare, and start coneys, which lead them over warrens, where their horses break their legs, and fling their riders; so in the affair of TASTE, we frequently see men following some false scent, with the same ardour that they would have pursued the proper object of a chace, and with much greater inconveniences.

OF all the various subjects that have yet exercised the geniusses of modern writers, that of TASTE has appeared to be the most difficult to treat; because almost all of them have lost themselves in endeavouring to trace its source. They have generally indeed referred us for its origin to the polite and imitative arts; whereas those are rather its offspring, than its parents. Perhaps their mistakes in the treating this delicate subject may have arisen from the great resemblance which FALSE TASTE bears to TRUE, which haste and inaccurate observers will find as difficult to distinguish, as to discern *Pinchbeck's* metal from genuine gold at the first transient glance. To the end therefore that the ideas of our fine gentlemen may be somewhat more precisely adjusted upon this important article, I shall venture to assert, that the first thing necessary for those who wish to acquire a TRUE TASTE, is, to prepare their minds by an early pursuit and love of moral order, propriety, and all the rational beauties of a just and well regulated conduct.

TRUE TASTE, like good breeding in behaviour seems to be the easiest thing in nature to attain; but yet, where it does not grow spontaneously, it is a plant of all others the most difficult to cultivate. It must be sown

upon

upon a bed of virgin ſenſe, and kept perfectly clean of every weed that may prevent or retard its growth. It was long erroneouſly thought to be an exotic; but experience has convinced us that it will bear the cold of our moſt northern provinces. I could produce inſtances to confirm this aſſertion, from almoſt every county of *Great Britain* and *Ireland*.

THE folly is, that every man thinks himſelf capable of arriving at perfection in this divine accompliſhment: but nature hath not diſpenſed her gifts in ſuch profuſion. There is but one ſun to illuminate our earth, while the ſtars that twinkle with inferior luſtre are innumerable. Thus thoſe great geniuſſes that are the perfect models of TRUE TASTE, are extremely rare, while thouſands daily expoſe themſelves to ruin and ridicule by vain and awkward imitations.

PERHAPS to arrive at TASTE, in one ſingle branch of polite refinement, might not be altogether ſo fruitleſs an ambition: but the abſurdity is to aim at univerſal TASTE. Now this will beſt appear by obſerving what numbers miſcarry even in the moſt confined purſuit of this difficult accompliſhment. One ſeeks this coy miſtreſs in books and ſtudy; others purſue her through *France*, through *Italy*, nay, through *Spain*; and after all their labours, we have frequently ſeen them ridiculouſly embracing pedantry and foppery with the raptures due alone to TASTE. Thus it happens with many deluded travellers in the fields of gallantry, who enjoy fancied familiarities with women of the firſt rank, whoſe names and titles ſtrumpets have aſſumed, to deceive the vain, the ignorant, and the unwary.

IT is thought the *Bona Dea* of the *Romans*, was nothing more than the goddeſs of TASTE. Ladies alone were admitted into her myſteries. The natural indelicacy indeed of the ſtronger ſex ſeems to countenance this opinion; women in general having finer and more exquiſite ſenſations than men; and it is a thorough acquaintance with the virtues and charms of that moſt amiable part of our ſpecies which conſtitutes the moſt eſſential quality of a man of TASTE. Who indeed ever knew a mere ſoldier, a mere politician, a mere ſcholar to be a man of TASTE?

WERE we to erect a temple to TASTE, every SCIENCE ſhould furniſh a pillar, every VIRTUE ſhould there have an altar, and the three GRACES ſhould hold the high-prieſthood in commiſſion.

WE daily ſee pretenders to this quality endeavouring to diſplay it in a parade of dreſs and equipage; but theſe, alas! can only produce a beau. We ſee others ſet up for it amongſt cards and dice; but theſe can create nothing better than a gameſter. Others in brothels, which only form a debauchee. Some have run for it at *Newmarket*; ſome have drank for it at the King's arms; the former, to their great ſurprize, have acquired only the title of good jockeys, the latter of jolly Bucks. There are many who aim at it in literary compoſitions, and gain at moſt the character of intruding authors.

HOWEVER, this general purſuit of TASTE has its uſes: thoſe numbers who go in queſt of it, where it is never to be found, ſerve at leaſt as ſo many marks that teach us to avoid ſteering the ſame unſucceſsful courſe.

THE plain truth of the matter is, a houſe filled with fine pictures, the ſideboard loaded with maſſy plate, the ſplendid equipage, with all the hey-dukes, pages and ſervants that attend it, do not entitle the poſſeſſor to be called a man of TASTE: they only bring with them either anxiety or contempt to thoſe whoſe rank and fortunes are not equal to ſuch oſtentation. I will be bold to ſay therefore, notwithſtandiug ſome of your readers will doubtleſs look upon me as an unpoliſhed Vandal, that the beſt inſtance any man can give of his TASTE, is to ſhew that he has too much delicacy to reliſh any thing ſo low and little, as the purchaſe of ſuperfluities at another's coſt, or with his own ruin. At leaſt, the placid ſatisfaction of that man's heart, who prudently meaſures his expences, and confines his deſires within the circle of his annual revenue, begets that well-ordered diſpoſition of mind, without which it is impoſſible to merit the character of a man of juſt refined TASTE.

CERTAIN it is, that He beſt diſcovers the juſtneſs of his TASTE, who beſt knows how to purſue and ſecure the moſt ſolid and laſting happineſs. Now where ſhall we look for this, with ſo much probability of find-

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ing it, as in temperance and tranquility of mind, in social and domeſtic enjoyments? Are not theſe the firſt and moſt eſſential objects of TASTE? Certainly they are: and when a man has once acquired theſe, he may, if fortune and nature have properly qualified him, launch out into a more extenſive compaſs, and diſplay his genius in a larger circle.

BUT it will be difficult, I fear, to perſuade thoſe young men of the preſent generation, who are ambitious of eſtabliſhing a character for TASTE, to advance towards it by ſo ſlow and regular a progreſſion. They ſeem in general to be poſſeſſed with a kind of EPIC madneſs, and are for hurrying at once into the midſt of things. But perhaps you, Mr. *Fitz-Adam*, may be able, by reaſon or by ridicule, to call back their attention to the previous ſteps; to perſuade them to learn to walk, before they attempt to run; to convince them, that profuſion in architecture, in gardening, in equipage, in dreſs, &c. can ſerve no other purpoſe but to diſturb their imaginations, and to give them a general diſtaſte of themſelves, and of every thing around them.

IT is by no means, however, ſurpriſing that this character of TASTE ſhould be ſo univerſally ſought after; as true TASTE is doubtleſs the higheſt point of perfection, at which human nature, in this her ſtate of frailty, can poſſibly arrive. A man endowed with this quality, poſſeſſes all his ſenſes in the manner beſt adapted to receive the impreſſion of every true pleaſure, which providence has ſcattered with a liberal hand for the delight of its creature. There is nothing intrinſically beautiful which does not furniſh him with perpetual delight; as every thing ill-faſhioned and deformed affects him with diſguſt and abhorrence. That is, in a word, the avenues of his mind are open only to thoſe enjoyments that bring with them the paſſports of truth and reaſon.

PHILALETHES is a man of TASTE, according to the notion I have here given of that quality. His conduct is influenc'd by ſentiment as well as by principle; and if he were ever ſo ſecure of ſecrecy and impunity, he would no more be capable of committing a low or a

baſe

baſe action, than of admitting a vile performance into his noble collection of paintings and ſculpture. His juſt taſte of the fine arts, and his exquiſite delicacy in moral conduct, are but one and the ſame ſenſe, exerting iſſelf upon different objects; a love of beauty, order and propriety, extended to all their various intellectual and viſible exhibitions. Accordingly, *Philalethes* is conſiſtent in every part of his character. You ſee the ſame elegant and noble ſimplicity, the ſame correct and judicious way of thinking, expreſſed in his dreſs, his equipage, his furniture, his gardens and his actions.

How different is *Micio* from *Philalethes!* Yet *Micio* would be thought a man of TASTE. But the misfortune is, he has not a heart for it. I ſay a heart, however odd the expreſſion may ſound: for as a celebrated antient has defined an orator to be *vir bonus dicendi peritus*, ſo I muſt inſiſt upon it, that a good heart is an eſſential ingredient to form a good TASTE. When I ſee *Micio*, therefore, diſſipating his health and ſtrength in lewd embraces and midnight revels; when I ſee him throwing away over-night at the gaming-table, what he muſt refuſe the next morning to the juſt clamours of his injured tradeſmen; I am not the leaſt ſurprized at his trimmed trees, his unnatural terraſſes, his *French treillage*, his *Dutch* parterres, his *Chineſe* bells, and his tawdry equipage.

IN fine, though every man cannot arrive at the perfection of this quality, yet it may be neceſſary that he ſhould be ſufficiently inſtructed, not to be deceived in his judgment concerning the claim of it in others. To this end the few following queries may be applied with ſingular advantage. Is the pretender to TASTE proud? Is he a coxcomb? Is he a ſpendthrift? Is he a gameſter? Is he a ſlanderer? Is he a drunkard? Is he a bad neighbour? a ſham patriot? or a falſe friend? By this ſhort catechiſm every youth, even of the moſt ſlender capacity, may be capable of determining who is NOT a man of TASTE. *I am, &c.*

I. T.

Proſperity

Prosperity and Adversity. An Allegory.

[World. N° 84.]

PROSPERITY and *Adversity*, the daughters of *Providence*, were sent to the house of a rich *Phœnician* merchant, named *Velasco*, whose residence was at *Tyre*, the capital city of that kingdom.

PROSPERITY, the eldest, was beautiful as the morning and chearful as the spring: but *Adversity* was sorrowful and ill-favoured.

VELASCO had two sons, *Felix* and *Uranio*. They were both bred to commerce, though liberally educated, and had lived together from their infancy in the strictest harmony and friendship. But love, before whom all the affections of the soul are as the traces of a ship upon the ocean, which remain only for a moment, threatened in an evil hour to set them at variance; for both were become enamoured with the beauties of *Prosperity*. The nymph, like one of the daughters of men, gave encouragement to each by turns: but to avoid a particular declaration, she avowed a resolution never to marry, unless her sister, from whom she said it was impossible for her to be long separated, was married at the same time.

VELASCO, who was no stranger to the passions of his sons, and who dreaded every thing from their violence, to prevent consequences, obliged them by his authority to decide their pretensions by lots; each previously engaging in a solemn oath to marry the nymph that should fall to his share. The lots were accordingly drawn; and *Prosperity* became the wife of *Felix*, and *Adversity* of *Uranio*.

SOON after the celebration of these nuptials *Velasco* died, having bequeathed to his eldest son *Felix* the house wherein he dwelt, together with the greatest part of his large fortune and effects.

THE husband of *Prosperity* was so transported with the gay disposition and enchanting beauties of his bride,

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that he cloathed her in gold and ſilver, and adorned her with jewels of ineſtimable value. He built a palace for her in the woods; he turned rivers into his gardens, and beautified their banks with temples and pavillions. He entertained at his table the nobles of the land, delighting their ears with muſic, and their eyes with magnificence. But his kindred he beheld as ſtrangers, and the companions of his youth paſſed by him unregarded. His brother alſo became hateful in his ſight, and in proceſs of time he commanded the doors of his houſe to be ſhut againſt him.

But as the ſtream flows from its channel and loſes itſelf among the vallies, unleſs confined by banks; ſo alſo will the current of fortune be diſſipated, unleſs bounded by œconomy. In a few years the eſtate of *Felix* was waſted by extravagance, his merchandize failed him by neglect, and his effects were ſeized by the mercileſs hands of creditors. He applied himſelf for ſupport to the nobles and great men whom he had feaſted and made preſents to, but his voice was as the voice of a ſtranger, and they remembred not his face. The friends whom he had neglected derided him in their turn, his wife alſo inſulted him, and turned her back upon him and fled. Yet was his heart ſo bewitched with her ſorceries, that he purſued her with entreaties, till by her haſte to abandon him, her maſk fell off, and diſcovered to him a face as withered and deformed, as before it had appeared youthful and engaging.

What became of him afterwards tradition does not relate with certainty. It is believed that he fled into *Egypt*, and lived precariouſly on the ſcanty benevolence of a few friends, who had not totally deſerted him, and that he died in a ſhort time, wretched and an exile.

Let us now return to *Uranio*, who, as we have already obſerved, had been driven out of doors by his brother *Felix*. *Adverſity*, though hateful to his heart, and a ſpectre to his eyes, was the conſtant attendant upon his ſteps: and to aggravate his ſorrow, he received certain intelligence that his richeſt veſſel was

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taken by a *Sardinian* pirate; that another was loſt upon the *Lybian Syrtes*, and, to compleat all, that the banker with whom the greateſt part of his ready money was entruſted, had deſerted his creditors and retired into *Sicily*. Collecting therefore the ſmall remains of his fortune, he bid adieu to *Tyre*, and, led by *Adverſity* through unfrequented roads and foreſts overgrown with thickets, he came at laſt to a ſmall village at the foot of a mountain. Here they took up their abode for ſome time; and *Adverſity*, in return for all the anxiety he had ſuffered, ſoftening the ſeverity of her looks, adminiſtred to him the moſt faithful counſel, weaning his heart from the immoderate love of earthly things, and teaching him to revere the Gods, and to place his whole truſt and happineſs in their government and protection. She humanized his ſoul, made him modeſt and humble, taught him to compaſſionate the diſtreſs of his fellow-creatures, and inclined him to relieve them.

"I AM ſent, ſaid ſhe, by the Gods to thoſe alone "whom they love: for I not only train them up by my "ſevere diſcipline to future glory, but alſo prepare them "to receive with a greater reliſh all ſuch moderate en-"joyments, as are not inconſiſtent with this probationa-"ry ſtate. As the ſpider, when aſſailed, ſeeks ſhel-"ter in its inmoſt web, ſo the mind which I afflict, "contracts its wandering thoughts, and flies for hap-"pineſs to itſelf. It was I who raiſed the characters "of *Cato*, *Socrates* and *Timoleon* to ſo divine a height, "and ſet them up as guides and examples to every fu-"ture age. *Proſperity*, my ſmiling, but treacherous "ſiſter, too frequently delivers thoſe whom ſhe has ſe-"duced, to be ſcourged by her cruel followers, *Anguiſh* "and *Deſpair*: while *Adverſity* never fails to lead thoſe "who will be inſtructed by her, to the bliſsful habi-"tations of *Tranquillity* and *Content*."

URANIO liſtened to her words with great attention; and as he looked earneſtly on her face, the deformity of it ſeemed inſenſibly to decreaſe. By gentle degrees his averſion to her abated; and at laſt, he gave himſelf wholly up to her counſel and direction. She would often repeat to him the wiſe maxim of the philoſopher,

" That thoſe, who want the feweſt things, approach " neareſt to the Gods who want nothing." She admoniſhed him to turn his eyes to the many thouſands beneath him, inſtead of gazing on the few who live in pomp and ſplendor; and in his addreſſes to the Gods, inſtead of aſking for riches and popularity, to pray for a virtuous mind, a quiet ſtate, and unblameable life, and a death full of good hopes.

FINDING him to be every day more and more compoſed and reſigned, though neither enamoured of her face, nor delighted with her ſociety, ſhe at laſt addreſſed him in the following manner.

" AS gold is purged and refined from droſs by the " fire, ſo is *Adverſity* ſent by *Providence* to try and im- " prove the virtue of mortals. The end obtained, my " taſk is finiſhed; and I now leave you, to go and give " an account of my charge. Your brother, whoſe lot " was *Proſperity*, and whoſe condition you ſo much en- " vied, after having experienced the error of his choice, " is at laſt releaſed by death from the moſt wretched of " lives. Happy has it been for *Uranio*, that his lot " was *Adverſity*, whom if he remembers as he ought, " his life will be honourable, and his death happy."

AS ſhe pronounced theſe words, ſhe vaniſhed from his ſight. But though her features at that moment, inſtead of inſpiring their uſual horror, ſeemed to diſplay a kind of languiſhing beauty, yet as *Uranio*, in ſpite of his utmoſt efforts, could never prevail upon himſelf to love her, he neither regretted her departure, nor wiſhed for her return. But though he rejoiced in her abſence, he treaſured up her counſels in his heart, and grew happy by the practice of them.

HE afterwards betook himſelf again to merchandize; and having in a ſhort time acquired a competency ſufficient for the real enjoyments of life, he retreated to a little farm, which he had bought for that purpoſe, and where he determined to continue the remainder of his days. Here he employed his time in planting, gardening and huſbandry, in quelling all diſorderly paſſions, and in forming his mind by the leſſons of *Adverſity*. He took great delight in a little cell or hermitage in

his

his garden, which ſtood under a tuft of trees, encompaſſed with eglantine and honey-ſuckles. Adjoining to it was a cold bath, formed by a ſpring iſſuing from a rock, and over the door was written in large characters the following inſcription.

Beneath this moſs-grown roof, within this cell,
TRUTH, LIBERTY, CONTENT, *and* VIRTUE *dwell.*
Say, you who dare this happy place diſdain,
What PALACE *can diſplay ſo fair a train?*

HE lived to a good old age; and died honoured and lamented.

The Value of Life fixed by Hope and Fear. An Eaſtern Story.

[Advent. N° 114.]

ALMET, the *Derviſe*, who watched the ſacred lamp in the ſepulchre of the PROPHET, as he one day roſe up from the devotions of the morning, which he had performed at the gate of the temple with his body turned towards the eaſt and his forehead on the earth, ſaw before him a man in ſplendid apparel attended by a long retinue, who gazed ſtedfaſtly at him with a look of mournful complacence, and ſeemed deſirous to ſpeak, but unwilling to offend.

THE *Derviſe* after a ſhort ſilence, advanced, and ſaluting him with the calm dignity which independance confers upon humility, requeſted that he would reveal his purpoſe.

"ALMET," ſaid the ſtranger, "thou ſeeſt before "thee a man, whom the hand of proſperity has over-"whelmed with wretchedneſs. Whatever I once de-"ſired as the means of happineſs, I now poſſeſs; but "I am not yet happy, and therefore I deſpair. I re-"gret the lapſe of time, becauſe it glides away with-"out enjoyment, and as I expect nothing in the future

" but the vanities of the paſt, I do not wiſh that the
" future ſhould arrive. Yet I tremble leſt it ſhould be
" cut off; and my heart ſinks when I anticipate the
" moment, in which eternity ſhall cloſe over the vacuity
" of my life like the ſea upon the path of a ſhip, and
" leave no traces of my exiſtence more durable than
" the furrow which remains after the waves have united.
" If in the treaſuries of thy wiſdom, there is any pre-
" cept to obtain felicity, vouchſafe it to me: for this
" purpoſe I am come; a purpoſe which yet I feared
" to reveal, leſt like all the former it ſhould be diſap-
" pointed." *Almet* liſtened, with looks of aſtoniſhment and pity, to this complaint of a being, in whom reaſon was known to be a pledge of immortality: but the ſerenity of his countenance ſoon returned; and, ſtretching out his hand towards Heaven, "Stranger," ſaid he, " the knowledge which I have received from the " PROPHET, I will communicate to thee."

AS I was ſitting one evening at the porch of the temple penſive and alone, mine eye wandered among the multitude that was ſcattered before me; and while I remarked the wearineſs and ſollicitude which was viſible in every countenance, I was ſuddenly ſtruck with a ſenſe of their condition. Wretched mortal, ſaid I, to what purpoſe are ye buſy? If to produce happineſs, by whom is it enjoyed? Do the linens of *Egypt*, and the ſilks of *Perſia*, beſtow felicity on thoſe who wear them, equal to the wretchedneſs of yonder ſlaves whom I ſee leading the camels that bring them? Is the fineneſs of the texture, or the ſplendor of the tints, regarded with delight by thoſe, to whom cuſtom has rendered them familiar? Or can the power of habit render others inſenſible of pain, who live only to traverſe the deſart; a ſcene of dreadful uniformity, where a barren level is bounded only by the horizon; where no change of proſpect, or variety of images, relieves the traveller from a ſenſe of toil and danger, of whirlwinds which in a moment may bury him in the ſand, and of thirſt which the wealthy have given half their poſſeſſions to allay? Do thoſe on whom hereditary diamonds parkle with unregarded luſtre, gain from the poſſeſſion, what

what is loſt by the wretch who ſeeks them in the mine; who lives excluded from the common bounties of nature; to whom even the viciſſitude of day and night is not known, who ſighs in perpetual darkneſs. and whoſe life is one mournful alternative of inſenſibility and labour? If thoſe are not happy who poſſeſs, in proportion as thoſe are wretched who beſtow, how vain a dream is the life of man! and if there is, indeed, ſuch difference in the value of exiſtence, how ſhall we acquit of partiality, the hand by which this difference has been made?

WHILE my thoughts thus multiplied, and my heart burned within me, I became ſenſible of a ſudden influence from above. The ſtreets and the crouds of *Mecca* diſappeared; I found myſelf ſitting on the declivity of a mountain, and perceived at my right hand an angel, whom I knew to be *Azoran* the miniſter of reproof. When I ſaw him, I was afraid. I caſt mine eye upon the ground, and was about to deprecate his anger, when he commanded me to be ſilent. "*Almet*," ſaid he, "thou haſt devoted thy life to meditation, that thy counſel might deliver ignorance from "the mazes of error, and deter preſumtion from "the precipice of guilt; but the book of nature thou "haſt read without underſtanding. It is again open "before thee; look up, conſider it and be wiſe."

I LOOKED up, and beheld an incloſure, beautiful as the gardens of *Paradiſe*, but of a ſmall extent. Through the middle, there was a green walk; at the end, a wild deſart; and beyond, impenetrable darkneſs. The walk was ſhaded with trees of every kind, that were covered at once with bloſſoms and fruit; innumerable birds were ſinging in the branches; the graſs was intermingled with flowers, which impregnated the breeze with fragrance, and painted the path with beauty; on one ſide flowed a gentle tranſparent ſtream, which was juſt heard to murmur over the golden ſands that ſparkled at the bottom; and on the other were walks and bowers, fountains grottos and caſcades, which diverſified the ſcene with endleſs variety, but did not conceal the bounds.

WHILE I was gazing in a tranſport of delight and wonder on this enchanting ſpot, I perceived a man ſtealing along the walk with a thoughtful and deliberate pace: his eyes were fixed upon the earth, and his arms croſſed on his boſom; he ſometimes ſtarted, as if a ſudden pang had ſeized him; his countenance expreſſed ſollicitude and terror; he looked round with a ſigh, and having gazed a moment on the deſart that lay before him, he ſeemed as if he wiſhed to ſtop, but was impelled forward by ſome inviſible power: his features, however, ſoon ſettled again into a calm melancholy; his eye was again fixed on the ground; and he went on, as before, with apparent reluctance, but without emotion. I was ſtruck with this appearance; and turning haſtily to the *Angel*, was about to enquire what could produce ſuch infelicity in a being, ſurrounded with every object that could gratify every ſenſe; but he prevented my requeſt: The book of nature," ſaid he, "is before thee; look up, and conſider it and be "wiſe." I looked, and beheld a valley between two mountains that were craggy and barren; on the path there was no verdure, and the mountains afforded no ſhade; the ſun burned in the Zenith, and every ſpring was dried up; but the valley terminated in a country that was pleaſant and fertile, ſhaded with woods, and adorned with buildings. At a ſecond view, I diſcovered a man in this valley, meagre indeed and naked, but his countenance was chearful, and his deportment active; he kept his eye fixed upon the country before him, and looked as if he would have run, but that he was reſtrained, as the other had been impelled, by ſome ſecret influence; ſometimes, indeed, I perceived a ſudden expreſſion of pain, and ſometimes he ſtepped ſhort as if his foot was pierced by the aſperities of the way; but the ſprightlineſs of his countenance inſtantly returned, and he preſſed forward without appearance of repining or complaint.

I TURNED again toward the *Angel*, impatient to enquire from what ſecret ſource happineſs was derived, in a ſituation ſo different from that in which it might have been expected; but he again prevented my requeſt:

queſt: "*Almet*," ſaid he, "remember what thou haſt "ſeen, and let this memorial be written upon the "tablets of thy heart. Remember, *Almet*, that the "world in which thou art placed, is but the road to "another; and that happineſs depends not upon the "path, but the end: the valve of this period of thy "exiſtence, is fixed by hope and fear. The wretch "who wiſhed to linger in the garden, who looked "round upon its limits with terror, was deſtitute of "enjoyment, becauſe he was deſtitute of hope, and "was perpetually tormented by the dread of loſing that "which yet he did not enjoy: the ſong of the birds "had been repeated till it was not heard, and the "flowers had ſo often recurred that their beauty was "not ſeen; the river glided by unnoticed; and he "feared to lift his eye to the proſpect, leſt he ſhould "behold the waſte that circumſcribed it. But he that "toiled through they valley was happy, becauſe he "looked forward with hope. Thus, to the ſojourner "upon earth, it is of little moment, whether the path "he treads be ſtrewed with flowers or with thorns, if "he perceives himſelf to approach thoſe regions, in "compariſon of which the thorns and the flowers of "this wilderneſs loſe their diſtinction, and are both "alike impotent to give pleaſure or pain.

"WHAT then has ETERNAL WISDOM un-"equally diſtributed? That which can make every "ſtation happy, and without which every ſtation "muſt be wretched, is acquired by *Virtue*; and "*Virtue* is poſſible to all. Remember *Almet*, the vi-"ſion which thou haſt ſeen; and let my words be writ-"ten on the tablet of thy heart, that thou may'ſt di-"rect the wanderer to happineſs, and juſtify GOD "to men."

WHILE the voice of *Azoran* was yet ſounding in my ear, the proſpect vaniſhed from before me, and I found myſelf again ſitting at the porch of the temple. The ſun was going down, the multitude was retired to reſt, and the ſolemn quiet of midnight concurred with the reſolution of my doubts to compleat the tranquillity of my mind.

SUCH, my ſon, was the viſion which the PROPHET vouchſafed me, not for my ſake only but for thine. Thou haſt ſought felicity in temporal things; and, therefore, thou art diſappointed. Let not inſtruction be loſt upon thee, as the ſeal of *Mahomet* in the well of *Aris*: but go thy way, let thy flock cloath the nacked, and thy table feed the hungry; deliver the poor from oppreſſion, and let thy converſation be ABOVE. Thus ſhalt thou "rejoice in *Hope*," and look forward to the end of life as the conſummation of thy felicity.

ALMET, in whoſe breaſt devotion kindled as he ſpake, returned into the temple, and the ſtranger departed in peace.

The Natural Hiſtory of Ants.

[Guard. N° 156]

IN one of my papers I ſuppoſed a molehill, inhabited by Piſmires or Ants, to be a lively image of the earth, peopled by human creatures. This ſuppoſition will not appear too forced or ſtrained to thoſe who are acquainted with the natural hiſtory of theſe little inſects; in order to which I ſhall preſent my reader with the extract of a letter upon this curious ſubject, as it was publiſhed by the members of the *French* academy, and ſince tranſlated into *Engliſh*. I muſt confeſs I was never in my life better entertained than with this narrative, which is of undoubted credit and authority.

'IN a room next to mine, which had been empty 'for a long time, there was upon a window a box full 'of earth, two foot deep, and fit to keep flowers in. 'That kind of parterre had been long uncultivated; 'and therefore it was covered with old plaiſter, and 'a great deal of rubbiſh that fell from the top of the 'houſe, and from the walls, which, together with the 'earth formerly inbibed with water, made a kind of a 'dry and barren ſoil. That place lying to the South, 'and out of the reach of the wind and rain, beſides

'the

'the neighbourhood of a granary, was a moſt delightful
'ſpot of ground for Ants; and therefore they had made
'three neſts there, without doubt for the ſame reaſon
'that men build cities in fruitful and convenient places,
'near ſprings and rivers.

'HAVING a mind to cultivate ſome flowers, I took
'a view of that place, and removed a tulip out of the
'garden into that box; but caſting my eyes upon the
'Ants, continually taken up with a thouſand cares,
'very inconſiderable with reſpect to us, but of the
'greateſt importance for them, they appeared to me
'more worthy of my curioſity than all the flowers in
'the world. I quickly removed the tulip, to be the
'admirer and reſtorer of that little commonwealth.
'This was the only thing they wanted; for their poli-
'cy and the order obſerved among them, are more per-
'fect than thoſe of the wiſeſt republicks: and there-
'fore they have nothing to fear, unleſs a new legiſla-
'tor ſhould attempt to change the form of their govern-
'ment.

'I MADE it my buſineſs to procure them all ſorts
'of conveniencies. I took out of the box every thing
'that might be troubleſome to them; and frequently
'viſited my Ants, and ſtudied all their actions. Being
'uſed to go to bed very late, I went to ſee them work
'in a moon ſhiny-night; and I did frequently get up
'in the night, to take a few of their labours. I al-
'ways found ſome going up and down, and very buſy:
'one would think that they never ſleep. Every body
'knows that Ants come out of their holes in the day-
'time, and expoſe to the ſun the corn, which they
'keep under ground in the night. Thoſe who have
'ſeen ant-hillocks, have eaſily perceived thoſe ſmall
'heaps of corn about their neſts. What ſurpriſed me
'at firſt was, that my Ants never brought out their
'corn, but in the night when the moon did ſhine, and
'kept it under ground in the day-time; which was
'contrary to what I had ſeen, and ſaw ſtill practiſed by
'thoſe inſects in other places. I quickly found out the
'reaſon of it: there was a pidgeon-houſe not far from
'thence: pigeons and birds would have eaten their

'corn, if they had brought it out in the day-time.
'Tis highly probable they knew it by experience; and
'I frequently found pigeons and birds in that place,
'when I went to it in a morning. I quickly delivered
'them from those robbers: I frighted the birds away
'with some pieces of paper tied to the end of a string
'over the window. As for the pigeons, I drove them
'away several times; and when they perceived that
'the place was more frequented than before, they never
'came to it again. What is most admirable, and what
'I could hardly believe, if I did not know it by experi-
'ence, is, that those Ants knew some days after that
'they had nothing to fear, and began to lay out their
'corn in the sun. However, I perceived they were not
'fully convinced of being out of all danger; for they
'durst not bring out their provisions all at once, but by
'degrees, first in a small quantity, and without any
'great order, that they might quickly carry them away
'in case of any misfortune, watching, and looking every
'way. At last, being persuaded that they had nothing
'to fear, they brought out all their corn, almost every
'day, and in good order, and carried it in at night.

'THERE is a straight hole in every Ant's nest, a-
'bout half an inch deep; and then it goes down slop-
'ing into a place where they have their magazine,
'which I take to be a different place from that where
'they rest and eat. For it is highly improbable that
'an Ant, which is a very cleanly insect, and throws
'out of her nest all the small remains of the corn on
'which she feeds, as I have observed a thousand times,
'would fill up her magazine, and mix her corn with
'dirt and ordure.

'THE corn, that is laid up by Ants, would shoot
'under ground, if those insects did not take care to
'prevent it. They bite off all the buds before they lay
'it up; and therefore the corn that has lain in their
'nests will produce nothing. Any one may easily make
'this experiment, and even plainly see that there is no
'bud in their corn. But tho' the bud be bitten off,
'there remains another inconvenience, that corn must
'needs swell and rot under ground; and therefore it

'could

'could be of no uſe for the nouriſhment of Ants.
'Thoſe inſects prevent that inconvenience by their la-
'bour and induſtry, and contrive the matter ſo, that
'corn will keep as dry in their neſts as in our gran-
'aries.

'THEY gather many ſmall particles of dry earth,
'which they bring every day out of their holes, and
'place them round to heat them in the ſun. Every
'Ant brings a ſmall particle of that earth in her pin-
'cers, lays it by the hole, and then goes and fetches
'another. Thus, in leſs than a quarter of an hour,
'one may ſee a vaſt number of ſuch ſmall particles of
'dry earth, heaped up round the hole. They lay their
'corn under ground upon that earth, and cover it with
'the ſame. They perform this work almoſt every day,
'during the heat of the ſun; and though the ſun went
'from the window about three or four o'clock in the
'afternoon, they did not remove their corn and their
'particles of earth, becauſe the ground was very hot,
'till the heat was over.

'IF any one ſhould think that thoſe animals ſhould
'uſe ſand, or ſmall particles of brick or ſtone, rather
'than take ſo much pains about dry earth; I anſwer,
'that upon ſuch an occaſion nothing can be more pro-
'per than earth heated in the ſun. Corn does not
'keep upon ſand: Beſides, a grain of corn that is cut,
'being deprived of its bud, would be filled with ſmall
'ſandy particles that could not eaſily come out. To
'which I add, that ſand conſiſts of ſuch ſmall particles,
'that an Ant could not take them up one after another;
'and therefore thoſe inſects are ſeldom to be ſeen near
'rivers, or in a very ſandy ground.

'AS for the ſmall particles of brick or ſtone, the leaſt
'moiſtneſs would join them together, and turn them
'into a kind of maſtick, which thoſe inſects could not
'divide. Thoſe particles ſticking together could not
'come out of an Ants's neſt, and would ſpoil its ſym-
'metry.

'WHEN Ants have brought out thoſe particles of
'earth, they bring out their corn after the ſame man-
'ner, and place it round the earth. Thus one may

'ſee

'ſee two heaps ſurrounding their hole, one of dry earth,
'and the other of corn; and then they fetch out a re-
'mainder of dry earth, on which doubtleſs their corn
'was laid up.

'THOSE inſects never go about this work, but
'when the weather is clear, and the ſun very hot. I
'obſerved, that thoſe little animals having one day
'brought out their corn at eleven o'clock in the forenoon,
'removed it, againſt their uſual cuſtom, before one in
'the afternoon: The ſun being very hot, and ſky very
'clear, I could perceive no reaſon for it. But half an
'hour after, the ſky began to be overcaſt, and there
'fell a ſmall rain which the Ants foreſaw; whereas the
'*Milan* almanack had foretold there would be no rain
'upon that day.

'I HAVE ſaid before, that thoſe Ants which I did
'ſo particularly conſider, fetched their corn out of a
'garret. I went very frequently into that garret: There
'was ſome old corn in it; and becauſe every grain was
'not alike, I obſerved that they choſe the beſt.

'I KNOW, by ſeveral experiments, that thoſe little
'animals take great care to provide themſelves with
'wheat when they can find it, and always pick out the
'beſt; but they can make ſhift without it. When they
'can get no wheat, they take rye, oats, millet, and
'even crumbs of bread; but ſeldom any barley, unleſs
'it be in a time of great ſcarcity, and when nothing
'elſe can be had,

'BEING willing to be more particularly informed
'of their forecaſt and induſtry, I put a ſmall heap of
'wheat in a corner of the room, where they kept:
'And to prevent their fetching corn out of the garret,
'I ſhut up the window, and ſtopt all the holes. Tho'
'Ants are very knowing, I don't take them to be con-
'jurers; and therefore they could not gueſs that I had
'put ſome corn in that room. I perceived for ſeveral
'days that they were very much perplexed, and went
'a great way to fetch their proviſions. I was not will-
'ing for ſome time to make them more eaſy; for I had
'a mind to know, whether they would at laſt find out
'the treaſure, and ſee it at a great diſtance; and whe-
'ther

'ther ſmelling enabled them to know what is good for
'their nouriſhment. Thus they were ſome time in great
'trouble, and took a great deal of pains: They went
'up and down a great way looking out for ſome grains
'of corn: They were ſometimes diſappointed, and
'ſometimes they did not like their corn, after many long
'and painful excurſions. What appeared to me won-
'derful, was, that none of them came home without
'bringing ſomething: one brought a grain of wheat,
'another a grain of rye or oats, or a particle of dry
'earth, if ſhe could get nothing elſe.

'THE window upon which thoſe Ants had made
'their ſettlement, looked into a garden, and was two
'ſtories high. Some went to the farther end of the
'garden, others to the fifth ſtory, in queſt of ſome
'corn. It was a very hard journey for them, eſpecially
'when they came home loaded with a pretty large grain
'of corn, which muſt needs be a heavy burden for an
'Ant, and as much as ſhe can bear. The bringing
'of that grain from the middle of the garden to the neſt,
'took up four hours; whereby one may judge of the
'ſtrength and prodigious labour of thoſe little animals.
'It appears from thence, that an Ant works as hard as
'a man, who ſhould carry a very heavy load on his
'ſhoulders almoſt every day for the ſpace of four
'leagues. 'Tis true, thoſe inſects don't take ſo much
'pains upon a flat ground: But then how great is the
'hardſhip of a poor Ant, when ſhe carries a grain of
'corn to the ſecond ſtory, climbing up a wall with her
'head downwards, and her backſide upwards? None
'can have a true notion of it, unleſs they ſee thoſe little
'animals at work in ſuch a ſituation. The frequent
'ſtops they made in the moſt convenient places, are a
'plain indication of their wearineſs. Some of them
'were ſtrangely perplexed, and could not get to their
'journey's end. In ſuch a caſe, the ſtrongeſt Ants, or
'thoſe that are not ſo weary, having carried their corn
'to their neſt, came down again to help them. Some
'are ſo unfortunate as to fall down with their load, when
'they are almoſt come home: When this happens they
'ſeldom loſe their corn, but carry it up again.

'I SAW

'I saw one of the ſmalleſt carrying a large grain of
'wheat with incredible pains: When ſhe came to the
'box where the neſt was, ſhe made ſo much haſte that
'ſhe fell down with her load, after a very laborious
'march: Such an unlucky accident would have vexed
'a philoſopher. I went down, and found her with the
'ſame corn in her paws: She was ready to climb up
'again. The ſame misfortune happened to her three
'times. Sometimes ſhe fell in the middle of her way,
'and ſometimes higher; but ſhe never let go her hold,
'and was not diſcouraged. At laſt her ſtrength failed
'her: ſhe ſtopt; and another Ant helped her to carry
'her load, which was one of the largeſt and fineſt grains
'of wheat that an Ant can carry. It happens ſometi-
'mes, that a corn ſlips out of their paws, when they
'are climbing up: They take hold of it again, when
'they can find it; otherwiſe they look for another, or
'take ſomething elſe, being aſhamed to return to their
'neſt without bringing ſomething. This I have expe-
'rimented, by taking away the grain which they look-
'ed for. All thoſe experiments may eaſily be made
'by any one that has patience enough: They do not
'require ſo great a patience as that of Ants; but few
'people are capable of it.

'I saw

The

The ſame Subject continued.

[Guardian, N° 157.]

IT has been obſerved by writers of morality, that in order to quicken human induſtry, providence has ſo contrived it, that our daily food is not to be procured without much pains and labour. The chaſe of birds and beaſts, the ſeveral arts of fiſhing, with all the different kinds of agriculture, are neceſſary ſcenes of buſineſs, and give employment to the greateſt part of mankind. If we look into the brute creation, we find all its individuals engaged in a painful and laborious way of life, to procure a neceſſary ſubſiſtence for themſelves, or thoſe that grow up under them: The preſervation of their being is the whole buſineſs of it. An idle man is therefore a kind of monſter in the creation. All nature is buſy about him; every animal he ſees reproaches him. Let ſuch a man, who lies as a burden or dead weight upon the ſpecies, and contributes nothing either to the riches of the commonwealth, or to the maintenance of himſelf and family, conſider that inſtinct with which providence has endowed the Ant, and by which is exhibited an example of induſtry to rational creatures. This is ſet forth under many ſurprizing inſtances in the paper of yeſterday, and in the concluſion of that narrative, which is as follows:

'THUS my Ants were forced to make a ſhift for a 'livelihood, when I had ſhut up the garret, out of which 'they uſed to fetch their proviſions. At laſt being ſen'ſible that it would be a long time before they could 'diſcover the ſmall heap of corn, which I had laid up 'for them, I reſolved to ſhew it to them.

'IN order to know how far their induſtry could 'reach, I contrived an expedient, which had good ſuc'ceſs: the thing will appear incredible to thoſe, who 'never conſidered, that all animals of the ſame kind, which form a ſociety, are more knowing than others. 'I took one of the largeſt Ants, and threw her upon

'that

‘ that ſmall heap of wheat. She was ſo glad to find her-
‘ ſelf at liberty, that ſhe ran away to her neſt, without
‘ carrying off a grain; but ſhe obſerved it: For an hour
‘ after all my Ants had notice given them of ſuch a pro-
‘ viſion; and I ſaw moſt of them very buſy in carrying
‘ away the corn I had laid up in the room. I leave it to
‘ you to judge, whether it may not be ſaid, that they
‘ have a particular way of communicating their know-
‘ ledge to one another; for otherwiſe how could they
‘ know, one or two hours after, that there was corn in
‘ that place? It was quickly exhauſted; and I put in
‘ more, but in a ſmall quantity, to know the true ex-
‘ tent of their appetite or prodigious avarice; for I make
‘ no doubt but they lay up proviſions againſt the winter:
‘ We read it in holy ſcripture; a thouſand experiments
‘ teach us the ſame; and I don't believe that any ex-
‘ periment has been made that ſhews the contrary.

‘ I have ſaid before, that there were three Ants-neſts
‘ in that box or parterre, which formed, if I may ſay
‘ ſo, three different cities, governed by the ſame laws,
‘ and obſerving the ſame order, and the ſame cuſtoms.
‘ However there was this difference, that the inhabi-
‘ tants of one of thoſe holes ſeemed to be more knowing
‘ and induſtrious than their neighbours. The Ants of
‘ that neſt were diſpoſed in a better order; their corn
‘ was finer; they had a greater plenty of proviſions;
‘ their neſt was furniſh'd with more inhabitants, and they
‘ were bigger and ſtronger: It was the principal and
‘ the capital neſt. Nay, I obſerved that thoſe Ants were
‘ diſtinguiſhed from the reſt, and had ſome preeminence
‘ over them.

‘ THOUGH the box full of earth, where the Ants
‘ had made their ſettlement, was generally free from
‘ rain; yet it rained ſometimes upon it, when a certain
‘ wind blew. It was a great inconvenience for thoſe in-
‘ ſects: Ants are afraid of water; and when they go a
‘ great way in queſt of proviſions, and are ſurprized by
‘ the rain, they ſhelter themſelves under ſome tile, or
‘ ſomething elſe, and don't come out till the rain is over.
‘ The Ants of the principal neſt found out a wonderful
‘ expedient to keep out the rain: There was a ſmall

‘ piece

'piece of a flat ſlate, which they laid over the hole of
'their neſt in the day-time, when they foreſaw it
'would rain, and almoſt every night. Above fifty of
'thoſe little animals, eſpecially the ſtrongeſt, ſurrounded
'that piece of ſlate, and drew it equally in a wonderful
'order: They removed it in the morning; and nothing
'could be more curious than to ſee thoſe little animals
'about ſuch a work. They had made the ground un-
'even about their neſt, inſomuch that the ſlate did not
'lie flat upon it, but left a free paſſage underneath. The
'Ants of the two other neſts did not ſo well ſucceed in
'keeping out the rain: They laid over their holes ſe-
'veral pieces of old and dry plaiſter one upon the other;
'but they were ſtill troubled with the rain, and the
'next day they took a world of pains to repair the da-
'mage. Hence it is, that thoſe inſects are ſo fre-
'quently to be found under tiles, where they ſettle
'themſelves to avoid the rain. Their neſts are at all
'times covered with thoſe tiles, without any incum-
'brance, and they lay out their corn and their dry
'earth in the ſun about the tiles, as one may ſee every
'day. I took care to cover the two Ants-neſts that
'were troubled with the rain: As for the capital
'neſt, there was no need of exerciſing my charity
'towards it.

'M. de la *Loubere* ſays in his relation of *Siam*, that
'in a certain part of that kingdom, which lies open to
'great inundations, all the Ants make their ſettlements
'upon trees: No Ants neſts are to be ſeen any where
'elſe. I need not inſert here what that author ſays
'about thoſe inſects: You may ſee his relation.

'HERE follows a curious experiment, which I made
'upon the ſame ground, where I had three Ants-neſts.
'I undertook to make a fourth, and went about it in
'the following manner. I a corner of a kind of ter-
'raſs, at a conſiderable diſtance from the box, I found
'a hole ſwarming with Ants much larger than all thoſe
'I had already ſeen; but they were not ſo well provided
'with corn, nor under ſo good a government. I made
'a hole in the box like that of an Ant's-neſt, and laid,
'as it were the foundations of a new city. Afterwards

'I got as many Ants as I could out of the neſt in the 'terraſs, and put them into a bottle, to give them a 'new habitation in my box; and becauſe I was afraid 'they would return to the terraſs, I deſtroyed their old 'neſt, pouring boiling water into the hole, to kill 'thoſe Ants that remained in it. In the next place, I 'filled the new hole with the Ants that were in the 'bottle; but none of them would ſtay in it. They went 'away in leſs than two hours; which made me believe, 'that it was impoſſible to make a fourth ſettlement in 'my box.

'Two or three days after, going accidentally over 'the terraſs, I was much ſurpriſed to ſee the Ants-'neſt which I had deſtroy'd very artfully repaired. I 'reſolved then to deſtroy it entirely, and to ſettle thoſe 'Ants in my box. To ſucceed in my deſign, I put ſome 'gun-powder and brimſtone into their hole, and ſprung 'a mine, whereby the whole neſt was overthrown; and 'then I carried as many Ants as I could get, into the 'place which I deſigned for them. It happened to be 'a very rainy day, and it rained all night; and there-'fore they remained in the new hole all that time. In 'the morning when the rain was over, moſt of them 'went away to repair their old habitation; but finding 'it impracticable by reaſon of the ſmell of the powder 'and brimſtone, which kills them, they came back 'again, and ſettled in the place I had appointed for 'them. They quickly grew acquainted with their neigh-'bours, and received from them all manner of aſſiſtance 'out of their holes. As for the inſide of their neſt, none 'but themſelves were concerned in it, according to the 'inviolable laws eſtabliſhed among thoſe animals.

'An Ant never goes into any other neſt but her own; 'and if ſhe ſhould venture to do it, ſhe would be turn-'ed out, and ſeverely puniſhed. I have often taken 'an Ant out of the neſt, to put her into another; but 'ſhe quickly came out, being warmly purſued by two 'or three other Ants. I tried the ſame experiment 'ſeveral times with the ſame Ant; but at laſt the other 'Ants grew impatient, and tore her to pieces. I have 'often frighted ſome Ants with my fingers and purſued

'them

'them as far as another hole, ſtopping all the paſſages
'to prevent their going to their own neſt. It was very
'natural for them to fly into the next hole: Many a
'man would not be ſo cautious, and would throw him-
'ſelf out of the windows, or into a well, if he were
'purſued by aſſaſſins. But the Ants I am ſpeaking of,
'avoided going into any other hole but their own, and
'rather tried all other ways of making their eſcape.
'They never fled into another neſt, but at the laſt ex-
'tremity; and ſometimes choſe rather to be taken, as
'I have often experienced. It is therefore an inviolable
'cuſtom among thoſe inſects, not to go into any other
'hole but their own. They don't exerciſe hoſpitality;
'but they are very ready to help one another out of their
'holes. They put down their loads at the entrance of
'a neighbouring neſt; and thoſe that live in it carry
'them in.

'THEY keep up a ſort of a trade among themſelves;
'and it is not true that thoſe inſects are not for lend-
'ing: I know the contrary: They lend their corn;
'they make exchanges; they are always ready to ſerve
'one another; and I can aſſure you, that more time
'and patience would have enabled me to obſerve a
'thouſand things more curious and wonderful than
'what I have mentioned. For inſtance how they lend
'and recover their loans; whether it be in the ſame
'quantity, or with uſury; whether they pay the
'ſtrangers that work for them, &c. I don't think it
'impoſſible to examine all thoſe things; and it would
'be a great curioſity to know by what maxims they go-
'vern themſelves: Perhaps ſuch a knowledge might be
'of ſome uſe to us.

'THEY are never attacked by any enemies in a
'body, as it is reported of bees: Their only fear pro-
'ceeds from birds, which ſometimes eat their corn when
'they lay it out in the ſun; but they keep it under
'ground, when they are afraid of thieves. It is ſaid
'that ſome birds eat them; but I never ſaw any inſtance
'of it. They are alſo infeſted by ſmall worms; but they
'turn them out, and kill them. I obſerved, that they
'puniſhed thoſe Ants, which probably had been wanting

'to their duty: Nay, ſometimes they killed them; 'which they did in the following manner: Three or 'four Ants fell upon one, and pulled her ſeveral ways, 'until ſhe was torn in pieces. Generally ſpeaking they 'live very quietly; from whence I infer that they have 'a very ſevere diſcipline among themſelves, to keep ſo 'good an order; or that they are great lovers of peace, 'if they have no occaſion for any diſcipline.

'WAS there ever a greater union in any common-'wealth? Every thing is common among them; which 'is not to be ſeen any where elſe. Bees, of which we 'are told ſo many wonderful things, have each of them 'a hole in their hives; their honey is their own; eve-'ry bee minds her own concerns. The ſame may be 'ſaid of all other animals. They frequently *fight*, to 'deprive one another of their portion. It is not ſo with 'Ants: They have nothing of their own: A grain of 'corn which an Ant carries home, is depoſited in a 'common ſtock: It is not deſigned for her own uſe, 'but for the whole community: There is no diſtinction 'between a private and a common intereſt. An Ant 'never works for herſelf, but for the ſociety.

'WHATEVER misfortune happens to them, their 'care and induſtry find out a remedy for it; nothing 'diſcourages them. If you deſtroy their neſts, they will 'be repaired in two days. Any body may eaſily ſee how 'difficult it is to drive them out of their habitations, 'without deſtroying the inhabitants; for, as long as there 'are any left, they will maintain their ground.'

* *

Learning a proper Ingredient in the Education of a Woman of Quality or Fortune.

[Guard. N° 155]

I HAVE often wondered that learning is not thought a proper ingredient in the education of a woman of quality or fortune. Since they have the ſame improveable minds as the male part of the ſpecies, why ſhould they

they not be cultivated by the ſame method? why ſhould reaſon be left to itſelf in one of the ſexes, and be diſciplined with ſo much care in the other?

THERE are ſome reaſons why learning ſeems more adapted to the female world, than to the male. As in the firſt place, becauſe they have more ſpare time upon their hands, and lead a more ſedentary life. Their employments are of a domeſtic nature, and not like thoſe of the other ſex, which are often inconſiſtent with ſtudy and contemplation. The excellent lady, the lady *Lizard*, in the ſpace of one ſummer furniſhed a gallery with chairs and couches of her own and her daughter's working; and at the ſame time heard all Doctor *Tillotſon's* ſermons twice over. It is always the cuſtom for one of the young ladies to read, while the others are at work; ſo that the learning of the family is not at all prejudicial to its manufactures. I was mightly pleaſed the other day to find them all buſy in preſerving ſeveral fruits of the ſeaſon, with the Sparkler in the midſt of them, reading over "The plurality of worlds." It was very entertaining to me to ſee them dividing their ſpeculations between jellies and ſtars, and making a ſudden tranſition from the ſun to apricot, or from the Copernican ſyſtem to the figure of a cheeſe cake.

A ſecond reaſon why women ſhould apply themſelves to uſeful knowledge rather than men, is becauſe they have that natural gift of Speech in greater perfection. Since they have ſo excellent a talent, ſuch a Copia Verborum, or plenty of words, 'tis pity they ſhould not put it to ſome uſe. If the female tongue will be in motion, why ſhould it not be ſet to go right? Could they diſcourſe about the ſpots in the ſun, it might divert them from publiſhing the faults of their neighbours: Could they talk of the different aſpects and conjunctions of the planets, they need not be at the pains to comment upon oglings and clandeſtine marriages. In ſhort, were they furniſhed with matters of fact, out of arts and ſciences, it would now and then be of great caſe to their invention.

THERE is another reaſon why eſpecially who are women of quality, ſhould apply themſelves to letters,

namely becauſe their huſbands are generally ſtrangers to them.

It is great pity there ſhould be no knowledge in a family. For my own part, I am concerned when I go into a great houſe, where perhaps there is not a ſingle perſon that can ſpell, unleſs it be by chance the butler, or one of the footmen. What a figure is the young heir likely to make, who is a dunce both by father and mother's ſide?

If we look into the hiſtories of famous women, we find many eminent philoſophers of this ſex, Nay, we find that ſeveral females have diſtinguiſhed themſelves in thoſe ſects of philoſophy which ſeem almoſt repugnant to their natures. There have been famous female Pythagoreans, notwithſtanding moſt of that philoſophy conſiſted in keeping a ſecret, and that the diſciple was to hold her tongue five years together. I need not mention *Portia*, who was a ſtoick in petticoats: nor *Hipparchia*, the famous ſhe cynick, who arrived at ſuch a perfection in her ſtudies, that ſhe conſerved with her huſband, or man-planter, in broad day light, and in the open ſtreets.

Learning and knowledge are perfections in us, not as we are men, but as we are reaſonable creatures, in which orders of beings the female world is upon the ſame level with the male. We ought to conſider in this particular, not what is the ſex, but what is the ſpecies to which they belong. At leaſt I believe every one will allow me, that a female philoſopher is not ſo abſurd a character and ſo oppoſite to the ſex, as a female gameſter; and that it is more irrational for a woman to paſs away half a dozen hours at cards or dice, than in getting up ſtores of uſeful learning. This therefore is another reaſon why I ſhould recommend the ſtudies of knowledge to the female world, that they may not be at a loſs how to employ thoſe hours that lie upon their hands.

I might alſo add this motive to my fair readers, that ſeveral of their ſex, who have improved their minds by books and literature, have raiſed themſelves to the higheſt poſts of honour and fortune. A neighbouring nation

may at this time furniſh us with a very remarkable inſtance of this kind; but I ſhall conclude this head with the hiſtory of *Athenais*, which is a very ſignal example to my preſent purpoſe.

The emperor *Theodoſius* being about the age of one and twenty, and deſigning to take a wife, deſired his ſiſter *Pulcheria* and his friend *Paulinus* to ſearch his whole empire for a woman of the moſt exquiſite beauty and higheſt accompliſhments. In the midſt of this ſearch, *Athenais*, a *Grecian* virgin, accidentally offered herſelf. Her father, who was an eminent philoſopher of *Athens*, and had bred her up in the learning of that place, at his death left her but a very ſmall portion, in which alſo ſhe ſuffered great hardſhips from the injuſtice of her two brothers. This forced her upon a journey to *Conſtantinople*, where ſhe had a relation who repreſented her caſe to *Pulcheria* in order to obtain ſome redreſs from the emperor. By this means that religious princeſs became acquainted with *Athenais*, whom ſhe found the moſt beautiful woman of her age, and educated under a long courſe of philoſophy in the ſtricteſt virtue, and moſt unſpotted innocence. *Pulcheria* was charmed with her converſation, and immediately made her reports to the emperor her brother *Theodoſius*. The character ſhe gave made ſuch an impreſſion on him, that he deſired his ſiſter to bring her away immediately to the lodgings of his friend *Paulinus*, where he found her beauty and her converſation beyond the higheſt idea he had framed of them. His friend *Paulinus* converted her to chriſtianity, and gave her the name of *Eudoſia*; after which the emperor publicly eſpouſed her, and enjoyed all the happineſs in his marriage which he promiſed himſelf from ſuch a virtuous and learned bride. She not only forgave the injuries which her two brothers had done her, but raiſed them to great honours; and by ſeveral works of learning, as well as by an exemplary life, made herſelf ſo dear to the whole empire, that ſhe had many ſtatues erected to her memory, and is celebrated by the fathers of the church as the ornament of her ſex.

On CALUMNY. [Spect. N° 594.]

WERE all the vexations of life put together, we should find that a great part of them proceed from thoſe calumnies and reproaches which we ſpread abroad concerning one another.

THERE is ſcarce a man living who is not, in ſome degree, guilty of this offence; tho', at the ſame time, however we treat one another, it muſt be confeſſed, that we all conſent in ſpeaking ill of the perſons who are notorious for this practice. It generally takes its *riſe* either from an ill-will to mankind, a private inclination to make ourſelves eſteemed, an oſtentation of wit, a vanity of being thought in the ſecrets of the world, or from a deſire of gratifying any of theſe diſpoſitions of mind in thoſe perſons with whom we converſe.

THE publiſher of ſcandal is more or leſs odious to mankind, and criminal in himſelf, as he is influenced by any one or more of the foregoing motives. But whatever may be the occaſion of ſpreading theſe falſe reports, he ought to conſider, that the effect of them is equally prejudicial and pernicious to the perſon at whom they are aimed. The injury is the ſame, tho' the principle from whence it proceeds may be different.

AS every one looks upon himſelf with too much indulgence, when he paſſes a judgment on his own thoughts or actions, and as very few would be thought guilty of this abominable proceeding, which is ſo univerſally practiſed, and, at the ſame time, ſo univerſally blamed, I ſhall lay down three rules by which I would have a man examine and ſearch into his own heart, before he ſtands acquitted to himſelf of that evil diſpoſition of mind which I am here mentioning.

Firſt of all, LET him conſider whether he does not take delight in hearing the faults of others.

Secondly, WHETHER he is not too apt to believe ſuch little blackening accounts, and more inclined to be credulous on the uncharitable than on the good natured ſide.

Thirdly, WHETHER he is not ready to ſpread and propagate ſuch reports as tend to the diſreputation of another.

THESE are the ſeveral ſteps by which this vice proceeds, and grows up into ſlander and defamation.

IN the firſt place, a man who takes delight in hearing the faults of others, ſhews ſufficiently that he has a true reliſh of ſcandal, and conſequently, the ſeeds of this vice within him. If his mind is gratified with hearing the reproaches which are caſt on others, he will find the ſame pleaſure in relating them, and be the more apt to do it, as he will naturally imagine every one he converſes with is delighted in the ſame manner with himſelf. A man ſhould endeavour therefore to wear out of his mind this criminal curioſity, which is perpetually heightened and inflamed by liſtening to ſuch ſtories as tend to the diſreputation of others.

IN the ſecond place a man ſhould conſult his own heart, whether he be not apt to believe ſuch little blackening accounts, and more inclined to be credulous on the uncharitable, than on the good-natured ſide.

SUCH a credulity is very vicious in itſelf, and generally ariſes from a man's conſciouſneſs of his own ſecret corruptions. It is a pretty ſaying of *Thales*, falſhood is juſt as far diſtant from truth, as the ears are from the eyes. By which he would intimate, that a wiſe man ſhould not eaſily give credit to the reports of actions which he has not ſeen. I ſhall, under this head, mention two or three remarkable rules to be obſerved by the members of the celebrated *Abbey de la Trape*, as they are publiſhed in a little *French* book.

THE fathers are there ordered, never to give an ear to any accounts of baſe and criminal actions; to turn off all ſuch diſcourſe if poſſible; but in caſe they hear any thing of this nature ſo well atteſted that they cannot diſbelieve it, they are then to ſuppoſe, that the criminal action may have proceeded from a good intention in him who is guilty of it. This is, perhaps, carrying charity to an extravagance, but it is certainly much more laudable, than to ſuppoſe, as the ill-natured part of the world does, that indifferent, and even good actions, proceed from bad principles and wrong intentions.

In the third place, a man ſhould examine his heart, whether he does not find in it a ſecret inclination to propagate ſuch reports, as tend to the diſreputation of another.

When the diſeaſe of the mind, which I have hitherto been ſpeaking of, ariſes to this degree of malignity, it diſcovers itſelf in its worſt ſymptom, and is in danger of becoming incurable. I need not therefore inſiſt upon the guilt in this laſt particular, which every one cannot but diſapprove, who is not void of humanity, or even common diſcretion. I ſhall only add, that whatever pleaſure any man may take in ſpreading whiſpers of this nature, he will find an infinitely greater ſatisfaction in conquering the temptation he is under, by letting the ſecret die within his own breaſt.

The active and ſpeculative Parts of Mankind compared. [Guard. N° 130.]

As the greateſt part of mankind are more affected by things which ſtrike the ſenſes, than by excellences that are to be diſcerned by reaſon and thought, they form very erroneous judgments, when they compare the one with the other. An eminent inſtance of this is, that vulgar notion, that men addicted to contemplation are leſs uſeful members of ſociety, than thoſe of a different courſe of life. The buſineſs therefore of my preſent paper ſhall be to compare the diſtinct merits of the ſpeculative and the active parts of mankind.

The advantages ariſing from the labours of generals and politicians are confined to narrow tracts of the earth; and while they promote the intereſt of their own country, they leſſen or obſtruct that of other nations. Whereas the light and knowledge that ſpring from ſpeculation are not limited to any ſingle ſpot, bnt equally diffuſed to the benefit of the whole globe. Beſides, for the moſt part, the renown only of men of action is tranſmitted to diſtant poſterity, their great exploits either dying with themſelves, or ſoon after them; whereas ſpeculative men continue to deſerve well of the world thou-

thouſands of years after they have left it. Their merits are propagated with their fame which is due to them, but a free gift to thoſe whoſe beneficence has not outlived their perſons.

WHAT benefit do we receive from the renowned deeds of *Cæſar* or *Alexander*, that we ſhould make them the conſtant themes of our praiſe? while the name of *Pythagoras* is more ſparingly celebrated, though it be to him that we are indebted for our trade and riches. This may ſeem ſtrange to a vulgar reader, but the following reflection will make it plain. That philoſopher invented the forty ſeventh propoſition of the firſt book of *Euclid*, which is the foundation of trigonometry and conſequently of navigation, upon which the commerce of *Great-Britain* depends.

THE mathematicks are ſo uſeful and ornamental to human life, that the ingenious Sir *William Temple* acknowledges in ſome part of his writings, all thoſe advantages which diſtinguiſh polite nations from barbarians to be derived from them. But as theſe ſciences cultivate the exterior parts of life, there are others of a more excellent nature, that endue the heart with rudiments of virtue, and by opening our proſpects, and ſublime ſentiments in the ſoul.

THE divine ſages of antiquity, who by tranſmitting down to us their ſpeculations upon good and evil, upon providence, and the dignity and duration of thinking beings, have imprinted an idea of moral excellence on the minds of men, are moſt eminent benefactors to human nature: and, however overlooked in the loud and thoughtleſs applauſes that are every day beſtowed on the ſlaughterers and diſturbers of mankind, yet they will never want the eſteem and approbation of the wiſe and virtuous.

THIS apology in behalf of the ſpeculative part of mankind, who make uſeful truth the end of their being, and its acquiſition the buſineſs as well as entertainment of their lives, ſeems not improper, in order to rectify the miſtake of thoſe, who meaſure merit by noiſe and outward appearance, and are too apt to depreciate and ridicule men of thought and retirement.

The

The rallery and reproaches which are thrown on that ſpecies by thoſe who abound in the animal life, would incline one to think the world not ſufficiently convinced, that whatſoever is good or excellent proceeds from reaſon and reflexion.

EVEN thoſe who only regard truth as ſuch, without communicating their thoughts, or applying them to practice, will ſeem worthy members of the commonwealth, if we compare the innocence and tranquillity with which they paſs their lives, with the fraud and impenitence of other men. But the number of thoſe who by abſtracted thoughts become uſeleſs, is inconſiderable in reſpect of them who are hurtful to mankind by an active and reſtleſs diſpoſition.

AS in the diſtribution of other things, ſo in this the wiſdom of providence appears, that men addicted to intellectual purſuits, bear a ſmall proportion to thoſe who rejoice in exerting the force and activity of their corporeal organs; for operations of the latter ſort are limited to a narrow extent of time and place, whereas thoſe of the mind are permanent and univerſal. *Plato* and *Euclid* enjoy a ſort of immortality upon earth, and at this day read lectures to the world.

BUT if to inform the underſtanding, and regulate the will, is the moſt laſting and diffuſive benefit, there will not be found ſo uſeful and excellent an inſtitution as that of the chriſtian prieſthood, which is now become the ſcorn of fools. That a numerous order of men ſhould be conſecrated to the ſtudy of the moſt ſublime and beneficial truths, with a deſign to propagate them by their diſcourſes and writings, to inform their fellow creatures of the being and attributes of the Deity, to poſſeſs their minds with the ſenſe of a future ſtate, and not only to explain the nature of every virtue and moral duty, but likewiſe to perſuade mankind to the practice of them by the moſt powerful and engaging motives, is a thing ſo excellent and neceſſary to the well-being of the world, that no body but a modern free-thinker could have the forehead or folly to turn it into ridicule.

THE light in which theſe points ſhould be expoſed to the view of one who is prejudiced againſt the names,

religion,

religion, *church*, *prieſt*, and the like, is to conſider the clergy as ſo many philoſophers, the churches as ſchools, and their ſermons as lectures, for the information and improvement of the audience. How would the heart of *Socrates* or *Tully* have rejoiced, had they lived in a nation, where the law had made proviſion for philoſophers, to read lectures of morality and theology every ſeventh day, in ſeveral thouſands of ſchools erected at the public charge throughout the whole country, at which lectures all ranks and ſexes without diſtinction were obliged to be preſent for the general improvement? And what wicked wretches would they think thoſe men who would endeavour to defeat the purpoſe of ſo divine an inſtitution.

THE inhabitants of the earth may properly be ranged under the two general heads of gentlemen and mechanics. This diſtinction ariſes from the different occupations wherein they exert themſelves. The former of theſe ſpecies is univerſally acknowledged to be more honourable than the other, who are looked upon as a baſe and inferior order of men. But if the world is in the right in this natural judgment, it is not generally ſo in the diſtribution of particular perſons under their reſpective denominations. It is a clear ſettled point, that the gentleman ſhould be preferred to the mechanic. But who is the gentleman, and who the mechanic, wants to be explained.

THE philoſophers diſtinguiſh two parts in human nature; the rational and the animal. Now, if we attend to the reaſon of the thing, we ſhall find it difficult to aſſign a more juſt and adequate idea of theſe diſtinct ſpecies, than by defining the gentleman to be him whoſe occupation lies in the exertion of his rational faculties, and the mechanic him who is employed in the uſe of his animal parts, or the organic parts of his body.

THE concurring aſſent of the world, in preferring gentlemen to mechanics, ſeems founded in that preference which the rational part of our nature is intitled to above the animal; when we conſider it in itſelf, as it is the ſeat of wiſdom and underſtanding, as it is pure and immortal, and as it is that which, of all the known works of the creation, bears the brighteſt impreſs of the Deity.

It claims the ſame dignity and pre-eminence, if we conſider it with reſpect to its object. Mechanical motives or operations are confined to a narrow circle of low and little things. Whereas reaſon inquires concerning the nature of intellectual beings, the great author of our exiſtence, its end, and the proper methods of attaining it. Or, in caſe that noble faculty ſubmit itſelf to nearer objects, it is not, like the organic powers, confined to a ſlow and painful manner of action, but ſhifts the ſcenes, and applies itſelf to the moſt diſtant objects with incredible eaſe and diſpatch. Neither are the operations of the mind, like thoſe of the hands, limited to one individual object, but at once extended to a whole ſpecies.

And as we have ſhewn the intellectual powers to be nobler than thoſe of motion, both in their own nature, and in regard to their object, the ſame will ſtill hold if we conſider their office. It is the province of the former to preſide and direct, of the latter to execute and obey. Thoſe who apply their hands to the materials, appear the immediate builders of an edifice, but the beauty and proportion of it is owing to the architect who deſigned the plan in his cloſet. And in like manner, whatever there is either in art or nature, of uſe or regularity, will be found to proceed from the ſuperior principle of reaſon and underſtanding. Theſe reflections, how obvious ſoever, do nevertheleſs ſeem not ſufficiently attended to by thoſe who, being at great pains to improve the figure and motions of the body, neglect the culture of the mind.

From the premiſes it follows, that a man may deſcend from an antient family, wear fine clothes, and be maſter of what is commonly called good breeding, and yet not merit the name of *gentleman*. All thoſe whoſe principal accompliſhments conſiſt in the exertion of the mechanic powers, whether the organ made uſe of be the eye, the muſcles of the face, the fingers, feet, or any other part, are in the eye of reaſon to be eſteemed mechanics.

I do therefore, by theſe preſents, declare that all men and women, by what title ſoever diſtinguiſhed,

whoſe occupation it is either to ogle with the eye, flirt with the fan, dreſs, cringe, adjuſt the muſcles of the face, or other parts of the body, are degraded from the rank of gentry; which is from this time forward appropriated to thoſe who employ the talents of the mind in the purſuit of knowledge and practice of virtue, and are content to take their places as they are diſtinguiſhed by moral and intellectual accompliſhments.

THE reſt of the human ſpecies come under the appellation of mechanics, with this difference, that the profeſſed mechanics, who, not pretending to be gentlemen, contain themſelves within their proper ſphere, are neceſſary to the well being of mankind, and conſequently ſhould be more reſpected in a well-regulated commonwealth, than thoſe mechanics who make a merit of being uſeleſs.

HAVING hitherto conſidered the human ſpecies as diſtinguiſhed into gentlemen and mechanics, I come now to treat of the *machines*, a ſort of beings that have the outſide or appearance of men, without being really ſuch. The free-thinkers have often declared to the world, that they are not actuated by ony incorporeal being or ſpirit, but that all the operations they exert proceed from the colliſion of certain corpuſcles, endued with proper figures and motions. It is now a conſiderable time that I have been their proſelyte in this point. I am even ſo far convinced that they are in the right, that I ſhall attempt proving it to others.

THE mind being itſelf inviſible, there is no other way to diſcern its exiſtence, than by the effects which it produceth. Where deſign, order and ſymmetry are viſible in the effects, we conclude the cauſe to be an intelligent being; but where nothing of theſe can be found, we aſcribe the effect to hazard, neceſſity, or the like. Now I appeal to any one who is converſant in the modern productions of our free-thinkers, if they do not look rather like effects of chance, or at beſt of mechaniſm, than of a thinking principle, and conſequently whether the authors of thoſe rhapſodies are not mere machines,

THE

THE ſame point is likewiſe evident from their own aſſertion, it being plain that no one could miſtake thought for motion, who knew what thought was. For theſe reaſons I do hereby give it in charge to all Chriſtians, that hereafter they ſpeak of free-thinkers in the neuter gender, uſing the term *it* for *him*. They are to be conſidered as Automata, made up of bones and muſcles, nerves, arteries and animal ſpirits; not ſo innocent indeed, but as deſtitute of thought and reaſon, as thoſe little machines which the excellent author from whom I take the motto of this paper has ſo elegantly deſcribed.

On the Purſuit of Fame. [Spect. N° 255.]

THE ſoul, conſidered abſtractly from its paſſions, is of a remiſs and ſedentary nature, ſlow in its reſolves, and languiſhing in its executions. The uſe therefore of the paſſions is to ſtir it up, and to put it upon action, to awaken the underſtanding, to enforce the will, and to make the whole man more vigorous and attentive in the proſecution of his deſigns. As this is the end of the paſſions in general, ſo it is particularly of ambition, which puſhes the ſoul to ſuch actions as are apt to procure honour and reputation to the actor. But if we carry our reflexions higher, we may diſcover farther ends of Providence in implanting this paſſion in mankind.

IT was neceſſary for the world, that arts ſhould be invented and improved, books written and tranſmitted to poſterity, nations conquered and civilized: now ſince the proper and genuine motives to theſe and the like great actions, would only influence virtuous minds; there would be but ſmall improvements in the world, were there not ſome common principle of action working equally with all men. And ſuch a principle is ambition or a deſire of fame, by which great endowments are not ſuffered to lye idle and uſeleſs to the publick, and many vicious men, over-reached, as it were, and

engaged

engaged contrary to their natural inclinations in a glorious and laudable courſe of action. For we may farther obſerve, that men of the greateſt abilities are moſt fired with ambition: and that on the contrary, mean and narrow minds are the leaſt actuated by it; whether it be that a man's ſenſe of his own incapacities makes him deſpair of coming at fame, or that he has not enough range of thought to look out for any good which does not more immediately relate to his intereſt or convenience, or that Providence, in the very frame of his ſoul, would not ſubject him to ſuch a paſſion as would be uſeleſs to the world, and a torment to himſelf.

WERE not this deſire of fame very ſtrong, the difficulty of obtaining it, and the danger of loſing it when obtained, would be ſufficient to deter a man from ſo vain a purſuit.

HOW few are there who are furniſhed with abilities ſufficient to recommend their actions to the admiration of the world, and to diſtinguiſh themſelves from the reſt of mankind? Providence for the moſt part ſets us upon a level, and obſerves a kind of proportion in its diſpenſations towards us. If it renders us perfect in one accompliſhment, it generally leaves us defective in another, and ſeems careful rather of preſerving every perſon from being mean and deficient in his qualifications, than of making any ſingle one eminent or extraordinary.

AND among thoſe who are the moſt richly endowed by nature, and accompliſhed by their own induſtry, how few are there whoſe virtues are not obſcured by the ignorance, prejudice or envy of their beholders? Some men cannot diſcern between a noble and a mean action. Others are apt to attribute them to ſome falſe end or intention: and others purpoſely miſrepreſent or put a wrong interpretation on them.

BUT the more to enforce this conſideration, we may obſerve that thoſe are generally moſt unſucceſsful in their purſuit after fame, who are moſt deſirous of obtaining it. It is *Saluſt's* remark upon *Cato*, that the leſs he coveted glory the more he acquired it.

MEN

MEN take an ill-natured pleaſure in croſſing our inclinations, and diſappointing us in what our hearts are moſt ſet upon. When therefore they have diſcovered the paſſionate deſire of fame in the ambitious man, (as no temper of mind is more apt to ſhew itſelf) they become ſparing and reſerved in their commendations, they envy him the ſatisfaction of an applauſe, and look on their praiſes rather as a kindneſs done to his perſon, than as a tribute paid to his merit. Others who are free from this natural perverſeneſs of temper grow wary in their praiſes of one, who ſets too great a value on them, leſt they ſhould raiſe him too high in his own imagination, and by conſequence remove him to a greater diſtance from themſelves.

BUT farther, this deſire of fame naturally betrays the ambitious man into ſuch indecencies as are a leſſening to his reputation. He is ſtill afraid leſt any of his actions ſhould be thrown away in private, leſt his deſerts ſhould be concealed from the notice of the world, or receive any diſadvantage from the reports which others make of them. This often ſets him on empty boaſts and oſtentations of himſelf, and betrays him into vain fantaſtical recitals of his own performances: his diſcourſe generally leans one way, and, whatever is the ſubject of it, tends obliquely either to the detracting from others, or to the extolling of himſelf. Vanity is the natural weakneſs of an ambitious man, which expoſes him to the ſecret ſcorn and deriſion of thoſe he converſes with, and ruins the character he is ſo induſtrious to advance by it. For tho' his actions are never ſo glorious, they loſe their luſtre when they are drawn at large, and ſet to ſhow by his own hand; and as the world is more apt to find fault than to commend, the boaſt will probably be cenſured when the great action that occaſioned it is forgotten.

BESIDES, this very deſire of fame is looked on as a meanneſs and imperfection in the greateſt character. A ſolid and ſubſtantial greatneſs of ſoul looks down with a generous neglect on the cenſures and applauſes of the multitude, and places a man beyond the little noiſe and ſtrife of tongues. Accordingly we find in

ourſelves a ſecret awe and veneration for the character of one who moves above us in a regular and illuſtrious courſe of virtue, without any regard to our good or ill opinions of him, to our reproaches or commendations. As on the contrary it is uſual for us, when we would take off from the fame and reputation of an action, to aſcribe it to vain glory, and a deſire of fame in the actor. Nor is this common judgment and opinion of mankind ill founded, for certainly it denotes no great bravery of mind to be worked up to any noble action by ſo ſelfiſh a motive, and to do that out of a deſire of fame, which we could not be prompted to by a diſintereſted love to mankind, or by a generous paſſion for the glory of him that made us.

THUS is fame a thing difficult to be obtained by all, but particularly by thoſe who thirſt after it, ſince moſt men have ſo much either of ill-nature, or of warineſs, as not to gratify or ſooth the vanity of the ambitious man, and ſince this very thirſt after fame naturally betrays him into ſuch indecencies as are leſſening to his reputation, and is itſelf looked upon as a weakneſs in the greateſt characters.

IN the next place, fame is eaſily loſt, and as difficult to be preſerved as it was at firſt to be acquired. But this I ſhall make the ſubject of a following paper.

The ſame Subject continued.

[Spect. N° 256.]

THERE are many paſſions and tempers of mind which naturally diſpoſe us to depreſs and vilify the merit of one riſing in the eſteem of mankind. All thoſe who made their entrance into the world with the ſame advantages, and were once looked on as his equals, are apt to think the fame of his merits a reflexion on their own deſerts; and will therefore take care to reproach him with the ſcandal of ſome paſt action, or derogate from the worth of the preſent, that they may ſtill keep him on the ſame level with

themſelves. The like kind of conſideration often ſtirs up the envy of ſuch as were once his ſuperiors, who think it a detraction from their merit to ſee another get ground upon them and overtake them in the purſuits of glory; and will therefore endeavour to ſink his reputation, that they may the better preſerve their own. Thoſe who were once his equals envy and defame him, becauſe they now ſee him their ſuperior; and thoſe who were once his ſuperiors, becauſe they look upon him as their equal.

But farther, a man whoſe extraordinary reputation thus lifts him up to the notice and obſervation of mankind, draws a multitude of eyes upon him, that will narrowly inſpect every part of him, conſider him nicely in all views, and not be a little pleaſed when they have taken him in the worſt and moſt diſadvantageous light. There are many who find a pleaſure in contradicting the common reports of fame, and in ſpreading abroad the weakneſſes of an exalted character. They publiſh their ill-natur'd diſcoveries with a ſecret pride and applaud themſelves for the ſingularity of their judgment which has ſearched deeper than others, detected what the reſt of the world have overlooked, and found a flaw in what the generality of mankind admires. Others there are who proclaim the errors and infirmities of a great man with an inward ſatisfaction and complacency, if they diſcover none of the like errors and infirmities in themſelves; for while they are expoſing another's weakneſſes, they are tacitly aiming at their own commendations, who are not ſubject to the like infirmities, and are apt to be tranſported with a ſecret kind of vanity to ſee themſelves ſuperior in ſome reſpects to one of a ſublime and celebrated reputation. Nay, it very often happens, that none are more induſtrious in publiſhing the blemiſhes of an extraordinary reputation, than ſuch as lye open to the ſame cenſures in their own characters, as either hoping to excuſe their own defects by the authority of ſo high an example, or raiſing an imaginary applauſe to themſelves for reſembling a perſon of an exalted reputation, tho' in the blameable parts of his character. If all

these secret springs of detraction fail, yet very often a vain ostentation of wit sets a man on attacking an established name, and sacrificing it to the mirth and laughter of those about him. A satire or a libel on one of the common stamp never meets with that reception and approbation among its readers, as what is aimed at a person whose merit places him upon an eminence, and gives him a more conspicuous figure among men. Whether it be that we think it shews greater art to expose and turn to ridicule a man whose character seems so improper a subject for it, or that we are pleased by some implicit kind of revenge to see him taken down and humbled in his reputation, and in some measure reduced to our own rank, who had so far raised himself above us in the reports and opinions of mankind.

THUS we see how many dark and intricate motives there are to detraction and defamation, and how many malicious spies are searching into the actions of a great man, who is not always the best prepared for so narrow an inspection. For we may generally observe, that our admiration of a famous man lessens upon our nearer acquaintance with him; and that we seldom hear the description of a celebrated person, without a catalogue of some notorious weaknesses and infirmities. The reasons may be, because any little slip is more conspicuous and observable in his conduct than in another's, as it is not of a piece with the rest of his character, or because it is impossible for a man at the same time to be attentive to the more important part of his life, and to keep a watchful eye over all the inconsiderable circumstances of his behaviour and conversation; or because, as we have before observed, the same temper of mind which inclines us to a desire of fame, naturally betrays us into such slips and unwarinesses as are not incident to men of a contrary disposition.

AFTER all it must be confess'd, that a noble and triumphant merit often breaks through and dissipates these little spots and sullies in its reputation; but if by a mistaken pursuit after fame, or through human infirmity, any false step be made in the more momentous concerns of life, the whole scheme of ambitious de-

ſigns is broken and diſappointed. The ſmaller ſtains and blemiſhes may die away and diſappear amidſt the brightneſs that ſurrounds them; but a blot of a deeper nature caſts a ſhade on all the other beauties, and darkens the whole character. How difficult therefore is it to preſerve a great name, when he that has acquired it is ſo obnoxious to ſuch little weakneſſes and infirmities as are no ſmall diminution to it when diſcovered, eſpecially when they are ſo induſtriouſly proclaimed, and aggravated by ſuch as were once his ſuperiors or equals; by ſuch as would ſet to ſhow their judgment or their wit, and by ſuch as are guilty or innocent of the ſame ſlips or miſconducts in their own behaviour?

But were there none of theſe diſpoſitions in others to cenſure a famous man, nor any ſuch miſcarriages in himſelf, yet would he meet with no ſmall trouble in keeping up his reputation in all its height and ſplendor. There muſt be always a noble train of actions to preſerve his fame in life and motion. For when it is once at a ſtand, it naturally flags and languiſhes. Admiration is a very ſhord-liv'd paſſion, that immediately decays upon growing familiar with its object, unleſs it be ſtill fed with freſh diſcoveries, and kept alive by a perpetual new ſucceſſion of miracles riſing up to its view. And even the greateſt actions of a celebrated perſon labour under this diſadvantage, that however ſurpriſing and extraordinary they may be, they are no more than what are expected from him; but on the contrary, if they fall any thing below the opinion that is conceived of him, tho' they might raiſe the reputation of another, they are a diminution to *his*.

One would think there ſhould be ſomething wonderfully pleaſing in the poſſeſſion of fame, that, notwithſtanding all theſe mortifying conſiderations, can engage a man in ſo deſperate a purſuit; and yet if we conſider the little happineſs that attends a great character, and the multitude of diſquietudes to which the deſire of it ſubjects an ambitious mind, one would be ſtill the more ſurpriſed to ſee ſo many reſtleſs candidates for glory.

AMBITION raiſes a ſecret tumult in the ſoul, it inflames the mind, and puts it into a violent hurry of thought: it is ſtill reaching after an empty imaginary good, that has not in it the power to abate or ſatisfy it. Moſt other things we long for can allay the cravings of their proper ſenſe, and for a while ſet the appetite at reſt; but fame is a good ſo wholly foreign to our natures, that we have no faculty in the ſoul adapted to it, nor any organ in te body to reliſh it; an object of deſire placed out of the poſſibility of fruition. It may indeed fill the mind for a while with a giddy kind of pleaſure, but it is ſuch a pleaſure as makes a man reſtleſs and uneaſy under it, and which does not ſo much ſasisfy the preſent thirſt, as it excites freſh deſires, and ſets the ſoul on new enterpriſes. For how few ambitious men are there, who have got as much fame as they deſire, and whoſe thirſt after it has not been as eager in the very height of their reputation, as it was before they became known and eminent among men? There is not any circumſtance in *Cæſar's* character which gives me a greater idea of him, than a ſaying which *Cicero* tells us he frequently made uſe of in private converſation, *That he was ſatisfied with his ſhare of life and fame. Se ſatis vel ad naturam, vel ad gloriam vixiſſe.* Many indeed have given over their purſuits after fame, but that has proceeded either from the diſappointments they have met in it, or from their experience of the little pleaſure which attends it, or from the better informations or natural coldneſs of old age; but ſeldom from a full ſatisfaction and acquieſcence in their preſent enjoyments of it.

NOR is fame only unſatisfying in itſelf, but the deſire of it lays us open to many accidental troubles which thoſe are free from who have no ſuch a tender regard for it. How often is the ambitious man caſt down and diſappointed, if he receives no praiſe where he expected it? Nay how often is he mortified with the very praiſes he receives, if they do not riſe ſo high as he thinks they ought, which they ſeldom do unleſs increaſed by flattery, ſince few men have ſo good an opinion of us as we have of ourſelves? But if the ambitious man

be ſo much grieved even with praiſe itſelf, how will he be able to bear up under ſcandal and defamation? For the ſame temper of mind which makes him deſire fame, makes him hate reproach. If he can be tranſported with the extraordinary praiſes of men, he will be as much dejected by their cenſures. How little therefore is the happineſs of an ambitious man, who gives every one a dominion over it, who thus ſubjects himſelf to the good or ill ſpeeches of others, and puts in it the power of every malicious tongue to throw him into a fit of melancholy, and deſtroy his natural reſt and repoſe of mind? eſpecially when we conſider that the world is more apt to cenſure than applaud, and himſelf fuller of imperfections than virtues.

We may further obſerve, that ſuch a man will be more grieved for the loſs of fame, than he could have been pleaſed with the enjoyment of it. For tho' the preſence of this imaginary good cannot make us happy, the abſence of it may make us miſerable: becauſe in the enjoyment of an object we only find that ſhare of pleaſure which it is capable of giving us, but in the loſs of it we do not proportion our grief to the real value it bears, but to the value our fancies and imaginations ſet upon it.

So inconſiderable is the ſatisfaction that fame brings along with it, and ſo great the diſquietudes to which it makes us liable. The deſire of it ſtirs up very uneaſy motions in the mind, and is rather inflamed than ſatisfied by the preſence of the thing deſired. The enjoyment of it brings very little pleaſure, though the loſs or want of it be very ſenſible and afflicting; and even this little happineſs is ſo very precarious, that it wholly depends on the will of others. We are not only tortured by the reproaches which are offered us, but are diſappointed by the ſilence of men when it is unexpected; and humbled even by their praiſes.

The ſame Subject continued. [Spect. N° 257.]

THAT I might not loſe myſelf upon a ſubject of ſo great extent as that of fame, I have treated it in a particular order and method. I have firſt of all conſidered the reaſons why providence may have implanted in our mind ſuch a principle of action. I have in the next place ſhewn from many conſiderations; Firſt, that fame is a thing difficult to be obtained, and eaſily loſt; Secondly, that it brings the ambitious man very little happineſs, but ſubjects him to much uneaſineſs and diſſatisfaction. I ſhall in the laſt place ſhew, that it hinders us from obtaining an end which we have abilities to acquire, and which is accompanied with fulneſs of ſatisfaction. I need not tell my reader, that I mean by this end that happineſs which is reſerved for us in another world, which every one has abilities to procure, and which will bring along with it fulneſs of joy and pleaſures for evermore.

How the purſuit after fame may hinder us in the attainment of this great end, I ſhall leave the reader to collect from the three following conſiderations.

First, Becauſe the ſtrong deſire of fame breeds ſeveral vicious habits in the mind.

Secondly, Becauſe many of thoſe actions, which are apt to procure fame, are not in their nature conducive to this our ultimate happineſs.

Thirdly, Becauſe if we ſhould allow the ſame actions to be the proper inſtruments, both of acquiring fame, and of procuring this happineſs, they would nevertheleſs fail in the attainment of this laſt end, if they proceeded from a deſire of the firſt.

These three propoſitions are ſelf-evident to thoſe who are verſed in ſpeculations of morality. For which reaſon I ſhall not enlarge upon them, but proceed to a point of the ſame nature, which may open to us a more uncommon field of ſpeculation.

From what has already been obſerved, I think we may have a natural concluſion, that it is the greateſt fol-

ly to ſeek the praiſe or approbation of any being, beſides the Supreme, and that for theſe two reaſons; becauſe no other being can make a right judgment of us, and eſteem us according to our merits; and becauſe we can procure no conſiderable benefit or advantage from the eſteem and approbation of any other being.

In the firſt place, no other being can make a right judgment of us, and eſteem us according to our merits. Created beings ſee nothing but our outſide, and can therefore only frame a judgment of us from our exterior actions and behaviour: but how unfit theſe are to give us a right notion of each other's perfections, may appear from ſeveral conſiderations. There are many virtues, which in their own nature are incapable of any outward repreſentation: many ſilent perfections in the ſoul of a good man, which are great ornaments to human nature, but not able to diſcover themſelves to the knowledge of others; they are tranſacted in private, without noiſe or ſhow, and are only viſible to the great ſearcher of hearts. What actions can expreſs the entire purity of thought which refines and ſanctifies a virtuous man? That ſecret reſt and contentedneſs of mind, which gives him a perfect enjoyment of his preſent condition; that inward pleaſure and complacency, which he feels in doing good; that delight and ſatisfaction which he takes in the proſperity and happineſs of another? Theſe and the like virtues are the hidden beauties of a ſoul, the ſecret graces which cannot be diſcovered by a mortal eye, but make the ſoul lovely and precious in his ſight, from whom no ſecrets are concealed. Again, there are many virtues which want an opportunity of exerting and ſhewing themſelves in actions. Every virtue requires time and place, a proper object and a fit conjuncture of circumſtances, for the due exerciſe of it. A ſtate of poverty obſcures all the virtues of liberality and munificence. The patience and fortitude of a martyr or confeſſor lye concealed in the flouriſhing times of Chriſtianity. Some virtues are only ſeen in affliction, and ſome in proſperity; ſome in a private, and others in a public capacity. But the great Sovereign of the world beholds every perfection

in its obſcurity, and not only ſees what we do, but what we would do. He views our behaviour in every concurrence of affairs, and ſees us engaged in all the poſſibilities of action. He diſcovers the martyr and confeſſor without the trial of flames and tortures, and will hereafter intitle many to the reward of actions, which they had never the opportunity of performing. Another reaſon why men cannot form a right judgment of us is, becauſe the ſame actions may be aimed at different ends, and ariſe from quite contrary principles. Actions are of ſo mixt a nature, and ſo full of circumſtances, that as men pry into them more or leſs, or obſerve ſome parts more than others, they take different hints, and put contrary interpretations on them; ſo that the ſame actions may repreſent a man as hypocritical and deſigning to one, which makes him appear a ſaint or hero to another. He therefore who looks upon the ſoul through its outward actions, often ſees it through a deceitful medium, which is apt to diſcolour and pervert the object: ſo that on this account alſo, *he* is the only proper judge of our perfections, who does not gueſs at the ſincerity of our intentions from the goodneſs of our actions, but weighs the goodneſs of our actions by the ſincerity of our intentions.

But further; it is impoſſible for outward actions to repreſent the perfections of the ſoul, becauſe they can never ſhew the ſtrength of thoſe principles from whence they proceed. They are not adequate expreſſions of our virtues, and can only ſhew us what habits are in the ſoul, without diſcovering the degree and perfection of ſuch habits. They are at beſt but weak reſemblances of our intentions, faint and imperfect copies that may acquaint us with the general deſign, but can never expreſs the beauty and life of the original. But the great Judge of all the earth knows every different ſtate and degree of human improvement, from thoſe weak ſtirrings and tendencies of the will which have not yet formed themſelves into regular purpoſes and deſigns, to the laſt entire finiſhing and conſummation of a good habit. He beholds the firſt imperfect rudiments of a virtue in the ſoul, and keeps a watchful eye over it in all its

progreſs, 'till it has received every grace it is capable of, and appears in its full beauty and perfection. Thus we ſee that none but the Supreme Being can eſteem us according to our proper merits, ſince all others muſt judge of us from our outward actions, which can never give them a juſt eſtimate of us, ſince there are many perfections of a man which are not capable of appearing in actions; many which, allowing no natural incapacity of ſhewing themſelves, want an opportunity of doing it; or ſhould they all meet with an oportunity of appearing by actions, yet thoſe actions may be miſinterpreted, and applied to wrong principles; or tho' they plainly diſcovered the principles from whence they proceeded, they could never ſhew the degree, ſtrength and imperfection of thoſe principles,

And as the Supreme Being is the only proper judge of our perfections, ſo is he the only fit rewarder of them. This is a conſideration that comes home to our intereſt, as the other adapts itſelf to our ambition. And what could the moſt aſpiring, or the moſt ſelfiſh man deſire more, were he to form the notion of a being to whom he would recommend himſelf, than ſuch a knowledge as can diſcover the leaſt appearance of perfection in him, and ſuch a goodneſs as will proportion a reward to it?

Let the ambitious man therefore turn all his deſire of fame this way; and that he may propoſe to himſelf a fame worthy of his ambition, let him conſider that if he employs his abilities to the beſt advantage, the time will come when the Supreme Governor of the world, the great Judge of mankind, who ſees every degree of perfection in others, and poſſeſſes all poſſible perfection in himſelf, ſhall proclaim his worth before men and angels, and pronounce to him in the preſence of the whole creation that beſt and moſt ſignificant of applauſes, *Well done, thou good and faithful ſervant, enter thou into thy maſter's joy.*

An Allegory on ONE'S-SELF.

[World. N° 198.]

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I BEG your advice and assistance to enable me to get rid of one of the most impertinent companions that ever existed. I have tried every art and contrivance in my power to free myself from his odious conversation; the creature will press upon my retirement, and force himself upon me in spite of my teeth; though the *tête a tête* is always the most shocking and unmannerly you can possibly conceive. The thing is always meddling in my affairs in a manner quite intolerable; always setting them in such a light, as cannot fail to put me out of humour; and teazing me with reflections that make me weary of my life. I am sure I could more easily bear the spiteful tongues of twenty witty females at the masquerade, than the impertinence of this animal for a quarter of an hour; and with concern I find, that the more pains I take to free myself from him, the more troublesome he grows.

NOR do I complain only for my own sake, but for the sakes of almost the whole circle of my acquaintance, as well female as male, who in general are pestered in a most unreasonable manner by this saucy intruder, whom all are forced to admit, though so few care for his company, and against whose presumtion no rank or dignity, no quality or profession, can defend them. He will force himself into the closet, hover about the bed, and penetrate through the thickest darkness into the deepest recess; will travell with us by sea and land, and follow the wretch into banishment. In vain does the statesman hug himself in the success of his unjust schemes, or exult in the gratification of his ambition or revenge; unawed by his power, this haughty companion will check his career of transport, by placing before his eyes the instability of his situation, and the consequences of his actions. In vain does the flirt or coxcomb,

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when alone, andeavour to recollect with pleaſure the *badinage* of the day; the creature will diſturb their moſt delightful reveries, and by the magic of his intervention, convert all the imaginary *agrémments* into vanity, folly, and loſt time. You cannot wonder then that ſo many avoid and fly him, and that the pannic ſpread by him ſhould extend itſelf far and wide; nor can you be much amazed when I aſſure you, that it is no uncommon thing to ſee men of ſenſe and courage fly from him without reaſon, and take refuge in thoſe polite reſorts, where diſſipation, riot and luxury, ſecure them from his viſits, which they only decline becauſe it is unfaſhionable to converſe with him. It is ſurpriſing what pains are continually taken, what contrivances have been uſed to get rid of this univerſal phantom. Some flatter him, ſome bully him, and ſome endeavour to impoſe upon him; but he never fails to detect their frauds, and to reſent them with ſeverity.

THE beaus and fine gentlemen ſeem to revere and adore him, pouring forth libations of ſweet water, and offering him the incenſe of perfumes; cloathing him in dreſſes, elegant and expenſive as thoſe of our lady of *Loretto*, practiſing every art of heathen or popiſh idolatry, even torturing themſelves for his ſake; but all with no manner of ſucceſs; for the brute in return is as unſociable and diſagreeable to the pretty creatures, as the moſt ſavage ſquire, or the moſt formal pedant; ſo that ſpite of their pretences, they are obliged to fly, as a plague, from what they appear moſt to admire. I cannot here omit a whimſical circumſtance in this paradoxical character, that moſt people are reproached with loving him with the greateſt partiality and fondneſs, and are greatly delighted to hear him praiſed, yet very few ſeek to come to the knowledge of him, or cultivate his acquaintance; nay, the greater part try all poſſible means to avoid encountering him.

OUR modern philoſophers pretend by their ſyſtems to have ſilenced him, and by that means to have prevented his being troubleſome to them or their acquaintance; but how fallacious theſe pretences are, is plain from their avoiding all opprtunities of being alone with

him,

him, and the confuſion they expreſs whenever by unavoidable neceſſity they are forced to it. Others, as he is a known enemy to the modern elegant tables, have exerted all the arts of the kitchen againſt him, lengthening the feaſt till midnight to keep him off; but, like the reckoning he appears when the banquet is over, reproaching the bounteous hoſt with his profuſion, and the pampered gueſt with his wanton ſatiety: nay, ſo galling are his reprehenſions, and ſo troubleſome his intruſion, that there have not been wanting inſtances, even in high life, of thoſe, who not being able to keep him off otherways, have called into their relief the halter, dagger and piſtol, and fairly removed themſelves into another world to get rid of him; though certain queer fellows pretend that they are bit, and that he has followed them even thither.

THE fair ſex, though generally favourable to the impertinent, are ſo rudely attacked by this inſolent intruder, that to keep him off, they have been obliged to call in to their aſſiſtance the relief of routs, balls, aſſemblies, operas, gardens and cards; and all little enough for their protection. He might indeed pretend to ſome ſhare of their favour, as, like themſelves, he is a ſevere cenſurer of his acquaintance; but there is this difference in their management, that the ladies are generally fondeſt of fixing their cenſure on the innocent, and their adverſary is a judge that condemns none but the guilty. The Buck and the Sot ſeem to be leaſt affected by his importunity; as the one, from his natural inſenſibility, can attend to nothing, and the other is always aſleep.

IN the city, thoſe of the middling rank converſe with him pretty familiarly; and the rich, to whom he might on ſome occaſions prove troubleſome, have a charm to keep him off. They place a number of bags, full of pieces of a particular metal, cloſe together; or in their ſtead, ſome bits of paper inſcribed with certain cabaliſtical characters, which, with a Midas-like touch, they can tranſmute into gold. By the help of this charm, though they do not entirely get rid of him, they become quite inſenſible to every thing he can ſuggeſt. But as theſe materials are not always at hand, or are applied

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to other uſes by the politer part of mankind, this magic is not properly underſtood or practiſed at the other end of the town; though it is ſaid that ſome particular perſons there had tried it with a proper effect.

NOTWITHSTANDING all I have advanced of this impertinent viſitor, I cannot help owning that ſome have attempted to inſinuate a better opinion of him. A certain old gentleman, for recommending his acquaintance, got the title of a wiſe man; a name at preſent but of ſmall conſideration; and I am told that there never were but ſeven who were allowed that title. There are indeed ſome few perſons of high rank of both ſexes, that do vouchſafe to commune with him; but they are ſuch ſort of folks, as are hardly fit to converſe with any but one another; and very happily, one is ſeldom peſtered with them at places of polite aſſociation; ſcarce a man among them knowing how to make a bett, to drink his third bottle, or that has ſpirit to aſpire at the reputation of a *bonne fortune*. The ladies of this claſs are alſo ſo unfit for the converſation of the world, that not one in ten of them knows how to play a rubber at Whiſt, or dares to ſit down to a party at Bragg.

I HAVE now, ſir, laid my complaints before you, and beg your advice how to get clear of my perplexity. My troubleſome companion is, no doubt, too well known to you to require the inſertion of his name; but as ſome of your readers (particularly females) may be ſubject to the frailty of forgetting their moſt intimate acquaintance, I will inform them, that this ghaſtly phantom that intrudes ſo impertinently upon all ſorts of people, this creature that we ſo ſeldom know what to do with, and wiſh ſo heartily to get rid of, is no other than ONE'S SELF. I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

TIMOTHY LOITER.

The SHEPHERD *and the* PHILOSOPHER.

[GAY.]

REMOTE from cities liv'd a Swain,
Unvex'd with all the cares of gain;
His head was ſilver'd o'er with age,
And long experience made him ſage;
In ſummer's heat and winter's cold
He fed his flock, and penn'd the fold;
His hours in chearful labour flew,
Nor envy nor ambition knew;
His wiſdom and his honeſt fame
Through all the country rais'd his name.

A DEEP Philoſopher (whoſe rules
Of moral life were drawn from ſchools)
The Shepherd's homely cottage ſought,
And thus explor'd his reach of thought.

WHENCE is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books conſum'd the midnight-oil?
Haſt thou old *Greece* and *Rome* ſurvey'd,
And the vaſt ſenſe of *Plato* weigh'd?
Hath *Socrates* thy ſoul refin'd,
And haſt thou fathom'd *Tully's* mind?
Or, like the wiſe *Ulyſſes* thrown
By various fates on realms unknown,
Haſt thou through many cities ſtray'd,
Their cuſtoms, laws, and manners weigh'd?

THE Shepherd modeſtly reply'd,
I ne'er the paths of learning try'd;
Nor have I roam'd in foreign parts
To read mankind, their laws and arts;
For man is practis'd in diſguiſe,
He cheats the moſt diſcerning eyes:
Who by that ſearch ſhall wiſer grow,
When we ourſelves can never know?
The little knowledge I have gain'd,
Was all from ſimple nature drain'd;
Hence my life's maxims took their riſe,
Hence grew my ſettled hate to vice.

THE daily labours of the bee
Awake my ſoul to induſtry.
Who can obſerve the careful ant,
And not provide for future want?
My dog (the truſtieſt of his kind)
With gratitude inflames my mind:
I mark his true, his faithful way,
And in my ſervice copy *Tray*.
In conſtancy and nuptial love,
I learn my duty from the dove.
The hen, who from the chilly air:
With pious wing protects her care;
And every fowl that flies at large,
Inſtructs me in a parent's charge.

FROM nature too I take my rule,
To ſhun contempt and ridicule.
I never with important air
In converſation over-bear.
Can grave and formal paſs for wiſe,
When men the ſolemn owl deſpiſe?
My tongue within my lips I rein;
For who talks much, muſt talk in vain.
We from the wordy torrent fly:
Who liſtens to the chatt'ring pye?
Nor would I, with felonious ſlight,
By ſtealth invade my neighbour's right.
Rapacious animals we hate:
Kites, hawks, and wolves deſerve their fate.
Do not we juſt abhorrence find
Againſt the toad and ſerpent kind:
But envy, calumny, and ſpite,
Bear ſtronger venom in their bite.
Thus every object of creation
Can furniſh hints to contemplation;
And from the moſt minute and mean
A virtuous mind can morals glean.

THY fame is juſt, the ſage replies;
Thy virtue proves thee truly wiſe.
Pride often guides the author's pen,
Books as affected are as men:

But

But he who ſtudies nature's laws,
From certain truth his maxims draws;
And thoſe without our ſchools, ſuffice
To make men moral, good, and wiſe.

The COUNTRYMAN *and* JUPITER.

[GAY.

TO MYSELF.

HAVE you a friend (look rouud and ſpy)
So fond, ſo prepoſſeſs'd as I?
Your faults, ſo obvious to mankind,
My partial eyes could never find.
When, by the breath of fortune blown,
Your airy caſtles were o'erthrown;
Have I been over prone to blame,
Or mortify'd your hours with ſhame?
Was I e'er known to damp your ſpirit,
Or twit you with the want of merit?
'TIS not ſo ſtrange, that fortune's frown
Still preſerves to keep you down.
Look round, and ſee what others do.
Would you be rich and honeſt too?
Have you (like thoſe ſhe rais'd to place)
Been opportunely mean and baſe?
Have you (as times requir'd) reſign'd
Truth, honour, virtue, peace of mind?
If theſe are ſcruples, give her o'er;
Write, practiſe morals, and be poor.
THE gifts of fortune truly rate;
Then tell me what would mend your ſtate,
If happineſs on wealth were built,
Rich rogues might comfort find in guilt,
As grows the miſer's hoarded ſtore,
His fears, his wants increaſe the more.
THINK, *Gay*, (what ne'er may be the caſe)
Should fortune take you into grace,

Would that your happineſs augment?
What can ſhe give beyond content?
SUPPOSE yourſelf a wealthy heir,
With a vaſt annual income clear;
In all the affluence you poſſeſs,
You might not feel one care the leſs.
Might you not then (like others) find
With change of fortune, change of mind?
Perhaps, profuſe beyond all rule,
You might ſtart out a glaring fool;
Your luxury might break all bounds:
Plate, table, horſes, ſtewards, hounds
Might ſwell your debts: then, luſt of play
No regal income can defray.
Sunk is all credit, writs aſſail,
And doom your future life to jail.
OR were you dignify'd with pow'r,
Would that avert one penſive hour?
You might give avarice its ſwing,
Defraud a nation, blind a king:
Then, from the hirelings in your cauſe,
Though daily fed with falſe applauſe,
Could it a real joy impart?
Great guilt knew never joy at heart.
Is happineſs your point in view?
(I mean the intrinſic and the true)
She nor in camps or courts reſides,
Nor in the humble cottage hides;
Yet found alike in ev'ry ſphere;
Who finds content, will find her there.
O'ERSPENT with toil, beneath the ſhade,
A peaſant reſted on his ſpade.
GOOD gods! he cries, 'tis hard to bear
This load of life from year to year.
Soon as the morning ſtreaks the ſkies,
Induſtrious labour bid me riſe;
With ſweat I earn my homely fare,
And ev'ry day renews my care.
JOVE heard the diſcontented ſtrain,
And thus rebuk'd the murm'ring ſwain.

SPEAK out your wants then, honeſt friend:
Unjuſt complaints the gods offend.
If you repine at partial fate,
Inſtruct me what could mend your ſtate.
Mankind in every ſtation ſee.
What wiſh you? tell me what you'd be.
So ſaid, upborne upon a cloud,
The clown ſurvey'd the anxious croud.
YON face of care, ſays *Jove* behold,
His bulky bags are fill'd with gold.
See with what joy he counts it o'er!
That ſum to day hath ſwell'd his ſtore.
WERE I that man, (the Peaſant cry'd)
What bleſſing could I aſk beſide?
HOLD, ſays the God; firſt learn to know
True happineſs from outward ſhow.
This optic glaſs of intuition ———
Here, take it, view his true condition.
HE look'd, and ſaw the miſer's breaſt,
A troubled ocean, ne'er at reſt;
Want ever ſtares him in the face,
And fear anticipates diſgrace:
With conſcious guilt he ſaw him ſtart;
Extortion gnaws his throbbing heart;
And never, or in thought or dream,
His breaſt admits one happy gleam.
MAY *Jove*, he cries, reject my pray'r,
And guard my life from guilt and care.
My ſoul abhors that wretch's fate.
O keep me in my humble ſtate!
But ſee, amidſt a gaudy crowd,
Yon miniſter ſo gay and proud;
On him what happineſs attends,
Who thus rewards his grateful friends!
Firſt take the glaſs, the God replies;
Man views the world with partial eyes.
GOOD gods! exclaims the ſtartled wight,
Defend me from this hideous ſight!
Corruption, with corroſive ſmart,
Lies cank'ring on his guilty heart:

I ſee him, with polluted hand,
Spread the contagion o'er the land.
Now av'rice with inſatiate jaws,
Now rapine with her harpy claws,
His boſom tears. His conſcious breaſt
Groans with a loud of crimes oppreſt.
See him, mad and drunk with power,
Stand tott'ring on ambition's tower.
Sometimes, in ſpeeches vain and proud,
His boaſts inſult the nether crowd;
Now, ſeiz'd with giddineſs and fear,
He trembles leſt his fall is near.

WAS ever wretch like this, he cries!
Such miſery in ſuch diſguiſe!
The change, O *Jove*, I diſavow;
Still be my lot the ſpade and plough.

HE next, confirm'd by ſpeculation,
Rejects the lawyer's occupation;
For he the ſtateſman ſeem'd in part,
And bore ſimilitude of heart.
Nor did the ſoldier's trade inflame
His hopes with thirſt of ſpoil and fame:
The miſeries of war he mourn'd;
Whole nations into deſarts turn'd.

BY theſe have laws and rights been brav'd;
By theſe was free-born man inſlav'd:
When battles and invaſion ceaſe,
Why ſwarm they in the lands of peace?
Such change (ſays he) may I decline;
The ſcythe and civil arms be mine!

THUS, weighing life in each condition,
The Clown withdrew his raſh petition.

WHEN thus the God: How mortals err!
If you true happineſs prefer,
'Tis to no rank of life confin'd,
But dwells in ev'ry honeſt mind.
Be juſtice then your ſole purſuit;
Plant virtue, and content's the fruit,

SO *Jove*, to gratify the clown,
Where firſt he found him ſet him down.

The PACK-HORSE *and the* CARRIER.

[GAY.]

TO A YOUNG NOBLEMAN.

BEGIN, my Lord, in early youth,
To ſuffer, nay, encourage truth:
And blame me not for diſreſpect,
If I the flatt'rer's ſtyle reject;
With that by menial tongues ſupply'd,
You're daily cocker'd up in pride.

THE tree's diſtinguiſh'd by the fruit,
Be virtue then your firſt purſuit:
Set your great anceſtors in view,
Like them deſerve the title too;
Like them ignoble actions ſcorn:
Let virtue prove you greatly born.

THOUGH with leſs plate their ſide-board ſhone,
Their conſcience always was their own;
They ne'er at levees meanly fawn'd;
Nor was their honour yearly pawn'd;
Their hands, by no corruption ſtain'd,
The miniſterial bribe diſdain'd;
They ſerv'd the crown with loyal zeal,
Yet jealous of the public weal;
They ſtood the bulwark of our laws,
And wore at heart their country's cauſe;
By neither place or penſion bought,
They ſpoke and voted as they thought.
Thus did your ſires adorn their ſeat;
And ſuch alone are truly great.

IF you the paths of learning ſlight,
You're but a dunce in ſtronger light:
In foremoſt rank, the coward, plac'd,
Is more conſpicuouſly diſgrac'd.
If you to ſerve a paltry end,
To knaviſh jobs can condeſcend,
We pay you the contempt that's due;
In that you have precedence too.

Whence had you this illuſtrious name?
From virtue and unblemiſh'd fame.
By birth the name alone deſcends;
Your honour on yourſelf depends.
Think not your coronet can hide
Aſſuming ignorance and pride.
Learning by ſtudy muſt be won,
'Twas ne'er entail'd from ſon to ſon.
Superior worth your rank requires:
For that mankind reveres your ſires:
If you degenerate from your race,
Their merits heighten your diſgrace.

A CARRIER, ev'ry night and morn,
Would ſee his horſes eat their corn.
This ſunk the hoſtler's vails, 'tis true;
But then his horſes had their due.
Were we ſo cautious in all caſes,
Small gain would riſe from greater places.

THE manger now had all its meaſure;
He heard the grinding teeth with pleaſure:
When all at once confuſion rung;
They ſhorted, joſtled, bit, and flung.
A pack-horſe turn'd his head aſide,
Foaming, his eye balls ſwell'd with pride.

GOOD gods! (ſays he) how hard's my lot!
Is then my high deſcent forgot?
Reduc'd to drudg'ry and diſgrace,
(A life unworthy of my race)
Muſt I too bear the vile attacks
Of ragged ſcrubs, and vulgar hacks?
See ſcurvy *Roan*, that brute ill-bred,
Dares from the manger thruſt my head!
Shall I, who boaſt a noble line,
On offals of theſe creatures dine?
Kick'd by old *Baal!* ſo mean a foe!
My honour ſuffers by the blow.
Newmarket ſpeaks my grandſire's fame,
All jockeys ſtill revere his name:
There yearly are his triumphs told,
There all his maſſy plates enroll'd.

Whene'er led forth upon the plain,
You ſaw him with a liv'ry train;
Returning too, with laurels crown'd,
You heard the drums and trumpets ſound.
Let it then, Sir, be underſtood,
Reſpect's my due; for I have blood.
VAIN-glorious fool (the Carrier cry'd)
Reſpect was never paid to pride.
Know, 'twas thy giddy wilful heart
Reduc'd thee to this ſlaviſh part.
Did not thy headſtrong youth diſdain
To learn the conduct of the rein?
Thus coxcombs, blind to real merit,
In vitious frolics fancy ſpirit.
What is't to me by whom begot?
Thou reſtif, pert, conceited ſot.
Your ſires I reverence; 'tis their due:
But, worthleſs fool, what's that to you?
Aſk all the Carriers on the road,
They'll ſay thy keeping's ill beſtow'd.
Then vaunt no more thy noble race,
That neither mends thy ſtrength or pace.
What profits me thy boaſt of blood?
An aſs hath more intrinſic good.
By outward ſhew let's not be cheated:
An aſs ſhould like an aſs be treated.

The YOUTH *and the* PHILOSOPHER.
A FABLE.

[Whitehead.]

A Grecian youth, of talents rare,
Whom *Plato's* philoſophic care
Had form'd for virtue's nobler view,
By precept and example too,
Wou d often boaſt his matchleſs ſkill,
To curb the ſteed and guide the wheel.
And as he paſs'd the gazing throng,
With graceful eaſe, and ſmack'd the thong,

The ideot wonder they expreſs'd
Was praiſe and tranſport to his breaſt,
At length quite vain, he needs wou'd ſhew
His maſter what his art could do;
And bade his ſlaves the chariot lead
To Academus' ſacred ſhade.
The trembling grove confeſs'd its fright,
The wood-nymphs ſtartled at the ſight,
The Muſes drop the learned lyre,
And to their inmoſt ſhades retire!
However the youth with forward air
Bows to the ſage, and mounts the car.
The laſh reſounds, the courſers ſpring,
The chariot marks the rolling ring,
And gath'ring crouds with eager eyes,
And ſhouts, purſue him as he flies.
Triumphant to the goal return'd
With nobler thirſt his boſom burn'd;
And now along th'indented plain
The ſelf-ſame track he marks again,
Purſues with care the nice deſign,
Nor ever deviates from the line.
Amazement ſeiz'd the circling croud;
The youths with emulation glow'd,
Ev'n bearded ſages hail'd the boy,
And all but *Plato* gaz'd with joy.
For he, deep-judging ſage, beheld
With pain the triumphs of the field;
And when the charioteer drew nigh,
And, fluſh'd with hope, had caught his eye,
Alas! unhappy youth, he cry'd,
Expect no praiſe from me (and ſigh'd)
With indignation I ſurvey
Such ſkill and judgment thrown away.
The time profuſely ſquander'd there
On vulgar arts beneath thy care,
If well employ'd, at leſs expence,
Had taught thee honour, virtue, ſenſe,
And rais'd thee from a coachman's fate
To govern men, and guide the ſtate.

An ELEGY *written in a* COUNTRY CHURCH YARD. [Grey.]

THE Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind ſlowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkneſs and to me.
Now fades the glimmering landſcape on the ſight,
And all the air a ſolemn ſtillneſs holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
And drowſy tinklings lull the diſtant folds;
Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r
The mopeing owl does to the moon complain
Of ſuch, as wand'ring near her ſecret bow'r,
Moleſt her ancient, ſolitary reign.
Beneath thoſe rugged elms, that yew-tree's ſhade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narow cell for ever laid,
The rude Foreſathers of the hamlet ſleep.
The breezy call of incenſe breathing Morn;
The ſwallow twitt'ring from the ſtraw-built ſhed,
The cock's ſhrill clarion, or the ecchoing horn,
No more ſhall rouſe them from their lowly bed.
For them no more the blazing hearth ſhall burn,
Or buſy houſewife ply her evening care:
No children run to liſp their ſire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiſs to ſhare.
Oft did the harveſt to their ſickle yield,
Their furrow oft the ſtubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their ſturdy ſtroke!
Let not Ambition mock their uſeful toil,
Their homely joys, and deſtiny obſcure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a diſdainful ſmile,
The ſhort and ſimple annals of the poor.
The boaſt of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to These the fault,
If Mem'ry o'er the Tomb no Trophies raiſe,
Where thro' the long-drawn iſle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem ſwells the note of praiſe.
Can ſtoried urn or animated buſt
Back to its manſion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the ſilent duſt,
Or Flatt'ry ſooth the dull cold ear of Death?
Perhaps in this neglected ſpot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celeſtial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have ſway'd,
Or wak'd to extaſy the living lyre.
But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the ſpoils of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repreſs'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the ſoul.
Full many a gem of pureſt ray ſerene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to bluſh unſeen,
And waſte its ſweetneſs on the deſert air.
Some village Hampden, that with dauntleſs breaſt
The little Tyrant of his fields withſtood;
Some mute inglorious *Milton* here may reſt,
Some *Cromwell* guiltleſs of his country's blood.
Th' applauſe of liſt'ning ſenates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to deſpiſe,
To ſcatter plenty o'er a ſmiling land,
And read their hiſt'ry in a nation's eyes
Their lot forbad: nor circumſcrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbad to wade through ſlaughter to a throne,
And ſhut the gates of mercy on mankind,
The ſtruggling pangs of conſcious truth to hide,
To quench the bluſhes of ingenuous ſhame,
Or heap the ſhrine of Luxury and Pride
With incenſe kindled at the Muſe's flame.
Far from the madding crowd's ignoble ſtrife,
Their ſober wiſhes never learn'd to ſtray;
Along the cool ſequeſter'd vale of life
They kept the noiſeleſs tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n theſe bones from inſult to protect
Some frail memorial ſtill erected nigh,
With uncouth rhimes and ſhappeleſs ſculpture deck'd,
Implores the paſſing tribute of a ſigh.
Their name, their years, ſpelt by th' unletter'd Muſe,
The place of fame and elegy ſupply:
And many a holy text around ſhe ſtrews,
That teach the ruſtic moraliſt to dye.
For who to dumb Forgetfulneſs a prey,
This pleaſing anxious being e'er reſign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the chearful day,
Nor caſt one longing ling'ring look behind?
On ſome fond breaſt the parting ſoul relies,
Some pious drops the cloſing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Ev'n in our Aſhes live their wonted Fires.
For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd Dead
Doſt in theſe lines their artleſs tale relate;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred Spirit ſhall inquire thy fate,
Haply ſome hoary-headed Swain may ſay.
' Oft have we ſeen him at the peep of dawn
' Bruſhing with haſty ſteps the dews away
' To meet the ſun upon the upland lawn.
' There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
' That wreathes its old fantaſtic rooth ſo high,
' His liſtleſs length at noon-tide wou'd he ſtretch,
' And pore upon the brook that babbles by.
' Hard by yon wood, now ſmiling as in ſcorn,
' Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he wou'd rove;
' Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
' Or craz'd with care, or croſs'd in hopeleſs love.
' One morn I miſs'd him on the cuſtom'd hill,
' Along the heath and near his fav'rite tree:
' Another came; nor yet beſide the rill,
' Nor up the law, nor at the wood was he,
' The next with dirges due in ſad array
' Slow through the church-way path we ſaw him born,
' Approach and read (for thou can'ſt read) the lay,
' Grav'd on the ſtone beneath yon aged thorn.

The EPITAPH.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of Earth
A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown,
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.
Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heav'n did a recompence as largely send:
He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear,
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend,
No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

The Story of PALEMON *and* LAVINIA.

[Thomson's Autumn.]

THE lovely young *Lavinia* once had friends;
And fortune smil'd, deceitful, on her birth.
For in her helpless years depriv'd of all,
Of every stay, save Innocence and HEAVEN,
She with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
Among the windings of a woody vale;
By solitude and deep surrounding shades,
But more by bashful modesty, conceal'd.
Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn
Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet
From giddy passion and low-minded pride:
Almost on Nature's common bounty fed;
Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,
Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.
Her form was fresher than the morning rose,
When the dew wets its leaves; unstain'd and pure,
As is the lily, or the mountain snow.
The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,
Still on the ground dejected, darting all
Their humid beams into the blooming flowers:

Or

Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
Of what her faithleſs fortune promis'd once,
Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy ſtar
Of evening, ſhone in tears. A native grace
Sat fair-proportion'd on her poliſh'd limbs,
Veil'd in a ſimple robe, their beſt attire,
Beyond the pomp of dreſs: for lovelineſs
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is when unadorn'd adorn'd the moſt.
Thoughtleſs of beauty, ſhe was beauty's ſelf,
Recluſe amidſt the cloſe-embowering woods.
As in the hollow breaſt of *Appenine*,
Beneath the ſhelter of encircling hills,
A myrtle riſes, far from human eye,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild;
So flouriſh'd blooming, and unſeen by all,
The ſweet *Lavinia*; till, at length, compell'd
By ſtrong Neceſſity's ſupreme command,
With ſmiling patience in her looks, ſhe went
To glean *Palemon's* fields. The pride of ſwains
Palemon was, the generous and the rich;
Who led the rural life in all its joy
And elegance, ſuch as *Arcadian* ſong
Tranſmits from antient uncorrupted times;
When tyrant cuſtom had not ſhackled man,
But free to follow Nature was the mode.
He then, his fancy with autumnal ſcenes
Amuſing, chanc'd beſides his reaper-train
To walk, when poor *Lavinia* drew his eye;
Unconſcious of her power, and turning quick
With unaffected bluſhes from his gaze:
He ſaw her charming, but he ſaw not half
The charms her down-caſt modeſty conceal'd.
That very moment love and chaſte deſire
Sprung in his boſom, to himſelf unknown;
For ſtill the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
Which ſcarce the firm philoſopher can ſcorn,
Should his heart own a gleaner in the field,
And thus in ſecret to his ſoul he ſigh'd.

" WHAT pity! that ſo delicate a form,
" By beauty kindled, where enlivening ſenſe

" And

" And more than vulgar goodneſs ſeem to dwell,
" Should be devoted to the rude embrace
" Of ſome indecent clown! She looks, methinks,
" Of old *Acaſto's* line; and to my mind
" Recalls that patron of my happy life,
" From whom my liberal fortune took its riſe;
" Now to the duſt gone down; his houſes, lands,
" And once fair ſpreading family diſſolv'd.
" 'Tis ſaid that in ſome lone obſcure retreat,
" Urg'd by remembrance ſad, and decent pride,
" Far from thoſe ſcenes which knew their better days,
" His aged widow and his daughter live,
" Whom yet my fruitleſs ſearch could never find.
" Romantic wiſh! would this the daughter were!"

When, ſtrict enquiry, from herſelf he found
She was the ſame, the daughter of his friend,
Of bountiful *Acaſto*; who can ſpeak
The mingled paſſions that ſurpriz'd his heart,
And thro' his nerves in ſhivering tranſport ran?
Then blaz'd his ſmother'd flame, avow'd, and bold;
And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
Love, gratitude, and pity wept at once.
Confus'd, and frighten'd at his ſudden tears,
Her riſing beauties fluſh'd a higher bloom,
As thus *Palemon*, paſſionate, and juſt,
Pour'd out the pious rapture of his ſoul.

" And art thou then *Acaſto's* dear remains?
" She whom my reſtleſs gratitude has ſought,
" So long in vain? O yes! the very ſame,
" The ſoftened image of my noble friend,
" Alive, his every feature, every look,
" More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than ſpring!
" Thou ſole ſurviving bloſſom from the root
" That nouriſh'd up my fortune! Say, ah where,
" In what ſequeſter'd deſart, haſt thou drawn
" The kindeſt aſpect of delighted heaven?
" Into ſuch beauty ſpread, and blown ſo far;
" Tho' poverty's cold wind, and cruſhing rain,
" Beat keen, and heavy on thy tender years?
" O let me now, into a richer ſoil,
" Tranſplant thee ſafe! where vernal ſuns and ſhowers,

" Diffuſe

" Diffuſe their warmeſt, largeſt influence;
" And of my garden be the pride, and joy!
" Ill it befits thee, oh it ill befits
" *Acaſto's* daughter, his whoſe open ſtores,
" Tho' vaſt, were little to his ampler heart,
" The father of a country, thus to pick
" The very refuſe of thoſe harveſt-fields,
" Which from his bounteous friendſhip I enjoy.
" Then throw that ſhameful pittance from thy hand,
" But ill apply'd to ſuch a rugged taſk;
" The fields, the maſter, all, my fair, are thine;
" If to the various bleſſings which thy houſe
" Has on me laviſh'd, thou wilt add that bliſs,
" That deareſt bliſs, the power of bleſſing thee!"
HERE ceas'd the youth: yet ſtill his ſpeaking eye
Expreſs'd the ſacred triumph of his ſoul,
With conſcious virtue, gratitude, and love,
Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.
Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
Of goodneſs irreſiſtible, and all
In ſweet diſorder loſt, ſhe bluſh'd conſent.
The news immediate to her mother brought,
While, pierc'd with anxious thought, ſhe pin'd away
The lonely moments for *Lavinia's* fate;
Amaz'd, and ſcarce believing what ſhe heard,
Joy ſeiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam
Of ſetting life ſhone on her evening-hours:
Not leſs enraptur'd than the happy pair;
Who flouriſh'd long in tender bliſs, and rear'd
A numerous offspring, lovely like themſelves,
And good, the grace of all the country round.

VIRGIL's *Tomb*. [Dodſley's Collect. Vol. IV.]

I CAME, great bard, to gaze upon thy ſhrine,
And o'er thy relicks wait th' inſpiring Nine:
For ſure, I ſaid, where *Maro's* aſhes ſleep,
The weeping Muſes muſt their vigils keep:

Still o'er their fav'rite's monument they mourn,
And with poetic trophies grace his urn:
Have placed the ſhield and martial trumpet here;
The ſhepherd's pipe, and rural honours there:
Fancy had deck'd the conſecrated ground,
And ſcatter'd never-fading roſes round.
And now my bold romantic thought aſpires
To hear the echo of celeſtial lyres;
Then catch ſome ſound to bear delighted home,
And boaſt I learnt the verſe at *Virgil's* tomb:
Or ſtretch'd beneath thy myrtle's fragrant ſhade,
With dreams extatic hov'ring o'er my head,
See forms auguſt, and laurel'd ghoſt aſcend,
And with thyſelf, perhaps, the long proceſſion end.
I CAME — but ſoon the phantoms diſappear'd;
Far other ſcenes, than wanton Hope had rear'd;
No faery rites, no fun'ral pomp I found;
No trophied walls with wreaths of laurel round:
A mean unhonour'd ruin faintly ſhow'd
The ſpot where once thy mauſoleum ſtood:
Hardly the form remain'd: a nodding dome
O'ergrown with moſs is now all *Virgil's* tomb.
'Twas ſuch a ſcene as gave a kind relief
To memory, in ſweetly-penſive grief:
Gloomy, unpleaſing images it wrought;
No muſing, ſoft complacency of thought:
For Time had canker'd all, and worn away
Ev'n the laſt, mournful graces of decay:
Oblivion, hateful goddeſs, ſate before,
And cover'd with her duſky wings the door:
No ſilver harps I heard, no Muſe's voice,
But birds obſcene in horrid notes rejoice:
Fancy recoil'd, and with his tinſel train
Forſook the chearleſs ſcene; no more remain
The warm ambitious hopes of airy youth;
Severe Reflection came, and frowning Truth:
Away each glitt'ring gay idea fled,
And bade a melancholy train ſucceed,
That form'd, or ſeem'd to form, a mournful call
In feeble echoes mutt'ring round the wall.

SEEK not the Muſes here! th' affrighted maids
Have fled *Parthenope's* polluted ſhades:
Her happy ſhores, the ſeats of joy and eaſe,
Their fav'rite manſions once, no longer pleaſe:
No longer, as of old, in tranſport loſt,
The ſiſters rove along th' enchanted coaſt;
They turn with horror from each much-lov'd ſtream,
And loath the fields that were their darling theme:
The tuneful names themſelves once fondly gave
To ev'ry ſwelling hill, and moſſy cave,
So pleaſing then, are only heard with ſighs;
And each ſad echo bids their ſorrow riſe.
YET Nature ſmiles, as when their *Virgil* ſung,
Nor 'midſt a fairer ſcene his lyre was ſtrung:
Still bloom the ſweets of his elyſium here,
And the ſame charms in ev'ry grove appear.
But ah! in vain indulgent ſuns prevail;
Health and delight in ev'ry balmy gale
Are wafted now in vain: ſmall comfort bring
To weeping eyes the beauties of the ſpring.
To groaning ſlaves thoſe fragrant meads belong,
Where *Tully* dictated, and *Maro* ſung.
Long ſince, alas! thoſe golden days are flown,
When here each Science wore its proper crown;
Pale Tyranny has laid their altars low,
And rent the laurel from the Muſe's brow:
What wonder then 'midſt ſuch a ſcene to ſee
The Arts expire with bleeding Liberty?
Penſive and ſad, each fair angelic form
Droops, like the wearied dove beneath a ſtorm;
Far other views the poet's thought engage,
Than the warm glories of th' *Auguſtan* age.
Can mis'ry bid th' imagination glow?
Or genius brighten 'midſt domeſtic woe?
To ſee deſponding wretches round him pine,
Horace had wept beneath the *Alban* vine.
Sad ſits the bard amidſt his country's tears,
And ſighs, regardleſs of the wreath he wears.
Did ever Want and Famine ſweetly ſing?
The fetter'd hand uncouthly ſtrikes the ſtring.

Lo! ſtern Oppreſſion lifts her iron rod,
And ruin waits th' imperious harpy's nod:
Black Deſolation, and deſtructive War,
Riſe at the ſignal, and attend her car.
From the dire pomp th' affrighted ſhepherd flies,
And leaves his flock the rav'nous ſoldier's prize.
Where now are all the nymphs that bleſt the plains?
Where, the full chorus of contented ſwains?
The ſongs of love, of liberty and peace,
Are heard no more; the dance and tabor ceaſe:
To the ſoft oaten pipe, and paſt'ral reed,
The din of arms, and clarion's blaſt ſucceed:
Dire ſhapes appear in ev'ry op'ning glade;
And Furies howl where once the Muſes ſtray'd.
Is this the queen of realms, for arts renow'd?
This captive maid, that weeps upon the ground!
Alas! how chang'd! — dejected and forlorn!
The miſtreſs of the world become the ſcorn!
Around ſtand Rapin, Horror and Deſpair;
And Ign'rance, dark ally of barb'rous War:
She, at th' uſurping *Vandall's* dread command,
Diſplays her gloomy banner o'er the land:
Beneath its chilling ſhade neglected lies
Each ſiſter Art; and unlamented dies.
Lo! Sculpture lets her uſeleſs chiſſel fall;
While on ſome ruin'd temple's broken wall
Sad Architecture ſits; and ſees with ſhame
Miſ-ſhapen piles uſurp her injur'd name:
Muſic and Verſe, unhappy twins! belong
To antique Maſque, and weak unmanly Song:
The gath'ring deluge ſwells on ev'ry ſide,
And monkiſh Superſtition ſwells the tide.
By the reſiſtleſs torrent overborn
Floats ev'ry virtue, from its baſis torn:
Fair Learning droops, the ſick'ning Arts decay;
And ev'ry laurel fades, and ev'ry bay.
All is confus'd, no traces now are ſeen
To ſhew what wretched *Italy* has been.
THUS once *Veſuvius*, crown'd with circling wood,
Parthenope, thy beauteous neighbour ſtood:

Perpetual Spring cloath'd the fair mountain's ſide;
And what is now thy terror, was thy pride.
Sudden th' impriſon'd flames burſt forth; and laid
On ſmoaky heaps each ſhrieking *Dryad's* ſhade:
Now deep in aſhes ſinks the myrtle bow'r,
O'er beds of flow'rs ſulphureous torrents roar;
And exil'd demi-gods their ruin'd ſeats deplore.

SONG *for* RANELACH. By Mr. *Whitehead.*

I.

YE belles, and ye flirts, and ye pert little things,
Who trip in this frolickſome round,
Pray tell me from whence this indecency ſprings,
The ſexes at once to confound:
What means the cock'd hat, and the maſculine air,
With each motion deſign'd to perplex?
Bright eyes were intended to languiſh not ſtare,
And ſoftneſs the teſt of your ſex.

II.

The girl who on beauty depends for ſupport,
May call ev'ry art to her aid:
The boſom diſplay'd, and the petticoat ſhort,
Are ſamples ſhe gives of her trade.
But you, on whom Fortune indulgently ſmiles,
And whom Pride has preſerv'd from the ſnare;
Should ſlily attack us, with coyneſs and wiles,
Not with open and inſolent air.

III.

The *Venus* whoſe ſtatue delights all mankind
Shrinks modeſtly back from the view,
And kindly ſhou'd ſeem by the artiſt deſign'd
To ſerve as a model for you.
Then learn with her beauties to copy her air,
Nor venture too much to reveal;
Our fancies will paint what you cover with care,
And double each charm you conceal.

IV.

The bluſhes of Morn, and the mildneſs of *May*,
Are charms which no art can procure;
Oh! be but yourſelves, and our homage we pay,
And your empire is ſolid and ſure.
But if *Amazon*-like you attack your gallants,
And put us in fear of our lives,
You may do very well for ſiſters and aunts,
But believe me you'll never be wives.

* *

The final Cauſe of the Pleaſures we receive from the Grandeur and Novelty of Objects.

[Pleaſures of Imagination.]

SAY why was man ſo eminently rais'd
Amid the vaſt creation; why ordain'd
Thro' life and death to dart his piercing eye,
With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame;
But that th' Omnipotent might ſend him forth
In ſight of mortal and immortal pow'rs,
As on a boundleſs theatre, to run
The great career of juſtice; to exalt
His gen'rous aim to all diviner deeds;
To ſhake each partial purpoſe from his breaſt;
And thro' the miſts of paſſion and of ſenſe,
And thro' the toſſing tide of chance and pain,
To hold his courſe unfalt'ring, while the voice
Of truth and virtue, up the ſteep aſcent
Of nature, calls him to his high reward,
Th' applauding ſmile of heav'n? Elſe wherefore burns
In mortal boſoms this unquenched hope,
That breathes from day to day ſublimer things,
And mocks poſſeſſion? wherefore darts the mind,
With ſuch reſiſtleſs ardour to embrace
Majeſtic forms; impatient to be free,
Spurning the groſs controul of wilful might;
Proud of the ſtrong contention of her toils;
Proud to be daring? Who but rather turns
To heav'n's broad fire his unconſtrained view,

Then

Then to the glimm'ring of a waxen flame?
Who that, from Alpine heights, his lab'ring eye
Shoots round the wide horizon, to ſurvey
The *Nile* or *Ganges* rowl his waſteful tide
Thro' mountains, plains, thro' empires black with ſhade,
And continents of ſand; will turn his gaze
To mark the windings of a ſcanty rill
That murmurs at his feet? The high-born ſoul
Diſdains to reſt her heav'n-aſpiring wing
Beneath its native quarry. Tir'd of earth
And this diurnal ſcene, ſhe ſprings aloft
Thro' fields of air; purſues the flying ſtorm;
Rides on the volley'd lightning thro' the heav'ns;
Or yok'd with whirlwinds and the northern blaſts,
Sweeps the long tract of day. Then high ſhe ſoars
The blue profound, and hovering o'er the ſun
Beholds him pouring the redundant ſtream
Of light; beholds his unrelenting ſway
Bend the reluctant planets to abſolve
The fated rounds of time. Thence far effus'd
She darts her ſwiftneſs up the long career
Of devious comets; thro' its burning ſigns
Exulting circles the perennial wheel
Of nature, and looks back on all the ſtars,
Whoſe blended light, as with a milky zone,
Inveſts the orient. Now amaz'd ſhe views
Th' empyreal waſte, where happy ſpirits hold,
Beyond this concave heav'n, their calm abode;
And fields of radiance, whoſe unfading light
Has travell'd the profound ſix thouſand years,
Nor yet arrives in ſight of mortal things.
Ev'n on the barriers of the world untir'd
She meditates th' eternal depth below;
Till, half recoiling, down the headlong ſteep
She plunges; ſoon o'erwhelm'd and ſwallowed up
In that immenſe of being. There her hopes
Reſt at the fated goal. For from the birth
Of mortal man, the ſov'reign Maker ſaid,
That not in humble or in brief delight,
Not in the fading ecchoes of renown,
Pow'r's purple robes, or pleaſure's flow'ry lap,

The ſoul ſhould find enjoyment: but from theſe
Turning diſdainful to an equal good,
Thro' all th' aſcent of things inlarge her view,
Till every bound at length ſhould diſappear,
And infinite perfection cloſe the ſcene.

CALL now to mind what high, capacious pow'rs
Lie folded up in man; how far beyond
The praiſe of mortals, may th' eternal growth
Of nature to perfection half divine,
Expand the blooming ſoul? What pity then
Should floth's unkindly fogs depreſs to earth
Her tender bloſſom; choack the ſtreams of life,
And blaſt her ſpring! Far otherwiſe deſign'd
Almighty wiſdom; natur's happy cares
Th' obedient heart far otherwiſe incline.
Witneſs the ſprightly joy when aught unknown
Strikes the quick ſenſe, and wakes each active pow'r
To briſker meaſures: witneſs the neglect
Of all familiar proſpects, tho' beheld
With tranſport once; the fond attentive gaze
Of young aſtoniſhment; the ſober zeal
Of age, commenting on prodigious things.
For ſuch the bounteous providence of heav'n,
In every breaſt inplanting this deſire
Of objects new and ſtrange, to urge us on
With unremitted labour to purſue
Thoſe ſacred ſtores that wait the ripening ſoul,
In truth's exhauſtleſs boſom. What need words
To paint it's pow'r? For this, the daring youth
Breaks from his weeping mother's anxious arms,
In foreign climes to rove; the penſive ſage
Heedleſs of ſleep, or midnight's harmful damp,
Hangs o'er the ſickly taper; and untir'd
The virgin follows, with inchanted ſtep,
The mazes of ſome wild and wond'rous tale,
From morn to eve; unmindful of her form,
Unmindful of the happy dreſs that ſtole
The wiſhes of the youth, when every maid
With envy pin'd. Hence finally, by night
The village-matron, round the blazing hearth,
Suſpends the infant audience with her tales,

Breathing

Breathing aſtoniſhment! of witching rhymes,
And evil ſpirits; of the death-bed call
To him who robb'd the widow, and devour'd
The orphan's portion; of unquiet ſouls
Ris'n from the grave to eaſe the heavy guilt
Of deeds in life conceal'd; of ſhapes that walk
At dead of night, and clank their chains, and wave
The torch of hell around the murd'rer's bed.
At every ſolemn pauſe the croud recoil
Gazing each other ſpeechleſs, and congeal'd
With ſhiv'ring ſighs: till eager for th' eveint,
Around the beldame all arreſt they hang,
Each trembling heart with grateful terrors quell'd.

PLEASURE. *A Viſion.* [Dr. Cotton.]

HEAR, ye fair mothers of our iſle,
Nor ſcorn your poet's homely ſtyle.
What tho' my thoughts be quaint or new,
I'll warrant, that my doctrine's true:
Or if my ſentiments be old,
Remember, truth is ſterling gold.
You judge it of important weight
To keep your riſing offspring ſtrait:
For this ſuch anxious moments feel,
And aſk the friendly aids of ſteel:
For this import the diſtant cane,
Or ſlay the monarch of the main.
And ſhall the ſoul be warp'd aſide
By paſſion, prejudice, and pride?
Deformity of heart I call
The worſt deformity of all.
Your cares to *Body* are confin'd,
Few fear obliquity of *Mind*.
Why not adorn the better part!
This is a nobler theme for art.
For what is form, or what is face,
But the ſoul's index, or its caſe?

Now take a ſimile at hand,
Compare the mental ſoil to land.
Shall fields be till'd with annual care,
And minds lie fallow ev'ry year?
O ſince the crop depends on you,
Give them the culture which is due:
Hoe ev'ry weed and dreſs the ſoil,
So harveſt ſhall repay your toil.

If human minds reſemble trees,
(As ev'ry moraliſt agrees)
Prune all the ſtraglers of your vine,
Then ſhall the purple cluſters ſhine.
The gard'ner knows, that fruitful life
Demands his ſalutary knife:
For ev'ry wild luxuriant ſhoot
Or robs the bloom, or ſtarves the fruit.

A (*) SATYRIST in *Roman* times,
When *Rome* like *Britain* groan'd with crimes,
Aſſerts it for a ſacred truth,
That PLEASURES are the bane of youth:
That ſorrows ſuch purſuits attend,
Or ſuch purſuits in ſorrows end:
That all the wild advent'rer gains
Are perils, penitence, and pains.

APPROVE, ye fair, the *Roman* page,
And bid your ſons revere the ſage;
In ſtudy ſpend their midnight oil,
And ſtring their nerves by manly toil.
Thus ſhall they grow, like TEMPLE wiſe,
Thus future LOCKS and NEWTONS riſe;
Or hardy chiefs to wield the lance,
And ſave us from the chains of *France*.
Yes, bid your ſons betimes forego
Thoſe treach'rous paths where PLEASURES grow?
Where the young mind is folly's ſlave,
Where ev'ry virtue finds a grave.

Let each bright character be nam'd,
For wiſdom or for valour fam'd:
Are the dear youths to ſcience prone?
Tell, how th' immortal BACON ſhone!

Who

(*) *Perſius.*

Who leaving meaner joys to kings,
Soar'd high on contemplation's wings;
Rang'd the fair fields of nature o'er,
Where never mortal trod before:
BACON! whose vast capacious plan
Bespoke him angel, more than man!
  DOES love of martial fame inspire?
Cherish, ye fair, the gen'rous fire;
Teach them to spurn inglorious rest,
And rouse the hero in their breast;
Paint *Cressey's* vanquish'd field anew,
Their souls shall kindle at the view;
Resolv'd to conquer or to fall,
When liberty and *Britain* call.
Thus shall they rule the crimson plain,
Or hurl their thunders thro' the main:
Gain with their blood, nor grudge the cost,
What their degen'rate sires have lost:
The laurel thus shall grace their brow,
As CHURCHILL'S once, or WARREN'S now.
  ONE Summer's evening as I stray'd
Along the silent moon-light glade;
With these reflections in my breast,
Beneath an oak I sunk to rest;
A gentle slumber intervenes,
And fancy dress'd instructive scenes.
  METHOUGHT a spacious road I 'spy'd,
And stately trees adorn'd its side:
Frequented by a giddy croud
Of thoughtless mortals, vain, and loud;
Who trip'd with jocund heel along,
And bade me join their smiling throng.
  I STRAIT obey'd—persuasion hung
Like honey on the speaker's tongue.
A cloudless sun improv'd the day,
And pinks and roses strew'd our way.
  NOW as our journey we pursue,
A beauteous fabric rose to view;
A stately dome! and sweetly grac'd
With every ornament of taste.

This ſtructure was a female's claim,
And PLEASURE was the monarch's name.
THE hall we enter'd uncontroul'd,
And ſaw the queen enthron'd on gold;
Arabian ſweets perfum'd the ground,
And laughing *Cupids* flutter'd round;
A flowing veſt adorn'd the fair,
And flow'ry chaplets wreath'd her hair:
The GRACES deck'd her with their ſmiles,
And FRAUD beſtow'd her artful wiles;
LOVE taught her liſping tongue to ſpeak,
And form'd the dimple in her cheek;
The LILLY, blended with the ROSE,
The Tincture of her face compoſe;
Nor did the god of WIT diſdain
To mingle with the ſhining train.
HER vot'ries flock'd from various parts,
And chiefly youth reſign'd their hearts:
The old in ſparing numbers preſs'd,
But aukward devotees at beſt.
NOW let us range at large, we cry'd,
Thro' all the garden's boaſted pride.
Here jaſmines ſpread the ſilver flow'r,
To deck the wall, or weave the bow'r.
The woodbines mix in am'rous play,
And breathe their fragrant lives away.
Here riſing myrtles from a ſhade,
There roſes bluſh, and ſcent the glade.
The orange with a vernal face,
Wears ev'ry rich autumnal grace;
While the young bloſſoms here unfold,
There ſhines the fruit, like pendent gold.
Citrons their balmy ſweets exhale,
And triumph in the diſtant gale.
Now fountains murm'ring to the ſong,
Roll their tranſlucent ſtreams along.
Thro' all the aromatic groves,
The faithful turtles coo their loves.
The lark aſcending pours his notes,
And linnet ſwell their rapt'rous throats.

WE now were order'd to depart,
Reluctance ſat on ev'ry heart:
A porter ſhow'd a diff'rent door,
Not the fair portal known before!
The gates, methought, were open'd wide,
The crouds deſcended in a tide.
But oh! ye heav'ns, what vaſt ſurprize
Struck the advent'rer's frighted eyes!
A barren heath before us lay,
And gath'ring clouds obſcur'd the day:
The darkneſs roſe in ſmoky ſpires;
The lightnings flaſh'd their livid fires:
Loud peals of thunder rent the air,
While vengeance chill'd our hearts with fear.
FIVE ruthleſs tyrants *ſway'd* the plain,
And triumph'd o'er the mangled ſlain.
Here ſat DISTASTE, with ſickly mien,
And more than half devour'd with ſpleen:
There ſtood REMORSE, with thought oppreſt,
And vipers feeding on his breaſt:
Then WANT, dejected, pale and thin,
With bones juſt ſtarting thro' his ſkin;
A ghaſtly fiend! — and cloſe behind
DISEASE his aching head reclin'd!
His everlaſting thirſt confeſs'd
The fires which rag'd within his breaſt.
DEATH clos'd the train! the hideous form
Smil'd *unrelenting* in the ſtorm:
When ſtrait a doleful ſhriek was heard;
I 'woke — The viſion diſappear'd.
LET not the unexperienc'd boy
Deny, that PLEASURES will deſtroy:
Or ſay, that dreams are vain and wild,
Like fairy tales, to pleaſe a child.
Important hints the wiſe may reap
From Sallies of the ſoul in ſleep.
And ſince there's meaning in my dream,
The moral merits your eſteem.

VIRTUE

VIRTUE *alone conſtitutes* HAPPINESS.

[ESSAY on MAN, Ep. IV.]

WHAT nothing earthly gives, or can deſtroy,
The ſoul's calm ſun-ſhine, and the heart-felt joy,
Is Virtue's prize: a better would you fix?
Then give Humility a coach and ſix?
Juſtice a conqu'ror's ſword, or truth a gown,
On public ſpirit its great cure, a crown.
Weak, fooliſh man! will heav'n reward us there
With the ſame traſh mad mortals wiſh for here?
The boy and man an individual makes,
Yet ſigh'ſt thou now for apples and for cakes?
Go, like the *Indian*, in another life
Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife:
As well as dream ſuch trifles are aſſign'd,
As toys and empires, for a god-like mind.
Rewards, that either would to Virtue bring
No joy, or be deſtructive of the thing:
How oft by theſe at ſixty are undone
The virtues of a ſaint at twenty-one!
To whom can riches give repute, or truſt,
Content, or pleaſure, but the good and juſt?
Judges and ſenates have-been bought for gold,
Eſteem and love were never to be ſold.
Oh fool! to think GOD hates the worthy mind,
The lover and the love of human kind,
Whoſe life is healthful, and whoſe conſcience clear,
Becauſe he wants a thouſand pounds a-year.

HONOUR and ſhame from no condition riſe;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
Fortune in men has ſome ſmall diff'rence made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
The cobler apron'd, and the parſon gown'd,
The frier hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
"What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl?"
I'll tell you, friend; a wiſe man and a fool,
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobler-like, the parſon will be drunk,

Worth

Worth makes the man, and want of it, the fellow;
The reſt is all but leather or prunella.
STRUCK o'er with titles and hung round with ſtrings,
That thou may'ſt be by kings, or whores of kings.
Boaſt the pure blood of an illuſtrious race,
In quiet flow from *Lucrece* to *Lucrece:*
But by your father's worth if your's you rate,
Count me thoſe only who were good and great.
Go; if your ancient, but ignoble blood
Has crept thro' ſcoundrels ever ſince the flood,
Go! and pretend your family is young;
Nor own, your fathers have been fools ſo long.
What can ennoble ſots, or ſlaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the HOWARDS.
Look next on greatneſs; ſay where greatneſs lies.
"Where but among the heroes and the wiſe?"
Heroes are much the ſame, the point's agreed,
From *Macedonia*'s madman to the *Swede;*
The whole ſtrange purpoſe of their lives, to find
Or make, an enemy of all mankind!
Not one looks backward, onward ſtill he goes,
Yet ne'er looks forward further than his noſe.
No leſs alike the Politic and wiſe;
All ſly ſlow things, with circumſpective eyes:
Men in their looſe unguarded hours they take,
Not that themſelves are wiſe, but others weak.
But grant that thoſe can conquer, theſe can cheat;
'Tis phraſe abſurd to call a villain great:
Who wickedly is wiſe, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
ho noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, ſmiles in exile or in chains,
Like good *Aurelius* let him reign, or bleed
Like *Socrates*, that man is great indeed.
WHAT'S Fame! a fancy'd life in others breath,
A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.
Juſt what you hear, you have, and what's unknown
The ſame (my lord) if *Tully's* or your own.
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the ſmall circle of our foes or friends;

To all beſide as much an empty ſhade
An *Eugene* living, as a *Cæſar* dead;
Alike or when, or where, they ſhone, or ſhine,
Or on the *Rubicon*, or on the *Rhine*.
A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;
An honeſt man's the nobleſt work of God.
Fame but from death a villain's name can ſave,
As juſtice tears his body from the grave;
When what t'oblivion better were reſign'd,
Is hung on high, to poiſon half mankind.
All fame is foreign, but of true deſert;
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:
One ſelf-approving hour whole years out-weighs
Of ſtupid ſtarers, and of loud huzzas;
And more true joy *Marcellus* exil'd feels,
Than *Cæſar* with a ſenate at his heels.
In Parts ſuperior what advantage lies?
Tell (for You can) what is it to be wiſe?
'Tis but to know how little can be known:
To ſee all others faults and feel our own:
Condemn'd in bus'neſs or in arts to drudge,
Without a ſecond, or without a judge:
Truths would you teach, or ſave a ſinking land?
All fear, none aid you, and few underſtand.
Painful Preheminence! yourſelf to view
Above life's weakneſs, and its comforts too.
Bring then theſe bleſſings to a ſtrict account;
Make fair deductions; ſee to what they mount:
How much of other each is ſure to coſt;
How each for other oft is wholly loſt;
How inconſiſtent greater goods with theſe;
How ſometimes life is riſqu'd, and always eaſe
Think, and if ſtill the things thy envy call,
Say, would'ſt thou be the Man to whom they fall?
To ſigh for ribbands if thou art ſo ſilly,
Mark how they grace Lord *Umbra*, or Sir *Billy*.
Is yellow dirt the paſſion of thy life?
Look but on *Gripus*, or on *Gripus'* wife.
If Parts allure thee, think how *Bacon* ſhin'd,
The wiſeſt, brighteſt, meaneſt of mankind:

Or raviſh'd with the whiſtling of a Name,
See *Cromwell*, damn'd to everlaſting fame!
If all, united, thy ambition call
From ancient ſtory learn to ſcorn them all,
There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd, and great,
See the falſe ſcale of Happineſs complete!
In hearts of Kings, or arms of Queens who lay,
How happy thoſe to ruin, theſe betray.
Mark by what wretched ſteps their glory grows,
From dirt and ſea-weed as proud *Venice* roſe.
In each how guilt and greatneſs equal ran,
And all that rais'd the Hero, ſunk the Man:
Now *Europe's* laurels on their brows behold,
But ſtain'd with blood, or ill-exchang'd for gold:
Then ſee them broke with toils, or ſunk in eaſe,
Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.
Oh wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame
E'er taught to ſhine, or ſanctify'd from ſhame!
What greater bliſs attends their cloſe of life?
Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,
The trophy'd arches, ſtory'd halls invade,
And haunt their ſlumbers in the pompous ſhade.
Alas! not dazzled with their noon-tide ray,
Compute the morn and ev'ning to the day;
The whole amount of that enormous fame,
A Tale, that blends their glory with their ſhame!
KNOW then this truth (enough for Man to know)
"Virtue alone is happineſs below,"
The only point where human bliſs ſtands ſtill,
And taſtes the good without the fall to ill;
Where only Merit conſtant pay receives,
Is bleſt in what it takes, and what it gives;
The joy unequal'd, if its end it gain,
And if it loſe, attended with no pain:
Without ſatiety, tho' e'er ſo bleſs'd,
And but more reliſh'd as the more diſtreſs'd:
The broadeſt mirth unfeeling folly wears,
Leſs pleaſing far than Virtue's very tears:
Good, from each object, from each place acquir'd,
For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;

Never elated, while one man's oppreſs'd;
Never dejected while another's bleſs'd;
And where no wants, no wiſhes can remain,
Since but to wiſh more Virtue, is to gain.

Remember your CREATOR. &c. Eccleſ. xii.

CHILDREN, to your Creator, GOD,
Your early honours pay,
While vanity and youthful blood
Would tempt your thoughts aſtray.

THE memory of his mighty name,
Demands your firſt regard;
Nor dare indulge a meaner flame,
'Till you have lov'd the LORD.

BE wiſe, and make his favour ſure,
Before the mournful days,
When youth and mirth are known no more,
And life and ſtrength decays.

NO more the bleſſings of a feaſt,
Shall reliſh on the tongue,
The heavy ear forgets the taſte
And pleaſure of a ſong.

OLD age, with all her diſmal train,
Invades your golden years
With ſighs and groans, and raging pain,
And death, that never ſpares.

WHAT will you do when light departs
And leaves your withering eyes,
Without one beam to chear your hearts,
From the ſuperior ſkies;

How will you meet GOD's frowning brow,
Or ſtand before his ſeat,
While nature's old ſupporters bow,
Nor bear their tott'ring weight?

CAN you expect your feeble arms
Shall make a ſtrong defence,
When death with terrible alarms
Summons the pris'ner hence?

THE ſilver bands of nature burſt,
And let the building fall;
The fleſh goes down to mix with duſt,
Its vile original.

LADEN with guilt, (a heavy load)
Uncleans'd and unforgiv'n,
The ſoul returns t'an angry GOD,
To be ſhut out from heav'n.

A Song to Creating Wiſdom.

PART I.

I.

ETERNAL WISDOM, thee we praiſe,
Thee the creation ſings:
With thy loud name, rocks, hills, and ſeas,
And heav'ns high palace rings.

II.

PLACE me on the bright wings of day
To travel with the ſun;
With what amaze ſhall I ſurvey
The wonders thou haſt done?

III.

THY hand how wide it ſpread the ſky
How glorious to behold?
Ting'd with a blue of heavenly dye,
And ſtarr'd with ſparkling gold.

IV.

THERE thou haſt bid the globes of light
Their endleſs circles run;
There the pale planet rules the night,
And day obeys the ſun.

PART. II.

V.

DOWNWARD I turn my wond'ring eyes
On clouds and ſtorms below,
Thoſe under-regions of the ſkies
Thy num'rous glories ſhow.

VI.

THE noiſy winds ſtand ready there
Thy orders to obey,
With ſounding wings they ſweep the air,
To make thy chariot way.

VII.

THERE, like a trumpet, loud and ſtrong,
Thy thunder ſhakes our coaſt:
While the red lightnings wave along,
The banners of thine hoſt.

VIII.

ON the thin air, without a prop,
Hang fruitful ſhow'rs around:
At thy command they ſink, and drop
Their fatneſs on the ground.

PART III.

IX.

NOW to the earth I bend my ſong,
And caſt my eyes abroad,
Glancing the *Britiſh* iſles along;
Bleſt iſles, confeſs your GOD.

X.

HOW did his wondrous ſkill array
Your fields in charming green;
A thouſand herbs his art diſplay,
A thouſand flowers between!

XI.

TALL oaks for future navies grow,
Fair *Albion's* beſt defence,
While corn and vines rejoice below
Thoſe luxuries of ſenſe.

XII.

THE bleating flocks his paſture feeds:
And herds of larger ſize,
That bellow thro' the *Lindian* meads,
His bounteous hand ſupplies.

PART IV.

XIII.

WE ſee the *Thames* careſs the ſhores,
He guides her ſilver flood:
While angry *Severn* ſwells and roars,
Yet hears her ruler GOD.

XIV.

THE rolling mountains of the deep
Obſerve his ſtrong command;
His breath can raiſe the billows ſleep,
Or ſink them to the ſand.

XV.

AMIDST thy watry kingdoms, LORD,
The finny nations play,
And ſcaly monſters, at thy word,
Ruſh thro' the northern ſea,

PART V.

XVI.

THY glories blaze all nature round,
And ſtrike the gazing ſight,
Thro' ſkies, and ſeas, and ſolid ground,
With terror and delight.

XVII.

INFINITE ſtrength, and equall ſkill,
Shine thro' the worlds abroad,
Our ſouls with vaſt amazement fill,
And ſpeak the builder GOD.

XVIII.

BUT the ſweet beauties of thy grace
Our ſofter paſſions move;
Pity divine in *JESUS* face
We ſee, adore, and love

Few happy Matches.

SAY, mighty love, and teach my ſong,
To whom my ſweeteſt joys belong,
And who the happy pairs
Whoſe yielding hearts, and joining hands,
Find bleſſings twiſted with their bands,
To ſoften all their cares.

NOT the wild herd of nymphs and ſwains
That thoughtleſs fly into the chains,
As cuſtom leads the way;
If there be bliſs without deſign,
Ivies and oaks may grow and twine,
And be as bleſt as they.

NOT ſordid ſouls of earthly mould
Who drawn by kindred charms of gold
To dull embraces move:
So two rich mountains of *Peru*
May ruſh to wealthy marriage too,
And make a world of love.

NOT the mad tribe that hell inſpires
With wanton flames; thoſe raging fires
The purer bliſs deſtroy:
On *Ætna's* top let furies wed,
And ſheets of lightning dreſs the bed
T'improve the burning joy.

NOR the dull pairs whoſe marble forms
None of the melting paſſions warms,
Can mingle hearts and hands:
Logs of green wood that quench the coals
Are marry'd juſt like *Stoic* ſouls,
With oſiers for their bands.

NOT minds of melancholy ſtrain,
Still ſilent, or that ſtill complain,
Can the dear bondage bleſs:
As well may heavenly comforts ſpring
From too old lutes with ne'er a ſtring,
Or none beſides the baſs.

NOR can the ſoft enchantments hold
Two jarring ſouls of angry mould,
The rugged and the keen:
Samſon's young foxes might as well
In bonds of chearful wedlock dwell,
With firebrands ty'd between.

NOR let the cruel fetters bind
A gentle to a ſavage mind;
For love abhors the fight:
Looſe the fierce tyger from the deer,
For native rage and native fear
Riſe and forbid delight.

TWO kindeſt ſouls alone muſt meet;
'Tis friendſhip makes the bondage ſweet,
And feeds their mutual loves:
Bright *Venus* on her rolling throne
Is drawn by gentleſt birds alone,
And *Cupids* yoke the doves.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

DEO OPT. MAX.

FATHER of all! in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime ador'd;
By ſaint, by ſavage, and by ſage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

THOU great firſt cauſe, leaſt underſtood:
Who all my ſenſe confin'd
To know but this, that thou art good,
And that myſelf am blind;

YET gave me, in this dark eſtate,
To ſee the good from ill;
And binding nature faſt in fate,
Left free the human will.

WHAT conſcience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to ſhun,
That, more than heav'n purſue. WHAT

WHAT bleſſings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not caſt away;
For GOD is paid when man receives,
T'enjoy is to obey.

YET not to earth's contracted ſpan
Thy goodneſs let me bound,
Or think thee LORD alone of Man,
When thouſand worlds are round?

LET not this weak, unknowing hand
Preſume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy foe,

IF I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to ſtay;
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
To find that better way.

SAVE me alike from fooliſh pride,
Or impious diſcontent,
At aught thy wiſdom has deny'd,
Or aught thy goodneſs lent.

TEACH me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I ſee;
That mercy I to others ſhow,
That mercy ſhow to me.

MEAN tho' I am, not wholly ſo,
Since quick'ned by thy breath:
Oh lead me wherefoe'er I go,
Thro' this day's life or death.

THIS day, be bread and peace my lot:
All elſe beneath the ſun,
Thou know'ſt if beſt beſtow'd or not,
And let thy will be done.

To thee, whoſe temple is all ſpace,
Whoſe altar, earth, ſea, ſkies!
One chorus let all Being raiſe!
All nature's incenſe riſe!

KÖNIGL. KREISBIBLIOTHEK AUGSBURG

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LA

Miscellany

BSB Bayerische StaatsBibliothek
MDZ Münchener DigitalisierungsZentrum Digitale Bibliothek

The moral miscellany, or a collection of select pieces, in prose and verse, for the instruction and entertainment of youth

Leipzig u.a. 1764

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